

PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY

25 CENTS



**Mary
Pickford's**

MYRNA LOY

Search for Happiness



The Natives of
PERSPIRE *on ICE...* *yet*
Seldom Catch Cold

UP from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at \$450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to

produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or medicinal forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so

common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that *it will not harm the most delicate tissue*. At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught *fewer* colds and

less severe colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!



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QUO-
YAH"

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**A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS
THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN**

with
JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

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Vol. XLVII No. 3

February, 1935



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots	KATHRYN DOUGHERTY	23
Hollywood, My Hollywood	SCOOP CONLON	26
Who Is Your Husband's Favorite Actress?	RUTH RANKIN	28
The School That Never Has a Truant	JULIE LANG HUNT	30
And So the Great Master Arrives	KIRTLEY BASKETTE	36
"We Want a Divorce"	SARA HAMILTON	46
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood		48
They Didn't Mean to Be Funny	WINIFRED AYDELOTTE	54
Here's the Standard for Beautiful Legs and Feet	SYLVIA	56
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY's Style Authority		59
What I Like and Hate About Myself	WINIFRED AYDELOTTE	68
Mitzi's Hollywood Merry-Go-Round	MITZI CUMMINGS	74
PHOTOPLAY's Hollywood Beauty Shop	CAROLYN VAN WYCK	78
"Awfternoon" Tea	JANE HAMPTON	82

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	8
The Shadow Stage	70

Personalities

Mary Pickford's Search for Happiness	MARGARET E. SANGSTER	34
He Failed for a Million	JERRY LANE	43
Carol, Wally and Me	MRS. WALLACE BEERY	44
Marion Davies' Secrets of Success	WILLIAM P. GAINES	52
Nonchalant Noel Coward	JOHN RHODES STURDY	58
How Carole Lombard Plans a Party	JULIE LANG HUNT	67
The New Ambitions of Joan Crawford	KIRTLEY BASKETTE	76

On the Cover—Myrna Loy—Painted by Earl Christy

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets	11	Addresses of the Stars	116
Hollywood Menus	96	Screen Memories from PHOTOPLAY	117
Ask the Answer Man	104	The Fan Club Corner	121
Casts of Current Photoplays		110	

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M. B. Paul

EVEN you two hundred per cent Americans have to admit that the studios overseas certainly send Hollywood exotically beautiful women. One of the newest and loveliest importations is Mady Christians. The Continental star made her American screen début in "A Wicked Woman." She's with M-G-M.



The Picture of the Month

P A U L
MUNI

the fighting fury of the screen
meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

—a hellcat with murder on her
conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things
that will burn themselves into your
memory of a drama which combines the
best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and
"Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene
Pallette delivering the other standout
performances in a tremendous cast,
superbly directed by Archie Mayo.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (Nov.)

★ **AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister, Helen Westley. (Jan.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking Pictures.—A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (Jan.)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

★ **BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE**—M-G-M.—Well nigh perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover. Charles Laughton and excellent support. (Oct.)

★ **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (Oct.)

★ **BIG HEARTED HERBERT**—Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grouchy father, continually reminding Aline MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothern going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (Oct.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE—Amer-Anglo Prod.—Pleasant romance against a background of Irish country life. Nobleman John Garrick in love with peasant girl Gina Malo. Stanley Holloway sings Irish ballads. (Dec.)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regard this as a scenic travelogue and try to overlook the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (Oct.)

★ **BRITISH AGENT**—First National.—Locale—Russia during the war; characters—Leslie Howard, a British agent, and Kay Francis who loves him, but is also passionately devoted to her country. Deft direction; capable cast. See this! (Oct.)

★ **BROADWAY BILL**—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his domineering wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Connolly). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. (Jan.)

PHOTOPLAY FOR MARCH!

The best work of famous authors, famous artists—a corking issue.

On your newsstand
Feb. 5

PHOTOPLAY

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his forties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE**—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

★ **CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A-1 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE—Warners.—Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawyer Warren William solves mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

★ **CAT'S PAW, THE**—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization—the naive young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a missionary's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Oct.)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (Charlie Chan) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and gags. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snapper twist. (Jan.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. (Dec.)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

★ **CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

★ **COLLEGERHYTHM**—Paramount.—A bright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jan.)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is Dantes; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

★ **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot.—War story, good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Ben Lyon and James Bush, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. (Dec.)

DAMES—Warners.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in *Bright Eyes*

with
JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER



FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DANCING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre murder mystery, featuring Reginald Denny as a gigolo in love with Judith Allen and affairing with her step-mother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)

★ **DANGEROUS CORNER**—RKO-Radio.—A story with two endings—what happened and the "cover-up." Involves a "suicide"—actually a murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith, Erin O'Brien Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, others. Excellent. (Dec.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Improbable in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining story of a none-too-ethical but unbeatable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLE—Warners.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing *Philo Vance*. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Nov.)

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William) is superb. (Sept.)

DUDE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like Westerns, you may like this one. George O'Brien rides. Irene Hervey, Leroy Mason, Henry Hall in it. (Dec.)

ELINOR NORTON—Fox.—A completely boring attempt to depict the quirks of a diseased mind. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland bogged down by it. (Jan.)

ELMER AND ELSIE—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Bancroft who reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

ENTER MADAME—Paramount.—Spotty entertainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant performance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Grant, her bewildered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter love. (Jan.)

★ **EVELYN PRENTICE**—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy thinks she has murdered a man, but Isabel Jewell is accused. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband is engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Jan.)

FIREBIRD, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez, actor, is killed when he tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill's wife, in a love trap, catching instead Verree's daughter, Anita Louise. Good adult entertainment. (Jan.)

★ **FLIRTATION WALK**—First National.—Colorful West Point is the background of the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler charm. Pat O'Brien's a tough sergeant. Take the family. (Jan.)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding. Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film début as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo pay while Chester Morris wins. (Jan.)

★ **GAY DIVORCÉE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Grandly amusing. Fred Astaire's educated dancing feet paired with those of Ginger Rogers. He's mistaken for a professional correspondent by Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady pointed foils. (Dec.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

★ **GIFT OF GAB**—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, fast talking news announcer, flops, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags, songs, sketches. Alexander Woolcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

★ **GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE**—M-G-M.—Fast and furious adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" chorine, and Franchot Tone as her millionaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (Oct.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confusion, with Sterling Holloway's comicalities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

★ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Breakston as orphaned *Pip*, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (Jan.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Jan.)

★ **HAPPINESS AHEAD**—First National.—Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss and (honest!) a window washer. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like it and hum the tunes. (Dec.)

HAPPY LANDING—Monogram.—Plenty of thrills when Border Patroller Ray Walker goes after crooks who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (Oct.)

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio.—Fair adaptation of the stage play, in which lawyer Ricardo Cortez defends his wife's lover, accused of murder. Superb performances by every cast member. (Oct.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping depiction of a French air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the outfit. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (Jan.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

★ **HIDE-OUT**—M-G-M.—As a racketeer play-boy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOUSEWIFE—Warners.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **HUMAN SIDE, THE**—Universal.—Accurately titled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (Nov.)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms—before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page	Page	Page
Babbitt—First National..... 72	Home on the Range—Paramount.... 112	Perfect Clue, The—Majestic..... 112
Babes in Toyland—Hal Roach-M-G-M. 72	I Am a Thief—Warners..... 73	President Vanishes, The—Walter Wan-
Battle, The—Leon Garganoff Prod.... 73	Imitation of Life—Universal..... 70	ger-Paramount..... 71
Behold My Wife—Paramount..... 72	In Old Sante Fe—Mascot..... 112	Red Morning—RKO-Radio..... 112
Bright Eyes—Fox..... 71	It's a Gift—Paramount..... 72	Romance in Manhattan—RKO-Radio. 71
Curtain Falls, The—Chesterfield..... 112	Marie Galante—Fox..... 72	Sequoia—M-G-M..... 70
Dealers In Death—Tropical Film..... 113	Maybe It's Love—First National.... 112	Silver Streak, The—RKO-Radio..... 112
Evensong—Gaumont-British..... 73	Mighty Barnum, The—20th Century-	Strange Wives—Universal..... 73
Father Brown, Detective—Paramount. 112	United Artists..... 70	West of the Pecos—RKO-Radio..... 73
Fighting Rookie, The—Mayfair..... 113	Night Alarm—Majestic..... 112	When a Man Sees Red—Universal... 112
Flirting With Danger—Monogram... 112	One Hour Late—Paramount..... 72	Wicked Woman, A—M-G-M..... 73
Fugitive Road—Invincible..... 112		

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

THE \$25 LETTER

I am quite sure this is the first letter you have ever received from one who *listens* to your magazine. I am a blind boy of eighteen, but every month I buy PHOTOPLAY and my sister reads it to me.

I go to the movies very often, more often than the average person, even though I cannot see the pictures. At the top of my list of favorites is Ann Sothorn, then Fay Wray, Myrna Loy, Kitty Carlisle, Grace Moore, Maureen O'Sullivan. Of the men, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown and William Powell

Once in a movie house I saw—or thought I saw—a flash of light and a movement of objects for a second. The doctor says perhaps I did see it. And that second of "sight" provides me with my only ray of hope—hope found in one of your movie palaces—that some day I too may see.

E. N. V., New York City

THE \$10 LETTER

I am a widower with six youngsters, and the movies are helping me with the many real problems I have to solve.

Although we live twenty miles from town, the children and myself go in to a movie about once every two weeks. If it's a Janet Gaynor picture, the girls insist on our going. If it's Will Rogers, my eldest boy says we *must* see it! For the littlest ones, Mickey Mouse and Krazy Kat are the whole show. And when I get in my word, it's for Walter Huston and Leslie Howard.

But whatever the picture, it is good entertainment for us.

It doesn't end when the show is over either.



This picture is printed as proof that comedian Snub Pollard is still very much alive. He says so himself in one of the first letters this department has ever received from an actor! Apologies, Snub

Through the long evenings we go over and over it. Why, after seeing "State Fair," I actually had to be *Blue Boy*—grunting around on all fours and even eating bran!

Yes, we certainly appreciate the movies!

B. J. ANDERSON, Fairview, Montana

THE \$5 LETTER

One rainy night recently while waiting for a bus, I heard a crowd of small hoodlums, planning to rob a fruit store.

A middle aged man standing beside me also heard the conversation. Stepping up to the eldest boy, he said: "Son, it's been impossible to get a cab tonight! If you'll find me one I'll treat the crowd of you to a movie! How's that?"

For a moment, they stared at him suspiciously. Then one of them darted off to hunt for the cab while the others told the man that the picture they wanted to see was being shown just down the street.

Thus a certain fruit store wasn't robbed that night and perhaps the juvenile court was spared a case.

Those little Jesse James were too busy seeing, "Treasure Island!"

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



After seeing her in "The White Parade," many readers believe Jane Darwell is the person who will now do the type of rôles the beloved Marie Dressler once filled. Miss Darwell is shown signing a Fox contract



Has Garbo changed? Some of our readers think so. It is certainly a smiling and human Garbo you see above, with Herbert Marshall and Jean Hersholt in a scene from her new movie, "The Painted Veil"

Well, all of you went very serious on us this month! True, there were stacks of raves written to Robert Donat, and bouquets to Ginger and Fred Astaire. But otherwise—solemn sermons on movies, long lectures on what producers should do, and hundreds of other serious theses. Somebody please tell us a joke!

Brickbats & Bouquets

.... WRITE US YOUR CRITICISM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

A NEW GRETA?

Is Garbo's iciness and seclusion going to melt? In most any picture nowadays she no longer has a sad, tragic face. I think she looks better smiling. Here's luck to the changed Garbo.

K. C., Scarsdale, N. Y.

GLAD YOU ARE ALIVE, "SNUB"

It was with much sorrow that, in your issue of November, 1934, I read of the sad demise of Snub Pollard, the distinguished veteran. How much of a shock I received you may judge for yourself when I tell you that I knew him very well—in fact, all my life.

You've heard of the "quick and the dead?" Well, this poor old corpse is awful quick to assure you that he is alive and very much kicking in this land of forgotten men—Hollywood. Since the oft-repeated news of his decease, he has graced with his presence such pictures as

"Stingaree," "The Cockeyed Cavaliers," and "One More River."

The Harry Pollard who died was the director. Yours truly, Harry SNUB Pollard, the comedian, is still doin' nicely, thank you! So here's to reading about him in the next edition of your very popular PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

"SNUB" POLLARD

THE MOST BELOVED

Never, have I approved of naming successors to departed stars but since the passing of Marie Dressler, there has been an empty spot in my heart that has forced me to seek some one to fill it—if possible.

Last night I saw *The White Parade*. As this tremendous drama unfolded, I suddenly realized that an actress was tugging at my heart strings as only Marie had done before. Yes sir there she was, a big hearted soul shouting orders like a general. Hearty laughter in one breath was drowned with tears in the next.

I mean, of course Jane Darwell the slim girl who twenty years back entertained us in films, has returned with her comfortable avoirdupois in a characterization that will make her the most woman beloved on the screen.

FRANCES SILVERTSON, San Francisco, Calif.

ROYALTY IN DANCING SHOES

My hat is off to Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers for their splendid performance in "The Gay Divorcee." All the nation must hail them as the King and Queen of the Musical World! And the picture is the most amusing musical comedy that has ever been produced. It not only introduces new song hits but starts the nation in a new and brilliant dance, *The Continental*.

RONALD C. BARON, Bakersfield, Calif.

DRY YOUR EYES

I'm asking the world why the general trend of movie productions are going tragic? For weeks after a sudden bereavement in our family I tried to find a picture that would make me forget myself and smile a little.

There's enough grim reality in the world without rubbing it in by giving a teary screen diet. The only happy note I've seen and heard lately is Grace Moore's "One Night of Love"—a beautiful picture.

I hope it blasts tragic films from the picture industry and blazes the way for a new version

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



The plea for some good Westerns is being heeded by several of the major studios. Here is a scene from the RKO-Radio cowboy thriller, "West of the Pecos." Many believe that censorship and the desire for simpler pictures will bring the Western back into favor

Hold on a minute, you impatient ones who are howling for another picture teaming Loretta and Ronald! It's on the fire! Miss Young and Mr. Colman will greet you next in the 20th Century picture, "Clive of India." And it looks like they're taking it seriously



Some movie-goers have been brick-batty because their favorites are typed in rôles not like their personalities. For example, Miss Farrell, always a gold-digger on the screen, is really a nice, hard-working girl at home

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks you to death as a gyp auctioneer who is taken by a society gold-digger (Claire Dodd). Sadder and gabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak. (Jan.)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

★ **JUDGE PRIEST**—Fox.—Will Rogers makes Irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical character live so enjoyably, you wish you were a part of the drowsy Kentucky setting. The music heightens your desire. Tom Brown, Anita Louise the love interest. Perfect cast. (Dec.)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Comedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Jan.)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

★ **KID MILLIONS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Jan.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

★ **LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**—Paramount.—Delightfully adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *farceur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (Oct.)

★ **LADY BY CHOICE**—Columbia.—Fresh and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Carole Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May, an irrepressible alcoholic, as her mother for a publicity gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Binnie Barnes, Nigel Bruce. (Nov.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild animal life picture. Isn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A race-track tout goes straight for marriage and a baby. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall. (Dec.)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—Slow-moving and much too talkie is this film in which Diana Vinyard and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Oct.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert Kelton is a fan dancer. Story at fault. (Jan.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

So Beautiful Now!

A NEGLECTED GIRL 3 MONTHS AGO



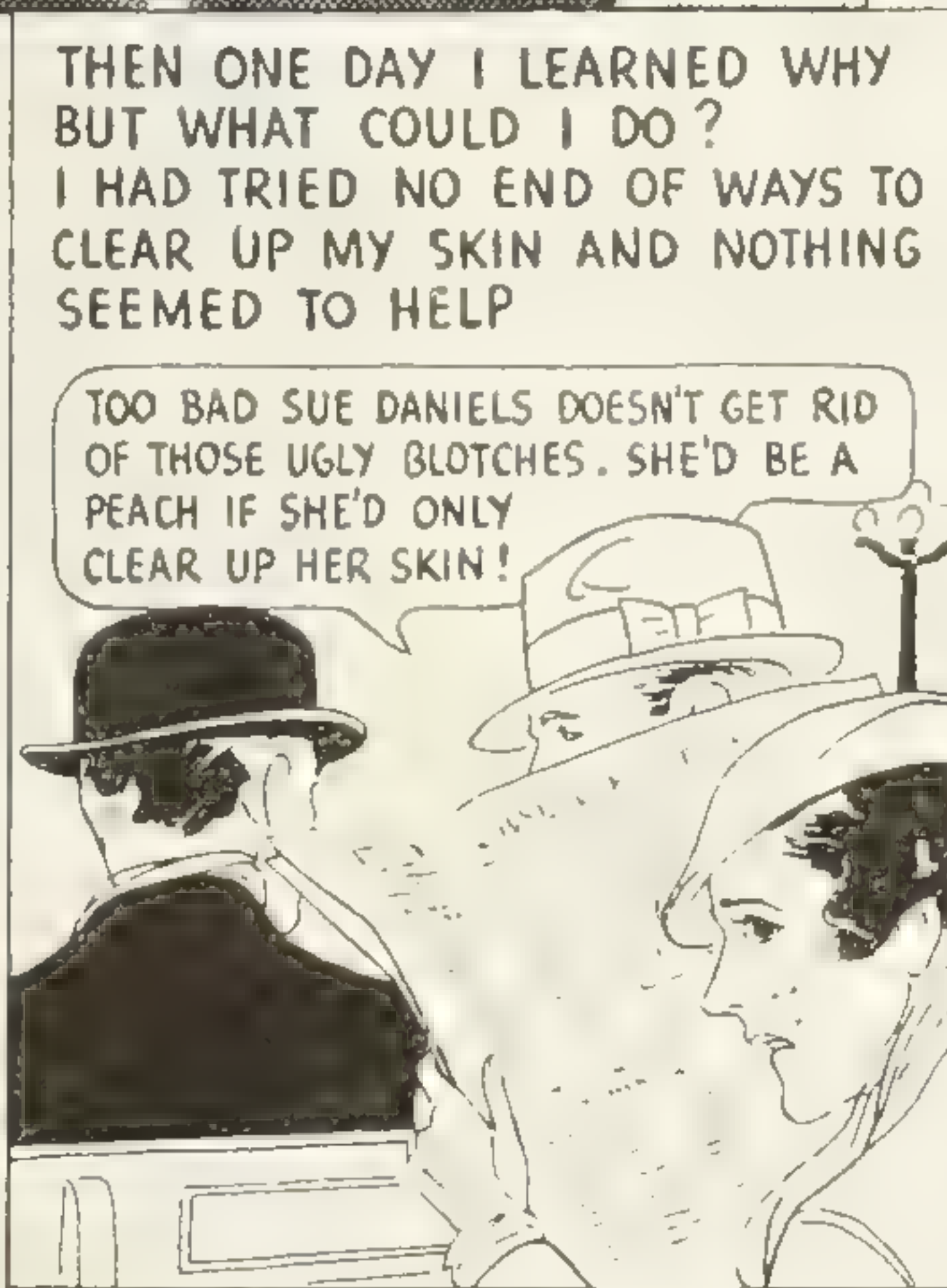
Posed by Dorothy Page and Lee Bennett—Stars of Jan Garber's Supper Club



THREE MONTHS AGO I COULD ONLY DREAM ABOUT ROMANCE



NOBODY EVER TOOK ME OUT....



THEN ONE DAY I LEARNED WHY BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I HAD TRIED NO END OF WAYS TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN AND NOTHING SEEMED TO HELP

TOO BAD SUE DANIELS DOESN'T GET RID OF THOSE UGLY BLOTCHES. SHE'D BE A PEACH IF SHE'D ONLY CLEAR UP HER SKIN!



LUCKY FOR ME I HEARD ABOUT A NEW TYPE OF YEAST ON THE RADIO THAT NIGHT AND GOT SOME

YEAST FOAM TABLETS HAVE ENDED UGLY SKIN BLEMISHES FOR THOUSANDS OF WOMEN!

I'M GOING TO TRY THEM!



30 DAYS LATER

BEFORE A MONTH WAS OVER MY SKIN WAS BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP BEAUTIFULLY

THOSE YEAST FOAM TABLETS ARE SIMPLY MARVELOUS!



AM I HAPPY NOW! A DATE EVERY NIGHT IF I WANT IT. AND I OWE IT ALL TO YEAST FOAM TABLETS!

MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?

YOU'RE STUNNING TONIGHT, SUE!

You, Too, Can Have New Beauty of Skin and Complexion

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food super-rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your ner-

vous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Brickbats & Bouquets

.... HOLLYWOOD WANTS TO KNOW

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

of the old fashioned picture—the one Sunday Afternoon romance, the lazy elm shaded main street picture, or good Westerns.

HELEN C. WILLSEY, Boise, Idaho

RAHS FOR THE TEAM

Gentle readers, you may name all the new screen teams you want. But in my opinion, you can't top one that is already in existence—Loretta Young and Ronald Colman. I shall never forget their work in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." How about another picture teaming them, studios?

A. W. WORTH, Denver, Colo.

EAVESDROPPER'S THANKS

I thoroughly enjoyed eavesdropping on the most intimate secrets of the most fantastic lover of the ages—"Madame Du Barry."

Thank you, Dolores, for giving us such a human, lovable "Du Barry," rather than a scheming politician.

MRS. CHARLES TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

GIVE MR. COWBOY A CHANCE

Why is it that the best talent, the big names, and unlimited funds are showered on gangster, historical, and love pictures, but, somehow, the line is drawn on Westerns? This outright discrimination against Westerns is a puzzle to me, and it is to blame for their decrease in popularity.



Elissa Landi, who has been coming in for a large share of bouquets recently, is a fine organist as well as a novelist and screen star. In her new home this pipe organ has been installed

Robert Raynold's prize-winning novel "Brothers in the West," for example, is a perfect vehicle for a nation-wide box office attraction if well produced with a star of the first magnitude in the lead rôle.

RAYMOND GOLDSMITH, Staten Island, N. Y.

SENTENCED FOR GOLD-DIGGING

I'm demanding a pardon for one of my favorites. She's been sentenced too long to one type of rôle. I mean Glenda Farrell and her gold-digging parts. She's a fine woman, and in her real life she is an intelligent person of generous impulses, warmth and understanding.

I would like to see her cast as a young mother, for example. Anyhow in some rôle that would permit her own personality to shine through.

J. B. DEAN, Kansas City, Mo.

SMALL TOWN SLICKER

A few weeks ago I had the opportunity of visiting friends in New York City. Coming from this small town in Ohio I was considered from the sticks. But when we started on my sight seeing tour—Every time they pointed out a place I could truthfully say "Oh, yes! I have seen that before." When they would ask me just when I had seen it, I would reply, "On the screen," recently.

Yes, you have brought Broadway to the small cities! But please have your camera come out in these here parts and take a few pictures for my friends back East. It's the only way they will ever be able to break even with me.

WAYNE MILTON WEBER, Galion, Ohio

HERE COMES A MARINE

This is a voice from the Service. We Marines see more country than most civilians will ever see, and we have experiences that civilians can only read about.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



Oh, no! All the baby medals aren't going to little Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy! Dickie Moore has been pedalling right along for his share of moviedom's interest in children stars



And Spanky McFarland is riding right up into film fame, too. Known since "didey days" for his work in "Our Gang" comedies, Spanky recently came through featured in "Kentucky Kernels"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount.—Gruesome for the kids, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, thugs, dope, Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean Parker, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Jan.)

LITTLE FRIEND—Gaumont-British.—The tragic story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullivan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram.—Eddie Nugent, William Cagney, differ over June Collyer. Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen miles and the balloon goes haywire. For the youngsters. (Jan.)

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Nov.)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Sept.)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

LOVE TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Franz Schubert (Nils Asther); his love for a princess (Pat Paterson); her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Dec.)

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An overplayed adaptation of John Galsworthy's play based on an attempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (Jan.)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame DuBarry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN OF ARAN—Gaumont-British.—A pictorial saga of the lives of the fisher folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (Jan.)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern Aug.)

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A madman threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (Dec.)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

★ **MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Operaetta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (Nov.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a val gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal.—In the rôle of a former liquor baron trying to go straight, Edward Arnold is superb. Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlisle do nice work, too. (Oct.)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the slipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram.—David Manners and Phyllis Barry do a good acting job in spite of poor direction and a loose screen play. (Oct.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (Nov.)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nige Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

★ **MUSIC IN THE AIR**—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (Jan.)

MYSTIC HOUR, THE—Progressive.—Crookedest crooks, fightingest fights, tag with fast trains, middle-aged hero, dastardly villain, his bee-ootiful ward. But no custard pies. Montagu Love, Charles Hutchison, Lucille Powers. (Dec.)

NELL GWYN—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen story on the life of the lowly actress who became a favorite of King Charles II. (Oct.)

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dublin's Abbey Players, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks their spontaneity and charm on the stage. (Jan.)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

★ **NOW AND FOREVER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond adventurer Gary Cooper's motherless tot. Carole Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (Oct.)

★ **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

★ **OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Striving for suavity robs story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds hither and thither. Has laughs, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (Oct.)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminatti. (Aug.)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

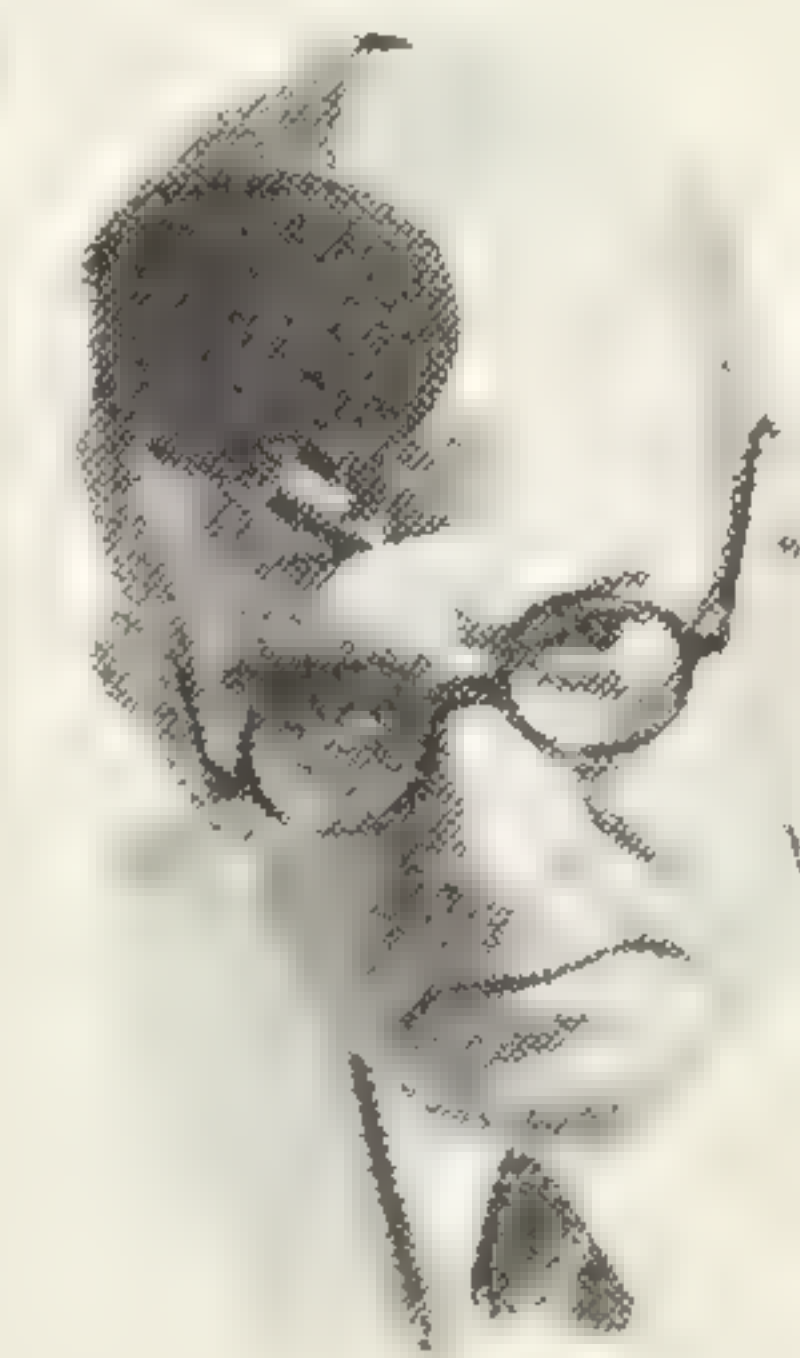
I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more *thorough relief* without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM ... THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THOROUGH.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

Brickbats & Bouquets

.... THE VERDICT OF THE PUBLIC

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 |

Yet, when the bugle call sounds, meaning movies are ready to start on the quarter deck, there's a mad scramble of men, carrying benches, stools, and chairs, to sit on.

And it would be hard to find a brickbat thrower in the whole crowd—for we've been "at sea" for many weeks, perhaps, with never a glimpse of a member of the opposite sex or anything resembling home life. It's a real treat to see it on the screen.

GEORGE M. JONES, U. S. S. Arizona
San Pedro, Cal.

BABY STAR-GAZER

At the age of eighteen days our little daughter saw her first movie. The spectators who chanced to see her being dragged that late in the evening to a movie, probably critized her parents.

She is now twenty-two months old. And the movie habit has not made her a nervous child. It probably is partially responsible for the fact



So you think men stars always look the same? Franchot Tone and Mr. Gary Cooper decided to change your minds. And you'd hardly know 'em! They are all wrapped up for their rôles in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," for Paramount. Aren't they handsome sheiks?

Happy family. And, happy birthday. It was Mrs. Brown's birthday so Joe E. and Joe E. Junior gave her a big party at the Cocoanut Grove. Cake and all! No wonder Joe knows how to make movies that are fit for the whole family. The grown-ups like him, too



Sorry, you two hundred per cent Americans, but few native stars have received as many bouquets as the English Robert Donat. His fine work in "The Count of Monte Cristo" lured ladies to write

that this youngster is at much at home in a strange hotel suite or in a pullman car as she is in her own little nursery.

MRS. THOMAS B. CONLEY, Memphis, Tenn.

WE HEARD YOU!

There's been so much shouting about Baby LeRoy and Shirley Temple, I'm afraid my lusty yells for Spanky McFarland and little Dickie Moore can't be heard! But I'm hollering louder and longer—Spanky's been a screen veteran since didey days, and Dickie is as clever a youngster as ever faced a camera. Praise for both of them—by loud speaker.

J. ARNOLD, Springfield, Ill.

SWEET TWOSOME

I would like to see whom I consider the sweetest couple on the screen in a few pictures that are not sad.

Helen Mack and Lee Tracy.

D. STANTON, Oneida, N. Y.

REFORM OF THE WEST

In days of old
When knights were bold,
And damsels were so shy,
The knights were prone
To roam from home
And leave the maids to cry.

But since Mae West
Has done her best
To teach them how to win,
With use of wiles
And shrewd beguiles,
They always get their men.
MARVIN MOOR, Fort Worth, Texas

FIVE YEARS LATER

Recently a number of my friends were discussing photoplays we had seen during the past five or six years.

Realism came and went, so did musicals. Then "Nothing but the Truth" with Richard Dix came into the conversation and lingered on.

Everyone remembered it. And I consider it a high compliment to Dix that all of us recollected, in detail, his superb performance—after five years! A splendid actor, Richard Dix. We don't get half enough of him!

JAMES C. GRIEVE, JR.



WOMEN LIKE 'EM THAT WAY

It seems to me women of the screen change their looks and their personalities with their roles. But the men, always look the same. Cooper is always Gary, Franchot always one, Herbert is Marshall in every rôle he plays—etc. Is it because the women stars are superior as artists? P.S. I'm not a woman.

J. P. HERTZ, Chicago, Ill.

BRITISH GENIUS

Does Hollywood appreciate the genius of Robert Donat? He has an individuality, a charm and culture not found in most of our actors. I shall never forget his acting in "The Count of Monte Cristo." The courtroom scene is especially superb.

NINA WHITE, Louisville, Ky.

MOTHERS' HELPERS

A mother of four children has so many, many things to take up her time, it is really almost impossible to check up on the movies day by day. And yet I know that mother should be the censor. I'm always grateful when Bobby or Helen, dashing in to see if they can go to a movie, say, "It's Joe E. Brown." Or "It's Will Rogers." Then I can send them packing off with no time-taking investigation, no worries, because I know it's a clean picture and one they will enjoy.

MRS. E. T. WRIGHT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOVIE HUNGER

Someone said that in order to appreciate a thing, you must do without it for a while. Since joining the CCC, I have discovered this is true. Our particular Camp happens to be situated twenty-five miles from the nearest movie house, and it is not often that we see a picture. When we do, however, we appreciate it thoroughly.

Now I know what a void there would be in our lives without them.

LEE DE BLANC, Creston, La.

PAPA KNOWS BEST

As an economy, when times got bad, my parents limited us children to four movies a year. Can you imagine a set of movie fans being permitted just one picture in every three months?

That, however, was all B. C. (Before Cats-in-Hats.) I chose the Lloyd film for my once-in-three-months picture. I was so enthusiastic about it that my parents decided to throw discretion to the winds, and take the whole family.

When the picture was over my father said, "That movie took ten years off my life! From now on our budget must include plenty of movies. For there can be no depression when a good show is in town."

R. R., Cottage Grove, Oregon

MUSICAL ALBUM

Each musical picture I see leaves me with a wish to see and hear again certain of the singing and dance numbers. Why don't each of the studios make a picture composed of the choice song numbers in their past musical features? What movie fan wouldn't enjoy hearing, again, John Boles sing "Waitin' at the Gate for Katy" in "Bottoms Up." Or who wouldn't like to see again the Carioca scene in "Flying Down to Rio?"

MRS. CLYDE SHAFFER, Santa Rosa, Cal.

"AT 41

I get compliments
ON MY SKIN"
writes Mrs. C. M. A. of N. H.



"'Catherine,' one of the young men said to me, 'what keeps your skin so young and beautiful?'"



"I had used one special cream for over 14 years. And yet when I first started with Junis Cream the tissues I used looked terribly soiled. My skin certainly needed the cleansing effect of Junis."



"I am forty-one years of age, and after using Junis for only a few weeks, I got compliments on my young-looking face from women around twenty. I know that Junis is going to keep my skin that way."

WOMEN who have used this new face cream are reporting remarkable results. Some say their complexions are smoother, fresher than ever before. Women over 30, especially, report a new glowing, healthy skin they had never hoped to see again.

This enthusiasm is not surprising, for the new Junis Cream is entirely unlike all other creams . . . because it is based on a principle that is *natural* and at the same time *scientific*.

A cleansing cream with Nature's own softening element

For years, you see, scientists have been trying to solve the problem of why skin becomes older-looking. They have uncovered many surprising facts. One important revelation is that *all* young skin is rich in a certain natural substance . . . that helps to give smoothness and freshness. As skin grows

older, this precious substance decreases.

But now, for the first time, a way has been found to put this rare substance into a cleansing cream . . . into Junis Cream . . . thus enabling women to apply to skin the freshening, softening element so vitally needed. This substance, as contained in Junis Cream, we call Sebisol. When applied externally, this natural substance again softens and lubricates the skin.

We invite you to use Junis Cream *regularly*, as an all-purpose cosmetic. Then watch results. You need no other. For Junis Cream cleans perfectly, gently. In addition, it contains Sebisol . . . to soften, lubricate, beautify. See what this new kind of cream can do for *your* skin. Junis Cream is on sale at all toilet goods counters.



JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

The Arabian Nights

BEAUTIFUL DE LUXE EDITION



Shahrazad, the beautiful slave and her master, King Shahriyar.

WHAT lover of rare, beautiful and exotic books has not longed to own The Arabian Nights as translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane?

Who, having read them, can ever forget these astonishing stories of lion-hearted heroes and their madly loved ladies? Of silken-clad beauties who turn from the murmuring of amorous verses to the devising of diabolical tortures for erring lovers! Where but in the Orient could love blossom so tenderly or distil so maddening a perfume? Only the passion and imagination of the Oriental could conjure up these stories of love and hate, poison and steel, intrigue, treachery and black magic.

For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic that placed the Arabian Nights among the great literary achievements of all time, it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at \$60.00 and upward. Thousands of institutions, collectors and individuals of affluence purchased it, but at that price it was out of the reach of uncounted thousands

who had heard of its magnificence and who wished ardently to read it. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterprising publisher succeeded in securing the necessary rights to enable him to publish the entire contents of the original set in one great, magnificent volume—and what a volume it is! How widely, wonderfully, gloriously different from the simple children's volume which so long passed current as The Arabian Nights.

It is printed on fine quality paper in beautifully clear type, luxuriously cloth bound in black and red and gold—124 Oriental tales, 1260 pages, rich in the lure and thrill, fire and passion of the mysterious East. Complete, with a wealth of translator's notes on Oriental life, customs, magic and other alluring subjects, the Economy Educational League has been extremely fortunate in securing a limited number of copies upon a basis which per-

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I enclose \$2.98 for which please send me the original Lane translation of **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS** beautifully cloth bound. I understand that my money will be refunded, provided the book does not prove satisfactory.

Name

Address

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IN each of her movie rôles Katharine Hepburn has portrayed a different type of person—from sophisticated lady to the lovable Jo. Now as Babbie in "The Little Minister," she

reveals a quiet dignity and grace which lends her latest rôle a new kind of Hepburn charm. John Beal plays opposite her in the screen version of Sir James Barrie's famous love story



Eugene Robert Richee

ALWAYS fascinating, Carole Lombard has never looked more intriguing in a portrait than in this one. But you can practice for months before a mirror, ladies, and never achieve that come-hither look of Lombard's! For it's the contrast of languid eyes and radiant blonde beauty that does it. Carole's latest picture is "Rhumba" for Paramount



Clarence Sinclair Bull

BARBARA KENT'S ambition to become a movie star was suddenly interrupted three years ago when she married her press agent, Harry Edington, and decided her home was

more important than a career. Now, after three years of smooth sailing on the matrimonial seas, Barbara believes she can manage both. She recently signed an M-G-M contract



WHAT the well-dressed lady will wear—model by Miss Temple, borrowed from her mother's wardrobe. Shirley was eager to show folks the newest addition to the

family, too. The child, she says, will in no way interfere with her career. And her career is doing nicely, thank you. She crashed to stardom in her latest film success, "Bright Eyes"

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



I OFTEN wonder at the patience of the motion picture industry. Here are hundreds of millions of dollars invested, thousands of persons employed, half the population of the nation entertained—and yet any player, any film, is at the mercy of anyone who can get his words into print.

There are many professional critics whose judgment is sound and whose verdicts are just. But there are also a number of others who write best when they are panning someone or something, and who, thereby, wise-crack their way to a certain kind of fame. Such critics are dangerous. They may amuse but they don't help the public in choosing pictures, and they damage the industry. And when they do that they strike at the public's greatest recreation. It is bad all around.

LET'S see how this kind of criticism would operate with a merchandise type of business—a style show, for instance. The morning after the opening, the promoters might read in their (erstwhile) favorite newspaper:

“La Petite Paree style show opened last night with the customary music, the customary lights and the customary mannequins wearing not unusual gowns—one of those things the public is a little fed up on.

“The models were none too graceful and the tripping down the stairs was startlingly realistic. But the two girls who fell quickly regained their feet.

“Strangely enough, the audience of fashionably gowned women seemed to like the show. But my recommendation is: stay home with the radio.”

WOW! How would the gentleman putting on the style show like *that*? And wouldn't there be an uproar? The parallel of this to some of the criticisms of films needs no elaboration.

If Bates, the popular grocer, found himself living in a movie player's gold-fish bowl—with the top off, at that—he'd be walking out of court some day a free man, acquitted by a jury with the verdict “Justifiable homicide.”

HOLLYWOOD New Deal note: Posted about on the walls of the Central Casting Bureau is a recent bulletin advising the telephone operators no longer to say “No work” to job-seeking extras.

Instead, commands the decree, the hello-girls should reply, “Try later.”

IN a town of strange happenings, one of the strangest took place recently when hundreds of men in evening clothes walked across a bare stage, removed their coats, gloves and hats, bowed and smiled and then passed on.

There was a reason for the strange parade. Members of the Central Casting office sat back in the darkened theater and judged the men who passed. Those who were nattily attired, sure and easy in their manner, were classified as ten and fifteen dollar extras. The others were demoted to the five dollar ranks.

AND what a parade of heartbreaks it proved to be! Men, whose dress suits were green with age, faltered on, their white faces twitching with nervousness, their hands trembling, telling over and over the tragic story that lies forever seething beneath the pomp and glitter of Hollywood.

One elderly gentleman in his frayed evening clothes, entered nervously, dropped his gloves and stooping to retrieve them, stumbled to his knees. Carefully averting his face to hide the tears of shame, he slowly walked from the stage.

"That man will never make the grade," one woman judge remarked. "He evidently knows nothing about etiquette and has probably never been anywhere."

"My dear," said her neighbor, "that is only a former Russian nobleman. And he has dined with kings."

The parade continued.

THOSE newlyweds Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler were house hunting, and hearing of a place that sounded suitable, they sent their chauffeur out to investigate, they being unable to leave the studio.

In a little while the chauffeur was back.

"Well, what was it like?" Margaret asked him.

"Oh, just like a house," was the reply.

"What was in it?" she asked next.

"Oh, just rooms."

"What were the walls like?"

"Well, they were neither dark nor light," he replied, "they were just *blasé*, I guess."

The Wylers didn't take the house.

IF we could see enough newsreels, we would scarcely need a newspaper. The development in this field is as amazing as that in journalism. The reporting of the burning of "Morro Castle" and the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia are arresting examples of news enterprise.

It would be almost impossible to imagine anything more gripping than this raw drama captured by the eye of the camera. The mimicry of the screen loses significance, for the moment at least, compared with such stark realism.

IT happened at a motion picture theater in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Two women were talking about the stars of Hollywood. "I think they're terribly over-rated," one woman remarked to another. "There are just as many distinguished looking girls right here in this town. Glance at that girl next to you, for instance. Isn't she just as striking as Hepburn?"

But—it *was* Hepburn! On her way East she had stopped off the plane at Albuquerque to catch "The Chief," and had taken in a movie while she waited.

There's only one Hepburn after all, be it Hollywood or be it New Mexico.

YOU who love Old Hollywood will get a kick out of Scoop Conlon's reminiscences of the days when the cinema was young, and its first players trooped down Wilshire Boulevard in the grand parade that marched straight to fame. Turn to "Hollywood, My Hollywood," in this issue. It's a treat.

Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

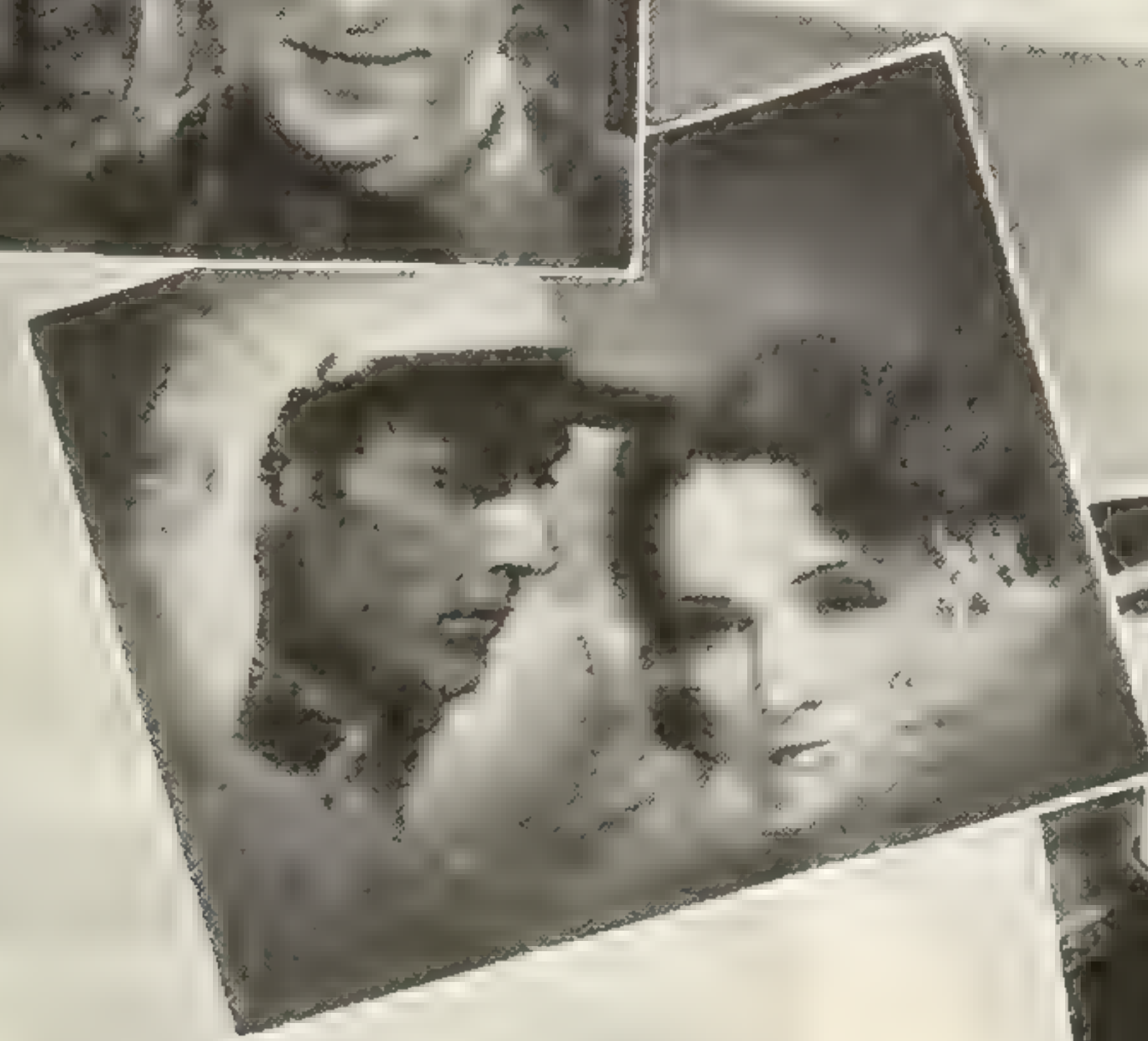
He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings."

Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American doughboy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.



By Scoop Conlon
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



Scoop Conlon and
William Frawley

Hollywood, My Hollywood

IF only we could have rubbed Aladdin's lamp twenty-odd years ago!

There we were luxuriously sprawled beneath the shade of a palm tree on the soft grass of a Hollywood boarding-house lawn. We had parked our tired dogs after our daily hike over the tortuous Cahuenga Pass to and from a quaint little joint they called a movie studio, a trail worn through the mountains by two centuries of weary journeys made by gentle old Spanish padres and their Indian neophytes.

We were neophytes in this new game they called the movies. An Irish song and dance man from Iowa and an Irish writer from Missouri trying to crash the studios. Carefree birds of passage, we had no serious thought of movie careers.

Three squares a day and a soft bed was the main idea.

Bill Frawley dreamed of Broadway musical comedy, while I toyed with mirages of the South Seas. How could we know? We didn't have Aladdin's lamp. Besides, motion pictures were "still" in their infancy!

Hollywood siesta-ed in the sun. The air was laden with the sweet scent of orange blossoms. Ranches dotted the boulevard of yesterday. Majestic eucalyptus, palms and peppers shaded the streets. Flowers ran riot everywhere. Roses, poppies and hibiscus graced the lawns, wistaria, bougainvillea and honeysuckle colored the bungalows. The climate was balmy.

Here and there an occasional two-story village business building defaced the pastoral

SCOOP CONLON

By William Frawley

If Scoop Conlon wasn't the first white baby born in Southern California, he must have crossed the plains in a covered wagon. He is more native than a native son.

Running around with him in Hollywood is like attending an Old Settlers' picnic. He knew everybody when.

Scoop is a half-pint in size only.

He is Irish in everything, including his pan. Rollicking sense of humor. Cocky but good natured. Gay but sentimental. Sociable little guy.

He has been married to a swell little girl for seventeen years, which is a record in Hollywood, and Hollywood marvels that she has put up with him that long. They have one daughter, fifteen.

The Conlons live at Toluca Lake, as close to the first tee as possible.



In the good old days, when Hollywood siesta-ed in the sun, and everybody stood on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street to watch the movie parade go by. Those were the days when you saw Charlie Chaplin with his cane and baggy trousers, when Mary Pickford dressed in gingham and had her curls, and Bill Hart wore a ten gallon hat

landscape. But, even these village necessities possessed a certain quaint charm and tradition.

How well we recall Hall's grocery store where the genial, trustful proprietor cashed our movie checks. Here we loafed, swapped lies and did a little whittling with the boys. Or, "Frenchy" Blondeau's barber shop where we hung out to get an occasional haircut and read a free Police Gazette. Or, the charming old Hollywood hotel where we dined and danced with our best girl of a Saturday night, if we had the price.

If only we could have rubbed Aladdin's lamp.

Once again Bill Frawley and stroll together down Holly-

wood's main stem. My old pal is back from the Broadway wars, a successful actor giving Hollywood his first double-take in many, many moons

The sun still shines, the climate is still balmy. But the trees, the flowers and the orange ranches are gone these many years. With them went the beauty, the charm and the spell of the Southern California village street. The song is done.

Today, if you stand on the corners of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street long enough you will meet everybody you ever knew. Sure, just like Forty-Second and Broadway of New York.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

WILLIAM FRAWLEY

By Scoop Conlon

Bill Frawley has a past which he has been trying to live down for years. He was Hollywood's first crooner.

Like all good loway-ans, when he left the old homestead, he headed straight for Californi-ay, driving a buggy.

Bill had a vague idea he was an actor, but the movies, "still" in their infancy, decided he was a song and dance man.

Being Irish as the shamrock, Bill's sentimental nature lent a devastating charm to his crooning of sad ballads to the cabaret devotees. Broadway heard about it, adopted him. He knows everybody in show business and the sporting world. Talks with Broadway accent.

Came the talkies, or the dawn or something. Lo and behold, Hollywood "re-discovered" Bill Frawley. He came back as an actor. He's unmarried, girls. Husky, hot-tempered, but sweet-natured.

Who Is Your Husband's Favorite Actress?

And What Are You Going To Do About It?

By Ruth Rankin



Many a quiet, stay-at-home man goes crazy over Harlow. If your husband comes out of the theater raving about Jean's radiant loveliness and bare shoulders, you should do something about it. And you had better not waste much time

Does the man you love walk a mile to see Gaynor on the screen? If he does, look into your own past and present, and govern your future accordingly. There's a reason for his preference, and it's very important to you

DOES your husband go out of the theater doing a rave about Mae West or Greta Garbo or Janet Gaynor? Does he keep it up all the way home? And does it quietly burn you to a handsome brown crisp or show up the electrical sparks like a blown-out fuse?

Come on now, girls. Don't deny it. I know better. If you don't get mad, either inwardly or visibly, you simply are not human. And if you weren't human, you wouldn't have a man, or go to a movie. Case dismissed.

The less you resemble the actress who rates the rave, the madder the whole business makes you. If you are a little bit like her, it's apt to be quite flattering. I know a man who can snap his wife out of her worst peeve by saying, "Take off those whiskers, Joan Crawford, I know you!"

The sages tell us it is fatal to analyze too closely those who have our devotion. So don't put your husband on the pan. Analyze *yourself* and the woman on the screen who has his admiration. Remember, you can change practically everything else in this life, but you can't change a man.

Why not regard your man's enchantment at the hands of his favorite picture-girl as a break for you?

It is certainly a perfect indication of his choice, a barometer of his likes and dislikes. Instead of being incensed about it, why not be guided by it?

For instance, there is a certain brawny gentleman (you all





Maybe you are one of those wholesome-as-bread-and-butter women, and your husband does emotional cartwheels at the mention of the glamorous, languorous-eyed Garbo. However, don't be incensed by his raves over Greta. Be guided by them

when he had the situation in hand and was permitted to be protective. Then she will know that his enchantment is in reality an indirect compliment to her.

This one happens to be a case-history with an obvious solution. There are many which offer more of a problem—in fact, there are several which seem beyond hope at the first diagnosis.

A perfectly charming merchant, who seems quite well-balanced in every other respect—has gone ga-ga, *non compos mentis*, in plain American—*nuts*—about Greta Garbo. He admits it without a blush, the rogue. He will drive to Pasadena in a pouring rain to see a Garbo picture for the third time.

To make the situation practically hopeless, his wife is a bouncing athletic girl with all the glamour of a bowl of wholesome baked beans.

She pretends to be amused about it, but it annoys her. If she had eyelashes as long as Garbo's, she would trip over them, and her eyes snap and sparkle in place of her rival's troubled languor. But all is not lost. She has two natural assets which would safely eliminate the accusation of imitating Garbo, and she could use them to advantage . . .

One is a long free stride and the other is a gorgeous [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



know one just like him) who has a yen for Janet Gaynor, which leaves his wife fit to be tied.

It has not yet dawned on Mrs. S—— that five years ago, when she married Bill S—— she was a cuddly little thing who made him feel big and strong and wonderful. Bill had some kind of an idea that he was going to be head of his own house—but five years have changed all that. Mrs. S—— has developed a regrettable air of positiveness, and is about as helpless as an armored tank.

Some day she will get around to the realization that papa is crazy about Janet because Janet reminds him of the days

A surprising number of men suffer with Colbert trouble. If your husband has been smitten by Claudette, don't take it as a joke. The poor man may crave bangs

The School That Never Has A Truant



The tiny but completely furnished playhouse is a favorite spot for the kindergarten youngsters. The little girl with the doll, in the doorway, is Mary MacArthur, child of Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur. Next to her, seated in the chair, is Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Joe E. Brown



A class of younger pupils, playing while they learn. They may choose to do whatever they wish—modeling in clay, building with the blocks, working out puzzles. The sturdy young chap standing with the ball in his hand is Dick Thomson, son of Frances Marion, writer

MIDWAY between the film factories of Culver City and Hollywood is the Carl Curtis School for Boys and Girls. Here children of the stars receive their educations.

You've probably supposed that the favored sons and daughters of the movie great attend no ordinary school. And you're right! For Curtis is the kind of school little boys and girls dream of—where swimming and boxing are part of the curriculum, and outdoor games are as important a subject as arithmetic.



The kindergarteners go home. Each child is taken by the principal, Mr. Broadbent, to the school bus, where Miss Alice Calhoun, instructor, sees them to their doors. The kidnapping menace has made such precaution doubly important

Fortunate children, these youngsters of the stars! For Hollywood has that kind of school that every little girl and boy has dreamed about

By Julie Lang Hunt



The classrooms are planned for health and maximum comfort. Notice the adjustable desks and seats, movable so the child can move closer to the board or light if he needs. The blonde, bobbed haired youngster in the corner is Ruth, the daughter of Conrad Nagel



The sunny California weather and the school's policies of health and freedom make it feasible to hold most of the classes out of doors. Here is the eighth grade, having history lesson in a sunny patio, beneath a big sunshade. And how hard they're studying!

Each youngster is given a carefully planned and well-balanced dinner at noon. Parents are requested to serve them only light suppers at night. The young man being served by the school dietitian is Richard Hoffman, son of Janet Beecher

acquired happy, normal dispositions. And the increase in each child's weight, general health and mental alertness brought the star-mothers and fathers in swarms to the doors of the Curtis School.

Almost immediately applications from private families as well as Hollywood's inner circles swamped the institution. It was necessary to place a limit on the student body, so it was set, and still is set, at eighty.

But the sturdy approval with which Hollywood looks up to the Curtis School is no mere fetish. I think the attitude of the



Acrobatics are an important part of the curriculum at the Curtis School. Two of the girls demonstrate their skill in this sport. The girl on the right is Marcelite Boles, daughter of John Boles and an accomplished athlete

mendously. He can prove this with records which show that eighty per cent of the students transferred from Curtis to the public grammar or high schools are advanced from one to three grades in all branches of academic work.

Let us follow a hypothetical student, first, through the amazing pyramid of details attendant upon his entrance into the Curtis School, and then on through his courses. His mother, let us say, is Gloria Glorious, a famous star, and her five-year-old Jimmy is the sugared apple of her eye, even more sugared than her studio contract.

Miss Glorious calls upon Mr. Broadbent with Jimmy in tow, and is slightly piqued by the absence of flurry and scurry when she announces her desire to place her child in the kindergarten class.

If the school is not over the eighty mark, she is supplied with a medical blank, told to have it filled out completely by the family physician and return with Jimmy for his mental and psychology test within two days.

If Gloria can recover from such casual treatment, and she usually does, she returns promptly with Jimmy who is turned over to Dr. J. Harold Williams of the University of California at Los Angeles, for a thorough mental analysis.

Then the star and her Jimmy go home and wait until a notice from the school informs her whether the child is eligible. If his medical account shows up too badly,

film parents is summed up in a statement Clive Brook made to me a year ago when both his daughter Faith and his son Clive were attending Curtis.

"The youngsters are getting the best in scholastic training there," he said, "but that is available at many other schools, too. The feature of this school that appeals to me is the physical skill it produces even in a child as small as Faith. She will never have a chance to be bored much with life when she's older. Not only her mind will be trained, but her body as well. And when a boy or a girl can swim, ride, skate, play tennis and golf expertly, there isn't going to be much loneliness or restlessness ahead for them."

And Clive Brook is right.

When the body is trained as skilfully as the brain, life is bound to be a nicely balanced, absorbing affair.

And it is the convincing theory of J. Howard Broadbent and his staff of a dozen instructors, a theory based on the findings of a decade, that physical prowess speeds up mental development tre-



Naturally these Hollywood youngsters are interested in dramatics! The girl on the extreme right is Sheila McLaglen, the daughter of Victor. Curtis pupils learn to appreciate and understand the works of great dramatists by acting out scenes from their plays

the mental tests reveal too great an emotional stability, Jimmy hasn't a chance.

But if Dr. Williams' findings reveal that Jimmy is only a spoiled, over-indulged, pampered little boy, who can be re-shaped into a fine citizen, he becomes a Curtis charge.

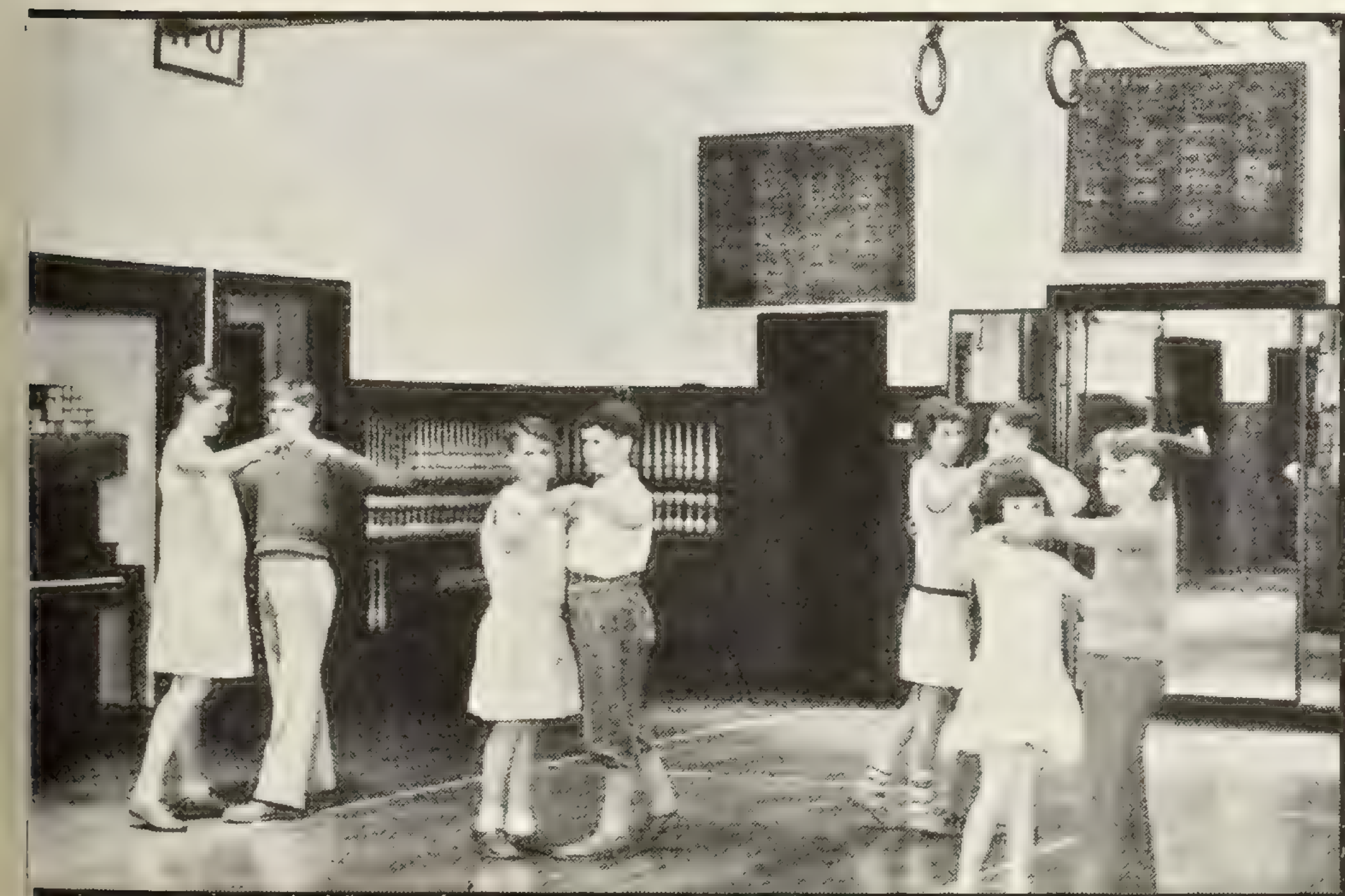
His first day at school is spent in the examination room of the head of the physical culture department, William McMasters. Jimmy is photographed in silhouette to show defects in posture, footprints are taken, his hand and grip tested, his shoulder strength tried out, his legs measured, the tilt of his head noted, his heart, his lungs, his muscle tone, his nutrition, his skin. In fact there isn't a hook or cranny of Jimmy that isn't charted and indexed by his examiners.

By the end of the day, McMasters and his three skilled assistants have mapped out Jimmy's physical work for the forthcoming year. His stooped shoulders are to receive certain stretching exercises, his flabby muscles will require slow development, his fear of physical pain underscored for careful consideration, swimming classes and acrobatic work.

The next day, Jimmy joins the kindergarten, which, because of California's almost flawless climate, is conducted outdoors almost every day in the year. Among his classmates he discovers chubby, blond Peter Bennett, Constance Bennett's son, and his young cousin, Diana, daughter of Joan Bennett. The little girls at the end of the play table are Mary MacArthur,



Physical training is given equal importance with mental gymnastics. And soccer, for both boys and girls, begins in the fourth grade. This game starts with Richard Hoffman kicking the ball



These youngsters learn ballroom dancing before they are "grown up" enough to feel self-conscious about trying a tango with the best beau or the girl friend! The tall young lady with the boyish bob, on the extreme left, is Jane Rich, daughter of Irene Rich

daughter of Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, and Mary Elizabeth Brown, the wide-grinning Joe E.'s youngster.

Later he makes the acquaintance of John Brooks Morris (Chester Morris) and William David Powell (William Powell), a pair of robust youngsters

Jimmy's teacher has a detailed account of his psychological and physical tests in the top drawer of her desk and she knows already that he is over-sensitive, unsocial, inclined to be destructive and domineering and abundantly curious.

But a series of scientifically arranged games soon build up Jimmy's self-control and stimulate the sprouting of his first pinfeathers of good sportsmanship. His demolishing little hands are kept so busy with crayons, clay, tools and scissors, he forgets his original plans to scratch the colored pages out of the picture books.

He learns, painlessly, to take a nap from eleven to eleven-thirty every morning, although his mother and all his nurses never had any luck along this line at home. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Mary Pickford's *Search for Happiness*

I FIRST saw Mary Pickford in "The Warrens of Virginia." She played the part of an angelic golden-haired little girl and to me—just a child, myself — she seemed as radiant as the princess in the fairy tale! If anyone had told me that she wasn't completely happy I would have burst into tears—tears of disillusionment.

That was the only behind-footlights-rôle in which I ever saw Mary Pickford, but through the years I have watched her upon many a motion picture screen. I have followed her film career with breathless interest; I have seen her achieve recognition and near greatness and—at last—actual greatness. I have applauded silently as she became a world figure—and this is not my first written tribute to her, not by any means! And yet—although I have applauded her both silently and with my pen—the conviction that she was the always gay, invariably light-hearted princess of romance left me long since.

MARY PICKFORD, in common with every other normal, wholesome woman, has had her plethora of problems and tragedies—her moments of pain and heartbreak. When I finally met her I knew that my diagnosis had been correct, for underlying her charm was a sense of wistfulness, and her eyes—at times—were shadowed with longing. As I have come to know her better and better I have often felt that she was searching through the highways and byways of life for some intangible thing. Her search has carried her across desert places and beyond the seven seas. She has gone exploring—really exploring—in the hope of finding for herself the loveliness of existence that she has given to so many people.

Finding the loveliness of existence! It hasn't been as easy for Mary Pickford as the casual observer would suppose. Life hasn't always been a bed of roses for her—no, indeed! She has told me that, as a youngster, she knew actual poverty, and poverty is an experience that lingers in the mind no matter how much—and how often—success comes your way. Of course, she

This noted star tells you that striving toward an elusive goal has been something far removed from the veneer called success

By Margaret E. Sangster

had the most wonderful mother in the world—you should see her face when she speaks about her mother! Mrs. Pickford could by the magic of her personality make even cold and hunger seem part of an amusing game. It was she—I am sure—who started Mary on her search for happiness; it was she who gave her daughter the

courage to seek—beyond the minor discomforts of the moment—for truth. Mrs. Pickford's code was to square the shoulders and to keep the chin up to pack one's troubles into the proverbial kit bag and "smile, smile, smile . . ."

Mary Pickford learned from her mother that gallantry is a gracious garment which the soul wears—that if one dresses one's soul in a brave garment a ragged frock doesn't count against one.

During the long years that have led her from obscurity to fame, Mary Pickford has had to tell herself, often, that gallantry of the soul was more important than the surface sparkle that is known as glamour. She's been surrounded with glamour—saturated with it—for a couple of decades, but it hasn't meant very much when measured against the real thing. Her striving toward an elusive goal has been something far removed from that veneer which the world calls success. There are times when I have thought that the applause of the crowd

must have had an empty sound to her ears. For—in her personal life—Mary Pickford has known her times of defeat. She has struggled against fate—and has not always triumphed.

Take her first marriage, with Owen Moore. Mary entered into that marriage, with high hopes and brave ideals, but it didn't jell. Her second marriage—which was thought by the general public to be the perfect thing—has come to a saddened cross-road. The two people she most adored—her mother and her brother, Jack—were taken from her prematurely. Even now her eyes fill with swift tears when Jack's name is mentioned, and—as I've said before—you should see her face when she speaks of her mother! Although she



Before the microphone, Mary must feel her search for happiness has nearly ended. By closing her eyes, she can visualize thousands who care for her



"An angelic, golden-haired little girl," Miss Sangster described Mary when first she saw her, and believed her
—then—completely happy

loves every youngster in the world, she has no children of her own—her maternal affection is lavished upon her niece, Gwynne—her sister Lottie's daughter.

And then, too, the prestige which she has gained and the wealth that she has accumulated have not brought ease. Mary Pickford works harder than anybody I know. Sometimes I think she is goaded into the terrific amount of work by this search of hers—this search for happiness. Sometimes I think that she expects to find, in artistic and spiritual endeavor, the fulfillment that she has not found in her personal relations.

Trouble, to Mary Pickford, is something that must be worked with and transformed. The following incident—which I trust I will quote correctly—illustrates my point in this. Her company, it seems, was making a picture and the picture needed—to lend tragi-comedy to a certain sequence—a decrepit, forlorn horse. There was a long and involved search before a nag pitiful enough to fill the bill was located. When the right animal was finally found the entire studio must have declared a holiday!

I don't suppose that ever—before or since—there was seen such a lean and hungry horse. I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

And So *the* Great



Max Reinhardt fully believes Shakespeare should be on the screen, and he's going to put him there, for Warners. His first will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and here he is signing his contract for the merry Bard-of-Avon Comedy

ACROSS the desk in his office at Warner Brothers, he looks, in his plain brown business suit, modest tie and equally modest linen, more like a successful merchant or a banker than what he is—the world's preeminent theatrical maestro—Max Reinhardt.

Also, this smallish man with the quiet eyes and hair looks like a man of forty instead of the sixty that he is. And there is an enthusiasm that rings through his voice which sounds like twenty rather than forty.

To Hollywood, Reinhardt is the man of promise. To Reinhardt, Hollywood is the Land of Promise.

"Hollywood," he said, "is a natural garden for genius. Here is beauty all around—color and movement—nature at its richest. Nowhere else in the world is there such an artist's paradise. Nowhere is there such an easy, delightful place in which to live and work. And Hollywood is a community entirely populated by artists striving to express themselves. Here is a town where art and expression are the most important thing. And it is attracting—with many here now—the artists of the world."

Coming from anyone else, it might well sound over-enthusiastic, but not from Max Reinhardt. He can rightly say what's what. He is the man who is making Shakespeare tasty and appealing to the masses. He is bringing the Bard-of-Avon onto the screen. That is something no man has ever dared think possible before. But he knows his stuff. And Hollywood knows he does and takes his opinion.

A few years ago Reinhardt brought "The Miracle" to America and this nation hailed him as the master of spectacles. But he's much more than that. Thirty years ago he modernized and humanized the theater. For three decades he has been the master producer and teacher of Europe.

For fifteen of those thirty years he has resisted Hollywood's lure, being discernible on the screen only through his pupils—all of whom have done him proud. He has considered the screen not ready for him and himself not ready for the screen.

But now in Max Reinhardt lies Hollywood's newest hope and greatest inspiration



Reinhardt's dramatic school in Berlin was the alma mater of practically every important actor on the Continent. In fact, it was the proudest boast an actor could make, "I've studied with Reinhardt." Lil Dagover was one

Master Arrives

By Kirtley
Baskette

Max Reinhardt, stage genius, is the man of promise to Hollywood. To him, Hollywood is the Land of Promise

Now because of "not just talking pictures, but talking pictures with Shakespeare" Max Reinhardt has come to Hollywood. He has turned his talents definitely, hopefully to the screen. He has signed to produce his famous, imitable plays and spectacles for Warner Brothers, the first of which, Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is already in production. Reinhardt is making his picture debut with this his favorite play, because it was his first Shakespearean stage production—away back in 1905. Recently he staged it in the famous Hollywood Bowl to the applause of the entire picture colony.

Reinhardt has no ties to draw him back to the Berlin he made famous as a center of classic drama. A hostile government has frowned on him, confiscated his seven theaters, every bit of his property, every



Conrad Veidt's record under the heading of "stage experience," has but three words, "Max Reinhardt, Berlin." Nothing else is necessary. Although he has appeared in films here, he is better known for his work abroad



Emil Jannings is another of the "greats" developed by Reinhardt. His performance as the hunchback in "The Miracle" resulted in his American screen debut and many hits

Elisabeth Bergner is another pupil of Reinhardt's, one of his greatest. Now being acclaimed on the London stage, she is soon to be presented on the New York stage

penny of his wealth. Outside of his annual festivals in Salzburg and Florence, he has nothing to draw him back to Europe. Of course, New York will claim him part of the time—but to him Hollywood is Mecca.

So this man might well bring about a Shakespearean revival and increase our appreciation. He might also be just the one to give the movie going public a few healthy doses of Shaw, Ibsen, Moliere or Goethe—and make us like it!

About Shakespeare, Reinhardt says, "He was not—what you call it—a highbrow. He did not write for the academicians. No! He was a poet of the people, for the masses. Actually everybody understands Shakespeare.

"And the screen should not look to the stage or the poets of the stage for its themes and material. It should reach into the rich



"The Lubitsch touch" has become a hallmark of merit, that of the noted director, Ernst Lubitsch. Yes, another Reinhardt graduate



William Dieterle, after nine years under Reinhardt as an actor, then turned to directing. He is here as *Lysander* in "The Dream"



American scene for the life that is all around us. There is ample material in that life. Dreiser's 'An American Tragedy' is an example—something that actually happens. When this life is translated by the genius of a great American poet—then Hollywood will have its ideal screen material."

"And I hope to bring 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' to the screen even more effectively than it can be produced on a stage indoors or outdoors. The beauty of the screen is that everyone can be in the second row. Much of what your audience misses on the stage, they will be sure to see on the screen. Of course, what I am afraid to lose is the contact between player and audience, the reaction and counter-reaction—that is what I, as the director, must supply.

"But there is no reason why the screen cannot present a play such as 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' better than the stage. First of all, it is a poem of nature. Love, poetry and nature are very closely woven. And here where nature is at its most beautiful, where there are forests

and mountains and meadows to be caught by the camera—such a poem should be twice as full and complete. You cannot bring the beauties of nature to a stage—so you are always limited. The screen should be ideal." Reinhardt paused in his enthusiasm for a note of caution, "However, it is an experiment."

I wondered if his greatest experiment wouldn't be with Hollywood actors. Reinhardt, you know, while securing the greatest European actors for his Continental productions, has always had about him a group of personally trained artists. His *Reinhardtschule* in Berlin was the alma mater of practically every important actor on the Continent. In his seven theaters in Berlin and one in Vienna, almost every European dramatic artist has appeared.

In fact, while for years the proudest boast an actor could voice was "I've studied with Reinhardt," it also became a standing joke abroad—because every actor claimed the distinction, even though he had merely walked backstage in a Reinhardt theater!

Here in Hollywood, Max Reinhardt will have to do what any other director has to do—cast from the large group of Hollywood actors—and shoot with them. He will not have the time to train them to his methods.

I asked him if he intended to found another *Reinhardtschule* in Hollywood.

"No," he replied, "at least not at the present time. There is much talent here," he smiled, "you will be much surprised. There will be some discoveries. The future will show."

Max Reinhardt is a pioneer by instinct and an adventurer at heart. He is sure of himself, daring and he is never afraid to do the new or unexpected. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Mady Christians says she couldn't replace what she learned in her seven years with Reinhardt. "Even now," she adds—star that she is—"I find myself, when in doubt, asking how he would do it"

Across the desk in his office at Warners, Reinhardt looks more like the successful merchant or banker than what he is—the world's preeminent theatrical maestro. He is seen here with Jack Warner



Kenneth Alexander

RONALD COLMAN is soon to be seen as that fighting romantic, the two-fisted conqueror of a land unconquerable, "Clive of India." With him in the 20th Century production will be the classic Loretta Young. Colman's rôle is the direct result of his sterling performance in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"



RUDY certainly can make the girls step! One lift of the baton, and they go around in circles. Looks like an easy job, too, and Mr. Vallee seems to enjoy it. He is putting them through the paces in his latest film, "Sweet Music," for Warner Brothers. Vallee has a new leading lady in this picture—the petite brunette, Ann Dvorak. After nearly four years in dramatic rôles Ann donned a pair of dancing shoes for her first lead in a musical



THEY made no mistake when they cast Ann in a song and dance rôle! Watch her step! Rudy looks pleased, too. Ann was a dancer long before she was a movie actress. For a year she danced in a chorus, then instead of giving her a lead rôle, the studio promoted her to position of assistant dance director! But it didn't take Ann long to get back in front of cameras. Many insist she and Rudy will be the musical team sensation of the year



Max Munn Autrey

PAULETTE GODDARD, Charles Chaplin's leading lady, posed for the very first photograph to be taken on the set of the forthcoming Chaplin picture, mysteriously known as "Production No. 5." But, it is not a scene from the movie. Nothing is known about that, not even whether Chaplin himself is going vocal



Mrs. Pat O'Brien was the lovely Eloise Taylor whom the late Valentino named a prize-winning beauty

Though it took Pat five years of luck and pleading to get her, they're happily married now

He Failed For A Million

STAR vanishes in Hollywood for three years—and makes a million in the movies!

Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But wait. The star is an Irishman. One of those six foot, devil-go-take-'em sort of fellows who are born with Luck for a middle name and Laughter for a charm piece. Maybe that accounts for it. If, faith, there's *any* accounting for Patrick O'Brien!

He has lived a life as full of drama and strange conundrums as one of his grandfather's stories. After that smash hit of his in the screen version of "The Front Page" people asked, "Where is O'Brien? Have you seen O'Brien?" No one had. They couldn't know that by a queer Hollywood twist, that "hit" had nearly killed him professionally! But it led him into making a fortune. That's the way things happen to him.

From the time he was born in Milwaukee on Armistice Day—several years before the Armistice

was signed, of course—Pat has magnetized Fate, in one form or another, into doing tricks for him.

To start at the beginning—from a choir boy to chorus boy is a long step. But in between Pat was a sailor. That helped. He'd stretched the truth about his age to the recruiting officer, done a two year turn on the deck of a battleship and, the war over, he had stridden down Broadway prepared to give Hamlet a break.

"*Hamlet!*" snorted a theater manager. "Go take the straw out of your hair!"

"That," said Pat with dignity, "is not straw. It's what is left of the hey-hey from my sailor's horn-pipe!" So they put him in the chorus. At the same time, down the street in another show, was a redheaded hoofer by the name of Jimmy Cagney.

It was the ostrich feathers that did it really. They provided cos-
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

With laughter for his
luck piece O'Brien has
a philosophy that can
beat the Hollywood jinx

By Jerry Lane

Carol, Wally and Me

By Mrs. Wallace Beery

This story is a most unusual human document; a foster mother telling of her affection for an adopted child, and of the foundation of past memories upon which that affection is built. Mrs. Beery is a retiring person, seldom seen in the limelight which so surrounds her famous husband, the motion picture star. This fact lends even more interest to this recital.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

In a city of triangles, there is no threesome happier than the Beerys—united in affection

Wally is more than a hero to Carol Ann. He is a demi-god whom she worships.

What a pair they make as they walk along—he huge and bulky—she tiny, tagging along. And he is so proud of her! Actually, he's a bigger kid than she is. I call the pair of them my two children. Her most vivid recollection

doubtlessly will be of Wally at the controls of his aeroplane flying her to Palm Springs over the week-end. For the aeroplane today holds all the glamour and romance for children which the train held for youngsters a generation or so back. I can remember how my father was just as much a hero to me as Wally is to Carol Ann. He was a crack engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. There were three children, and how we would prepare to meet him at lunch! The house was the scene of no end of excitement as our blessed mother would stand before the stove and fry

CAROL ANN has filled the only gap that was in our lives, Wally's and mine. Her coming into our household has meant far more to me than I am able to express. From the moment I had her intrusted into my care I loved her, and was hardly able to believe my good fortune.

Watching her fuss around as she was getting ready to go to lunch with Wally at the Vendome one day, it struck me how much her excitement compared with similar scenes in my childhood. She tried on several dresses before she decided which one was just right. She is very particular, tiny tot that she is. All her colors must match—especially if she's going with her Daddy.

The Beerys at home: Wally, the hero, Rita, the mother, and baby Carol Ann. Carol Ann isn't really as bashful as she looks here. But she isn't used to having strange cameramen invade the privacy of her quiet home



chicken. When it was done she would pack it in a big pail along with other delicacies, and we'd go down to the station proudly carrying the pail between us.

We would be scrubbed and dressed in our very best, and be waiting there as the train pulled in. Then when Dad got his orders from the station-master, he'd swing off the train, and we'd open up the lunch and help him eat it. If the station-master didn't happen to be around, Dad would take us for a ride on his engine. We were wonderful friends, my father and I—and still are to this day. He never comes to see me without bringing some little token of love, if it's only a sack of fruit.

This same bond exists between Wally and Carol Ann. And when Wally wanted to fly her down to Palm Springs I was delighted. I recalled how thrilled I was when my Dad took me for rides in his train engine. And I wanted to see Carol Ann have that same wonderful understanding with her Daddy as I had with mine. There is no greater thing in the world.

Carol is drawn to me by the tenderest of bonds. She is a priceless legacy left from my mother's half-sister, and lifelong playmate, Juanita. As she, a young woman in her early thirties, lay on her death-bed, she whispered that she



Heap big chief, and papoose. After seeing "Viva Villa," Carol Ann wanted to play Indian. The Beerys have a Mexican sunroom, so with a couple of Indian blankets, Wally and Carol had a perfect setting



wanted to leave something to me—it was her dearest possession, her baby Carol Ann, then nine months old. Carol Ann had two brothers—George now twelve years old and Billy six, who live with their grandmother, but who often come to play with their little sister.

The day after Juanita's funeral, I had a talk with her husband. I pointed out that raising a little girl alone was a great responsibility. Without even saying a word to Wally, I told him that I would raise Carol Ann, and showed him a letter wherein her mother requested I do so. He agreed that perhaps it was best that I should raise, educate and give her a real mother's care.

Carol Ann's a great talker. Here is her Daddy making an electrical recording of one of her very first speeches. It was a good speech, too, says Wally

Wally and I were in the midst of remodeling our [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

THEY sat side by side on a straight little sofa in a producer's waiting room—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, that popular comedy team of the screen. Charlie twirled his round little hat, his dimples nervously popping in and out like a pair of Jack-in-the-box as he stole little side-wise peeks at Mary, sitting so straight, so determined, with a decided no-monkey-business air.

Across the room, a blonde secretary sat behind a desk filing a long, gory-looking nail. Occasionally a flash of crimson shot through the air as her manicured hand flew to a stray curl over an ear.

The silence grew thick and clingy like fungus on a battered oak tree.

"Hum-umm." Charlie suddenly cleared his throat and Mary jumped.

"Don't do that," she protested. "It's enough to shatter my nervous system."

"I—I can't help it if I have a frog in my throat, can I? I've got to get it out, haven't I?"

"Charlie, you could be full of frogs for all I care. In fact, the way you keep jumping around it wouldn't sur-

Domestic rifts like Mary's and Charlie's happen in the best of screen families

By Sara Hamilton

"We Want



It's incompatibility. Charlie has a ranch where he raises nuts and grapefruits. His pet is a Great Dane. He craves quiet, peaceful evenings at home



Proof that mama loves papa even if she did want him to wear a horse-shoe charm around his neck and curl up his hair like Francis Lederer. The producer couldn't believe ma and pa had tired of each other

prise me in the least if you were." Mary glared at him. Charlie squirmed about uneasily.

"Quit fiddling," Mary snapped.

"Can I help it if I have to fiddle?" Charlie demanded.

"Well, you don't have to fiddle here. There's a time and a place for fiddling. This isn't it."

The blonde secretary glanced witheringly at the sounding buzzer on her desk. With a sigh she threw down the nail file, yanked at her stocking, patted the curl again and disappeared through a door marked PRIVATE. In a few seconds she was back.

"The producer will see you now. Gwan in," she said.

Mary and Charlie rose. Charlie, at the door, tripped over Mary's feet and fell headlong into the astonished producer's lap.

"It's the hop toad in him," Mary explained. "He leaps before he looks."

"Well, this is indeed a pleasant surprise," the producer smiled when Charlie had regained his balance and his hat. "What can I do for you this morning?" He fairly beamed on the screen's greatest comedy team. A team that brought many golden shekels into an undernourished box-office.

It was Mary who spoke first. In firm, clear tones she said, "We want a divorce."

The pencil leaped six feet out of the startled producer's hand and landed at his feet. The producer stooped and Charlie stooped, their heads meeting with a thud.

Divorce”



Mary can't see it. She has a garden and raises Sweet Williams. Her pet is a Pekingese. She wants music, song, gaiety. Besides, Charlie's unromantic!

"Do you have to knock him unconscious before we get the matter settled?" Mary stage-whispered at Charlie between clenched teeth. "Can't you wait till it's all over? Business before pleasure, remember."

Charlie merely rubbed his head in a daze. The producer gulped and swallowed with surprise, his mouth opening and shutting like that of a fish. Unable to say a word.

"You—you want a divorce?" he finally gasped. "You don't want to be ma and pa on the screen? But—but why?"

"Well, she says I'm funny looking for one thing!" Charlie said.

"I only said if he had 'it' he got 'it' too late. Much too late. Besides," said Mary taking out her handkerchief, "Charlie isn't fascinating like Francis Lederer."

The producer looked at Charlie accusingly. "Couldn't you be a little more fascinating?" he asked. "Well, doggone it, I can't be fascinating like that dancing Czech. I tried it and I got water on the knee, something," Charlie explained. "I—I"

"You see, he doesn't even try," Mary wept into her handkerchief. "The day I brought my hair curler to the studio and offered to curl his hair in darling little ringlets over his head like Mr. Lederer's, he made a terrible mistake."

"Why, Mr. Ruggles!" exclaimed the producer. "I'm surprised at you!"

Charlie hung his head but then suddenly he brightened. "Well, I wore a charm for her, didn't I?"

"But you wouldn't keep it on," Mary complained. "You see, that lovely Mr. Lederer (Charlie moaned) always wears a good luck charm around his neck and Charlie never had anything glamorous around his neck except his Adam's apple and there's nothing glamorous about that. So I persuaded him to wear a darling little charm, too."

"Well, I tried to wear it, didn't I? Only the darn thing gave me lumbago and gangrene of the epiglottis."

"Charlie, don't be vulgar," Mary snapped.

"What was the charm she gave you?" the producer asked.

"A horse shoe," Charlie groaned, "with all the nails left in. When I stooped over, it took two electricians to help me up. If that's what it takes to make a Francis Lederer out of me, I don't want it. I want a divorce, too."

"Besides," said Mary, "we're incompatible. He has a Great Dane and I have a Pekingese." A slight hiss escaped Charlie's lips. "Then, too, he lives on a ranch and I live in Beverly Hills. He raises grapefruit while I raise Sweet Williams."

"And what else do you raise?" the producer asked Charlie.

"Nuts," answered Charlie.

"And nuts to you," Mary cried. "Besides, people think when they see us on the screen together all the time, we're romantic off the screen. I never see Charlie off the screen. Life is hard enough."

"Nonsense. I don't believe | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97 |



The rift only widened when Charlie donned earrings and wore a mustache. He still didn't look like a hero to Mary. And Charlie, the old meany, just scowled at Mary when she got Little Bopeepish, crook and all

CALYORK Announcing The Month Broadcast



Margaret Sullavan is all dressed up here, just before she became the bride of William Wyler, with her. But for the ceremonies at Yuma, Margaret went right back to slacks. And William thinks they are one of his wife's best points

FOR years and years Alan Hale played o meany heavies until it was discovered th he has a nice kind face and can also sing. He acts, too, as you may have noticed. He r marked the other day, "I did get so tired being in wolf's clothing. Why, it got so that was hiding my own wallet from myself!"

MAY ROBSON was on location in a sma California oil town. She was wearing Salvation Army bonnet.

At noon, May walked into a lunchroom, sa on one counter stool and put her S. A. chapea on the other. She was hungry, and attende to the business of eating.

When finished, she hopped down off th stool and reached for her hat. As she pre pared to don it—a quarter fell out.

May is saving it as a souvenir.

GOOD digestion—at any price.

Which is the current motto of Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Jimmy, who ha had recurrent trouble with indigestion, fir hit on the idea—and then Pat, his side-kick took it up.

So now you see both tripping to work carry ing an old-fashioned tin lunch pail, complet with sandwiches, salads and cold cuts, al home prepared, in one hand—and a thermo bottle in the other.

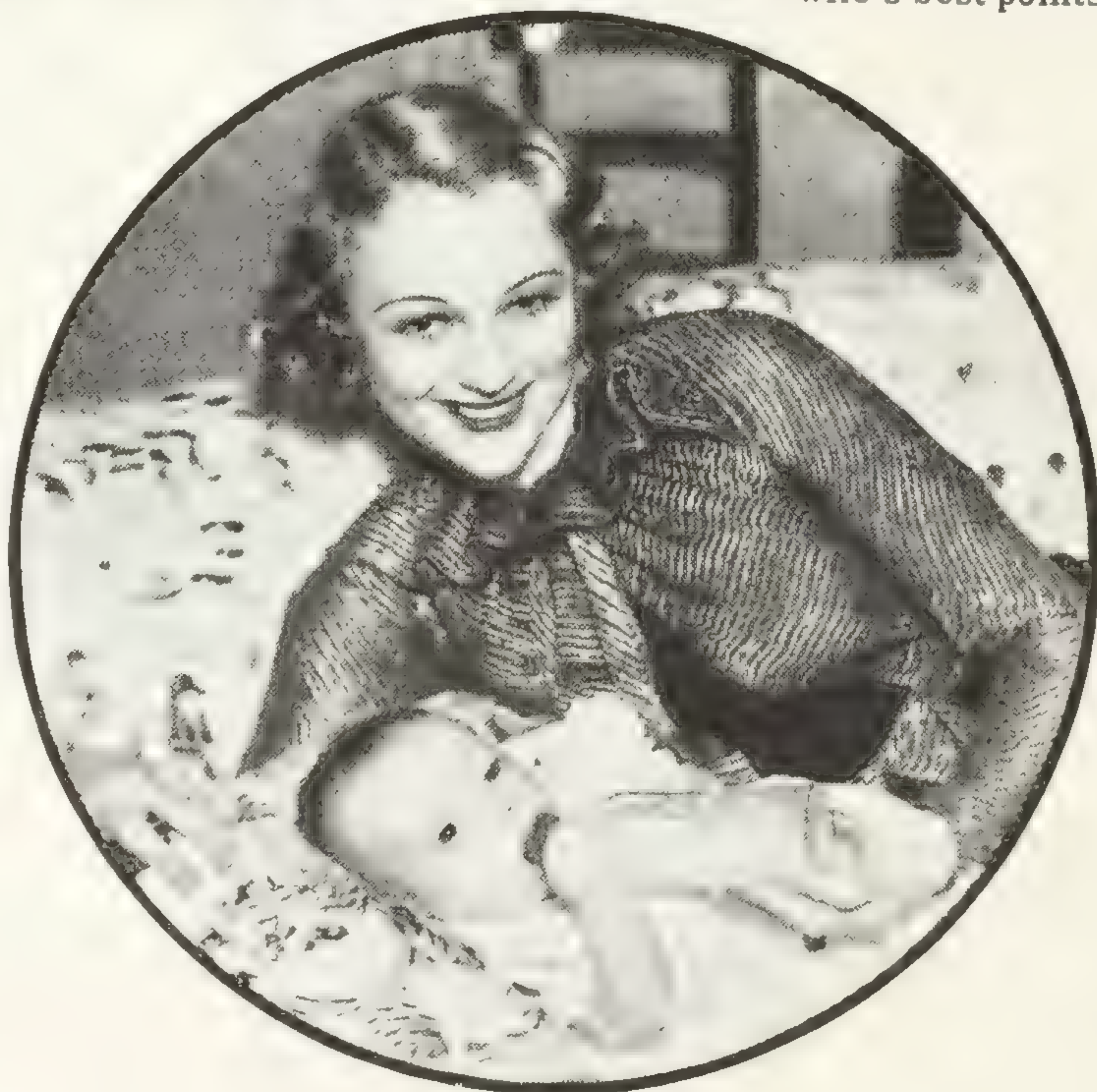
Each noon, they find a clear spot behind a set prop—and swap sandwiches that aren't the restaurant brand.

Incidentally, they don't get tired out writ ing autographs in the studio commissary.

WE imagine a deep-sea vacation with Lee Tracy and Jimmy Durante on Lee's boat, will be something to write home about. They are after big fish in the Mexican waters—but the tuna will probably die laughing. There are three boats—the big mama boat, a small sailboat to go out and capsize in—and a dory to rescue the capsizers. Full equipment you might say.

Edward G. Robinson is a camera bug. He can't take a shot or leave it; he has to take it. And nobody is safe from him. He bobs up everywhere, taking candid pictures. From the expression on the face of Jean Arthur, this one's a honey

This is the handsome young buckaroo who has claimed all the attention of Sally Eilers lately. He's Harry Joe Brown, Jr. But now, Junior has given his mother permission to return to the screen, and you'll see her again soon in "Carnival"



A COUPLE of Hollywood actors were having a feud.

"Why don't you tell that other fellow what you think of him and get it over?" Bob Montgomery asked.

"I can't," was the answer, "the cad has no telephone."

MAURICE CHEVALIER came back from Europe with a lot of suits you can hear coming through the front gate at M-G-M. Bob Montgomery is positively green with jealousy and has gone into retirement until he can find some checks, plaids and scarfs louder than Chevalier's.

Hollywood Goings-On!



LEND A FARRELL made her last payment on her San Fernando Valley home—all celebrated. A rather unique celebration. It was a trunk-burning party. A big old battered wardrobe trunk went up in smoke, and Lenda remarked, "It isn't everybody who can stand and watch her home for many years burning to the ground, and smile about it!"

LICE BRADY instructed her maid to tell a certain gentleman if he phoned that she was in the bath, as she didn't wish to speak to him. The gentleman phoned and the maid followed instructions. After half an hour he phoned again and got the same answer. A third time he phoned with the same result. Finally, in exasperation, he yelled over the phone:

"Well, maybe she's drowned by this time. Why don't you go see?"

Beverly Hills telephone calls poured into the police station from frantic mothers saying their children hadn't returned from school. An auto patrol set out to trace the missing children. Suddenly the officers heard loud laughing and laughter coming from the back of a newly occupied house.

"Who lives here?" demanded the officer when the maid answered the door.

"Jackie Cooper," was the answer, "He's got nearly a hundred kids in the back yard helping to build a new shack. He says if they work hard enough, he'll let them be in his club."

REMEMBER the grand old ostrich plumes of mother's time? They must be coming back. At least Jeanette MacDonald is setting Hollywood on its ear by appearing at all the smart spots in a chapeau dripping with plumes. "Well," sniffed one little meanie when she glimpsed the MacDonald ostriches, "if I had known it was a costume party I'd have dressed myself."

To which several bystanders echoed, "Meow, now." Jeanette only smiled.

The son and heir of Joan Blondell and her husband, cameraman George Barnes, is not going temperamental, he's merely hungry. Joan is certainly proud. George wonders where that volume from such a tiny bit of humanity can come



They may be fan dancers, but they are not to be whoopsed at. Decidedly not! They represent four hundred pounds of football, boxing and stevedoring, all set for some burlesquing in Rudy Vallee's picture, "Sweet Music," for Warners

Bronislava Nijinski, widow of the noted dancer, discusses details of the forthcoming ballet in Max Reinhardt's production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Screen history is in the making with this movie. Watch it!

MAYBE M-G-M will have to go in the house-boat business. Up on the beach in Ventura is Peggotty's house, built in a boat turned bottom up. It was constructed for scenes in "David Copperfield," but the studio has received a dozen offers for it from persons who want to use it for a beach cottage.

HENRY HULL has been made a Kentucky Colonel.

But here is what makes it unusual: Henry Hull actually came from Kentucky! Louisville.

Most of Governor Ruby Laffoon's staff officers never sniffed bluegrass in their lives.

THE aura of mystery which surrounds the romances of Greta Garbo conjures up all sorts of wild guesses as to what a suitor does to woo the lady nobody knows.

Well—I was riding down the Coast highway a Sunday or so ago and almost bumped into a small flivver coupe turning around in the middle of the road. George Brent was at the wheel and beside him was a lady with a hat pulled very far down over her face, but not far enough to disguise that famous face.

For five miles or more my rear-view mirror revealed the pair of lovers coasting along, even as you and I, and sniffing the salt air. Finally, Mr. Brent and his lady pulled off to the side and parked to watch the wild waves—hand in hand.

Love is grand—but its manifestations are not very different in the case of Garbo and the rest of the world.

A Sunday afternoon drive in a flivver. A silent parking to watch the sea together. What's mysterious about that?

NAT PENDLETON was telling Charles Butterworth about unexpectedly meeting his old school-days' sweetheart in Hollywood.

"Boy, I hadn't seen her in twelve years," Nat said.

"Has she kept her girlish figure?" Charlie asked.

"Kept it?" Nat exploded. "Why, man, she's doubled it."

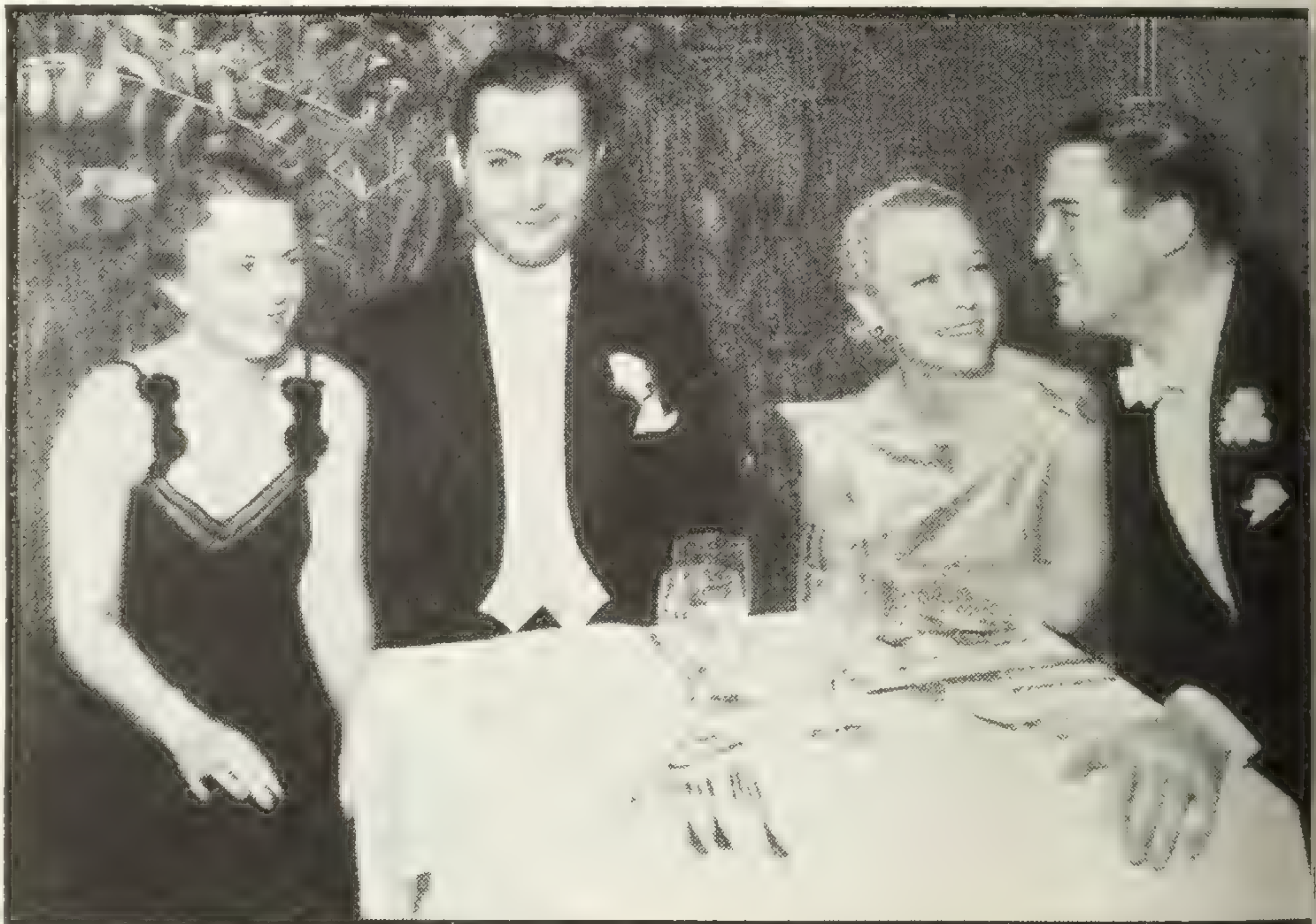
THE most exciting lot in town, at the moment, is Warners, what with Reinhardt and Marion Davies moving in. The German contingent, consisting in the main of Reinhardt, Korngould, Heinrich Blanke and William Dieterle, plus any number of fellow associates, have practically taken over the lot. Some of them bring their wives, they sputter German by the yard, and there is a general air of bustle and activity.

One of the sights of the place is the enormously tall and shaggy Dieterle, in his white cotton gloves (once he contracted an infection in his hand while directing a picture, and ever since he has worn the gloves), striding down the causeway with little Blanke, about five feet high, both gesticulating wildly and hurling German at each other.

To make things more involved, the official interpreter doesn't speak English!



Mr. and Mrs. Warren William were among the many celebrities present at the Screen Actors' Guild annual ball. This is a rare picture in that neither Mr. nor Mrs. William goes in for a great deal of social activity, both being strong for a quiet home life



Mrs. Robert Montgomery (left) and Mrs. Chester Morris find a good laugh in what Chester Morris is saying. But Robert seems to be far, far away for the moment. They formed one of the foursomes at the Screen Actors' Guild ball, a seasonal highlight



Which is Bill and which is Jimmy Cagney? They are alike enough to be twins! Anyhow, we'll do the traditional left to right and you can see whether your guess was right: Mrs. Bill Cagney (Boots Mallory), Phil Regan (rear), Bill, then Mrs. and Mr. Jimmy Cagney

ALAN HALE actually proposed to his Gretchen Hartmann, twenty years while they were making a love scene in six pictures.

BETTY FURNESS carries a small compact in her compact. Well, a girl likes to know where she is, doesn't she?

CAROL ANN was so lonesome to see papa that she hopped on a commercial plane and went to San Antonio, where he is now on location for "West Point of the Air." Of course, Mrs. Beery was with her.



Joan Crawford and her almost inseparable companion and leading escort, Franchot Tone, were table companions with Helen Hayes at the Screen Actors' Guild ball. It's a safe guess Joan is telling about further plans for her pride and joy, her little theater



Could two girls show greater admiration of husband or boy friend? Petite Alice White smiles up at husband Cy Bartlett (left) and Isabel Jewell puts that certain something into her smile for Lee Tracy. They made up one of the jolliest Guild parties

EVELYN LAYE worked until seven A. M. when "The Night Is Young" was finished. She stayed awake just long enough to get to Santa Barbara where she slept for two days without a quiver.

BERT WHEELER gave his little girl a dime for charity, but she invested it in a soda instead. When papa questioned the investment, the young lady informed him, "It goes twice as far this way—I give it to the soda-jerker, and he can give it to charity!"



Dick Powell was just about tops as squire at the Screen Actors' Guild ball in that he escorted not one but two charming ladies. On his sturdy right arm was Mary Brian, as was to be expected, while on his left was Mrs. Joe E. Brown. Joe E. was home with laryngitis

THEY were making a scene in "Mississippi" where W. C. Fields enters, takes a drink from a mint julep glass and does a bit of dialogue.

After several false starts, what seemed to be a perfect scene was run off. However, Director Eddie Sutherland waved his hand in negation. "No good," he proclaimed, "Bill, you forgot to take a drink."

Fields recoiled as if indicted with a horrible crime. "Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Yes you did—" said the director.

"Well," said Bill in a dazed, weak voice, "it's the first time I ever forgot to do that."

WELL, you will have to admit that little Shirley Temple is doing all right when she rates Lionel Barrymore as her co-star. The picture is "The Little Colonel," which you adored when you were ten, and Shirley makes her first appearance in pantalettes. Bill Robinson, who must have invented tap-dancing (he taught all the famous dancers their routines), will appear in the picture.

GRACE FORD, pretty dancing teacher, took two of her child pupils to the Warner casting director, Max Arno. He looked them over and announced, "I can't use the children—but how would *you* like a contract?"

Grace is playing her first part in "Midsummer Night's Dream." But here is the part of it that no one except a certain passerby knows. In sheer exuberance, Gracie wanted to dance for joy. The only place she could find which was not public, was a table top in the prop department, where she executed a Spanish fandango! (Ah, ah, Gracie! You're in pictures and nothing is secret now!

RICHARD DIX turned down forty-six thousand dollars offered him to appear in a shirt advertisement, so you can imagine the consternation when his picture and endorsement appeared in the publicity of a new tea.

His manager, suspicious, asked him, "Did you really endorse this tea?"

"Endorse it?" shouted Richard. "I own it!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



"**E**VERY woman," said Miss Davies, concentrating on a silky ear of her almost inseparable companion, Gandhi the dachshund, "Every woman should decide what is her one most sincere ambition—most *sincere*, not necessarily her highest. Then she should attempt to fulfill it, before she tries anything else." At the right, is the music room of the Warner star's gorgeous home at Santa Monica, which faces on the inspirational surge of the Pacific, within hearing

Marion Davies'

Secrets of Success

IN many ways Marion Davies is one of the most remarkable women of this age, and she was talking about success. Once she knew poverty; now she is said to be the wealthiest woman in Hollywood. Once she was considered hopeless as an actress. But she established herself as a brilliant comedienne and then proved that she could handle dramatic rôles. Once she was a nobody—so far as the world-at-large was concerned. Now she is known in every corner of the world, and she is called the most popular woman in the place where most of the world's movies are made. "Girls are always asking me, 'Miss Davies (for it was Marion Davies doing the talking), can't you tell me how to get along?'

"—grow into the best sort of human being we can. Live—and help others to live"

As told to William P. Gaines

"Some have asked me if I could give them six, ten, twenty, or any number of rules to live by.

"And I've had to reply, tritely but truthfully, 'There isn't any certain number of rules for living that apply to all individuals alike—that will steer any-

one through all the circumstances that arise in a lifetime.'

"But I'll tell you what I've told a lot of those girls. There are some policies that won't do any woman any harm at any time. So, if you want to hear them, here goes:

"Every woman should decide what is her one most sincere ambition in life, and then she should attempt to fulfill it, before she tries anything else.

"Please notice, I said most *sincere*; not necessarily her highest ambition. Every young girl's head is full of a lot of conflicting ambitions, day-dreams, and what we used to call the 'natural' feminine urge. The natural urge, in days gone by, was to marry the boy, settle down, and make a home. But the world has changed. Today it's just as natural for a girl to want a career. Nine-tenths of the girls probably think they'd love to be movie stars—not knowing what it takes to get to be one. Of course, the huge majority of them would be more comfortable in business, or as housewives. And I believe most of them know, deep down inside, which of their ambitions are inspired by hopeless yearnings, and which *one* is substantial.

"Well, if a girl *sincerely* believes she can become an actress some day, or a cabinet member, I say it is foolish—almost criminal—for her to marry some young chap and try to keep up his suburban bungalow. That way her discontent can ruin two lives. The other way, if she fails, she has wasted only one life, and there is some inner glow from a try that was genuine.

"All right. Once a girl has decided what she *wants* to do, I think she should then and there reconcile herself to any sacrifices she may have to make to achieve her goal. If she has married the boy, her goal is domestic happiness. And if she thought that was coming without a thousand readjustments, she was just sappy, that's all. It's give and take, give and take—always trying to take a little bit more than you give. Which, if you are sincere, is for the man's good; you'll take the right things, and build on them.

"Security is the domesticated woman's goal. And, if she's honest, she knows that means security [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



They Didn't Mean To Be FUNNY



ZaSu Pitts started out to become a tragedienne, but the audience laughed at her vague hands. "They have always waved around—sort of without me," she explains. That "Oh, dear" of hers was an accident, in her first talkie

SOME actors are born comedians some acquire comedy, and others have comedy thrust upon them. Heartaches, chance, desperation, accident, luck, coincidence . . . upon each one of these hangs the career of some comedian who didn't mean to be funny at all.

Harold Lloyd, after he evolved *Lonesome Luke*, a comic type that many considered an imitation of Chaplin, worked out his smooth-face, funny fellow with the horn-rim specs—worked it out deliberately, after long consideration. But Harold had been a stock company character man. Louise Fazenda's aim was to make people laugh—only she didn't mean to make them laugh quite so hard. The Marx Brothers had a definitely comic act when they first started out minus Harpo, but Harpo never meant to be the comedy riot he is now. His comedy was thrust upon him when he was dragged unwillingly on the stage one evening, and was screamingly and silently funny because of his intense fright.

W. C. Fields was born a comedian. Charlie Chaplin began as a boy entertainer in London, but it was not until he more or less accidentally developed his sad little tramp that he

became the target for a million laughs. Eddie Cantor discovered that he could roll his eyes and so became a singing comedian. Mary Boland was so ravishingly beautiful that she was always cast as the conventional leading lady opposite such actors as John Drew, but she achieved higher rating as a comédienne when she got a light rôle in "The Torch Bearers."

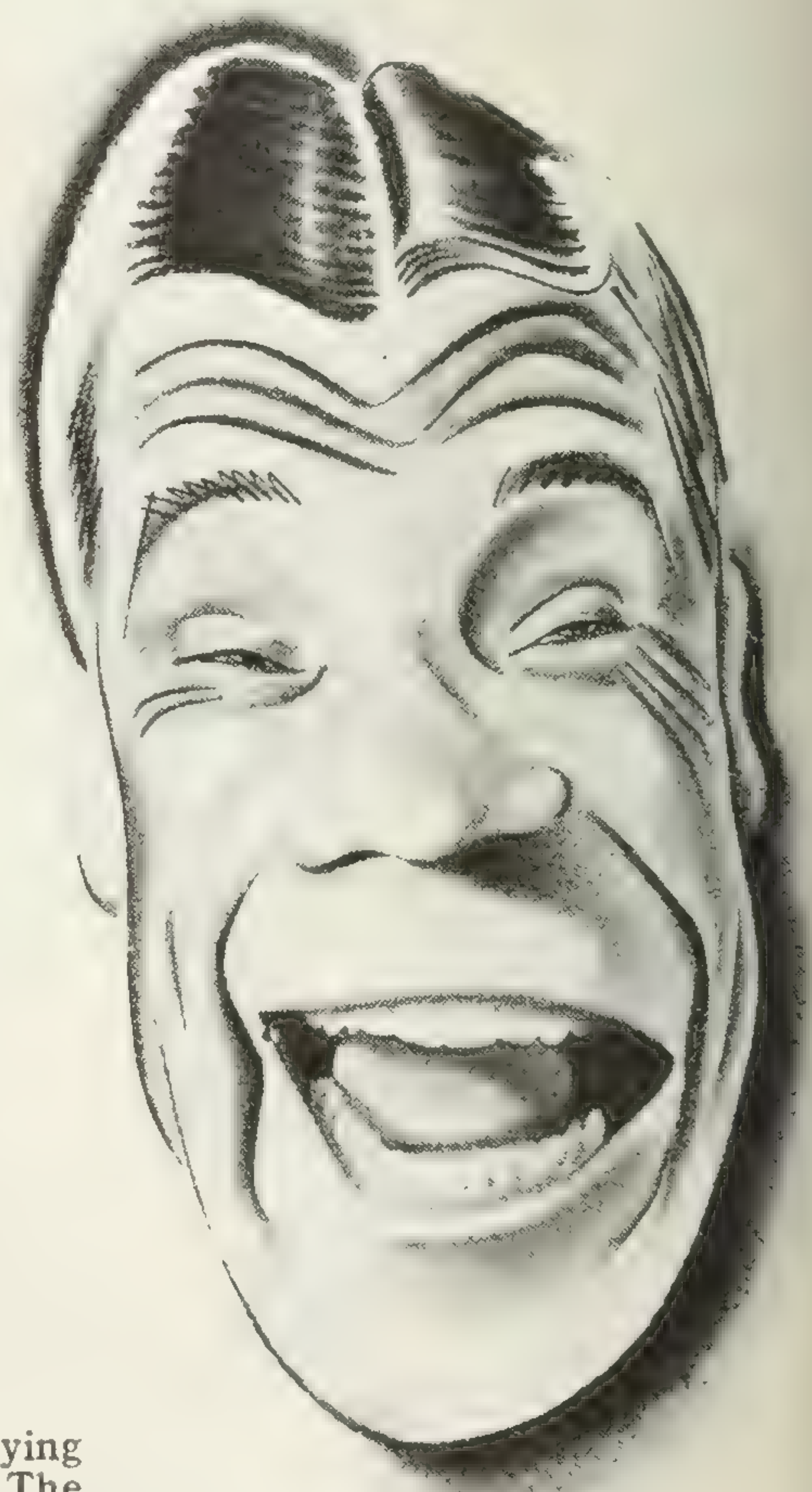
It is difficult to pick out many comedians who were born in the interest of pure comedy. Most of them acquired it or had it thrust upon them. A thousand potential Hamlets are sending America into stitches, and a thousand comedians are reducing us to tears.

Consider, for example, the sudden popularity of Una Merkel since the talkies. Sitting in her blue and white dressing-room at M-G-M, we discussed the reasons for the giggles when she appears on the screen.



Bob Woolsey's funny, mincing swagger is natural. He actually walks that way! But the cigar was an accident, from a gag. Wheeler's little boy manner is studied

Joe E. Brown's yell came from trying to get a friend up mornings. The friend was a heavy sleeper, until Joe E. thought of the yell. The mouth, of course, helped



But few actors
are born comedi-
ans. Most of
them acquire the
style or have it
trust on them

By Winifred
Aydelotte

CARICATURES BY FRANK DOBIAS

"I know I'm funny on the screen, but I still don't know why," she said. "The first time I went to a preview of a talkie I was in, I was mystified by the audience reaction. But I'm getting used to it. Just let my face come in view and everybody laughs." "It isn't your face," I told her. "It's your voice." "Perhaps you are right," she said. "It must be my voice. Because in the silents . . . But my voice *that* bad?" "It's just—funny. What about the silents?"



Jimmy Durante's side-wise leer was protective. You see, he began his career in a section where audiences were plenty tough. And Jimmy developed the habit of watching the crowd out of the corner of his eyes—to duck missiles!

"Well, when I played in silent pictures, I wasn't funny. They thought I was the Gish-y type, fluttering through the night, sort of a waif in the storm. Nobody laughed at me then. Even at home, nobody laughed at me—because they were used to my voice, I suppose. I never meant to be funny. I was going to be a great dramatic star. But then talkies came, and I opened my mouth, and everybody began to laugh. Well, well, so that's why I'm a *comédienne*!"

And there you are! An invention shatters the celluloid silence, and a star of the Lillian Gish type has comedy thrust upon her overnight.

The origin of ZaSu Pitts' comedy trade-marks is as vague as her hand waving.

I went out to see her early one morning recently, and found her all done up in a blue jumper effect, apron, and towel wrapped around her head. She was cleaning house and baking Brownies, the best cookies ever made. ZaSu etched a vague arch in the air and said, "I really don't know when I first began waving my hands. I mean, I never noticed that it was funny until an audience laughed at it. My hands have always waved [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Edna May Oliver was flabbergasted when an audience howled at her first sniff. She added the nose wrinkling after that. But she hates slapstick

Laurel and Hardy fought bitterly against being teamed as comics. Their gestures are naturals, Hardy's tie twitching, Laurel's wild hair



Here's *the* Standard

AND Sylvia's standards are high—with stars for her models! If you've been spending your spare time beautifying your skin and remodeling the face, take a critical look now at your feet and legs. Then get busy with Sylvia's advice to guide you, and work your own beauty miracles

By Sylvia

voting an entire article to feet and legs—pointing out the picture girls who have the right kind and giving you the inside story on how to have beautiful feet and legs.

Let's start with the feet. Whose? You guessed it—Gloria Swanson's. Now Gloria's feet are small but it isn't for that reason alone that I've pointed to her as your standard of foot perfection. The small foot is not always the most beautiful foot. The perfect foot is nicely arched. The toes are straight and not pinched together by too narrow shoes. There are no bunions. And an attractive foot—like every other part of the body—must be slender! I loathe those fat, pudgy feet where gobs of flesh stick out from an evening sandal. A foot can hardly be too slim. And it doesn't matter whether it's broad or narrow, just so it is in good proportion, the toes aren't pinched and it's thin.

Gloria has the perfect foot. It is also very tiny and, as a result, she has difficulty in getting shoes. She used to have them imported from Paris. Also she loved to appear tall and stately in pictures so she wore those high spike heels. Gloria and I used to fight

To Joan Blondell goes the gold medal for a beautiful lower leg. It is perfectly proportioned and developed, without looking muscular. The right exercises will do this



Sylvia says Gloria Swanson has perfect feet and ankles. However, the perfect foot is not necessarily a small foot. With proper exercise and Sylvia's beauty treatments, a foot of any size may be made attractive

IN the last couple of months I've pointed out the stars who had the most perfect figure features. And I've told you how you, too, can have hips, shoulders, neck, waistline, etc., as beautiful as those I said were okay. I've set the standard for you and, baby, when I say something is good, it's got to be good.

You've all been begging for more and more and more. I told you to have patience. And see? I'm telling you everything I know. This month I'm de-



for Beautiful Legs and Feet

about that and I'm telling all you girls, "Don't wear heels that are too high!" Spike heels impair your health and your grace. They give you an ugly, wobbly walk. And they're bad for your circulation.

Some years ago, as a reward for the work I'd done, I came to New York as Gloria Swanson's guest to see the opening of her picture "The Trespasser." A girl friend of hers from Chicago met us in New York but she had to go back home in a few days. Gloria hates to be alone so she asked me if I would stay all night with her. I have a hard time getting to sleep in a strange room, but at last I fell off into that first heavy sleep only to be awakened by one of Gloria's practical jokes. Unknown to me, she reached across from her twin bed to mine and put her ice-cold feet on my stomach. Mind you, I was dead asleep but I awoke with a start and yelled, "Oh Gloria, didn't I tell you not to wear those high heels? They're bad for your circulation." Gloria thought that was the funniest thing she had ever heard.

How to have foot loveliness? Here's how. Every week give your feet a massage with a good feeding cream. Rub the cream in well and number up the toes with a gentle rotating movement of the hands. Then with an orangewood stick,

tipped with cotton and dipped in peroxide, treat the toenails exactly as you treat your fingernails. Press back the cuticle. Let little pads of cotton saturated with peroxide soak on each toe-nail while you're massaging the other foot. And be sure that you cut the toe-nails straight. Never round them. You'll have ingrown nails if you do. Now wipe off all the peroxide and cold cream and paint your nails with liquid polish. It looks swell, especially when you wear evening

sandals, for that big night.

You great big girls who teeter and toddle around on fat feet squeezed into shoes a couple of sizes too small for you should be ashamed of yourselves. Better still, you should give yourselves the once-over in the mirror and see how ridiculous you look. If you're fat all over, reduce! In a minute I'm going to give you an exercise for the legs that will also reduce the feet and don't forget that with my good old squeezing method you can take off stubborn lumps of flesh.

If you stand a lot and your feet swell take alternate hot and cold foot baths and afterwards lie on your bed with your feet propped up so that they are much higher than your head.

And don't have bunions. The only way to avoid them is to have properly fitted shoes. If you have a bunion get scientifically fitted shoes. Yes, yes, I know. You say they're not very attractive. Maybe they're not, but it's far better to wear these shoes for a couple of months than to spend the rest of your life with unsightly bunions.

Take a good look at Gloria Swanson's feet. There are no bunions.

Remember this also—no foot can be really beautiful unless it's hooked onto an attractive ankle and no ankle looks well unless the rest of the leg is good. Maybe you can guess one of my requirements for a beautiful ankle. It's the same as for every other part of the body. I can say it in one word—my favorite. Slim!

Joan Blondell's ankles and the lower part of her leg from and including the knee down are wonderful. Take a good long look. You won't regret it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]

Additional advice
by Sylvia about
other personal
beauty problems
found on page 85



Sylvia

Few women are fortunate enough to have an upper leg as perfect as Gertrude Michael's. However, with careful and regular exercise, Sylvia says it can be achieved

Nonchalant Noel Coward

IF Noel Coward is ever persuaded to make a picture in Hollywood — and there is still a possibility that he may do it some day—he will follow the lead of his friends, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and make it a sort of “hop, skip and jump.” A hop into Hollywood, a skip out again and a jump back onto the stage. For the author of “Cavalcade” and “Private Lives” has no desire to be a movie actor.

This doesn't mean that the brilliant young dramatist hates the movies. Speak of Hollywood's production of “Cavalcade,” and he will tell you enthusiastically that it was magnificently done. But he is so completely wrapped up in the theater—everything he has is in it—that being a picture star has no appeal for him.

I met Noel Coward in the lounge of the Empress of Britain, the liner that brought him to America for the opening of his new play, “Point Valaine,” in Boston on Christmas Eve. He was with Lady Louis Mountbatten and Viscount Duncannon, son of Canada's Governor-General, when I introduced myself, some time before the ship reached Quebec. Without a moment's hesitation he had excused himself from his companions and had taken me over to the other side of the lounge. There I chatted with this good-looking and thoroughly charming Englishman for almost an hour.

Noel Coward's personality takes hold of you in a second. He has made a brilliant name for himself in the theater—he has been lauded and praised and called a genius, and nobody could blame him if he went “up-stage.” But there is nothing stand-offish about this remarkable young man, unless it is with the people he feels are playing up to him in their own interests. I found him easy to approach, enthusiastically ready to talk and charming in manner. His smile is infectious. He has a decided English accent, but it is the well-modulated, pleasing accent of the cosmopolitan Englishman.

The author of “Cavalcade” and “Private Lives” may go out to Hollywood—but he won't stay

By John Rhodes Sturdy



Aboard ship, on his way to America, the famous young playwright who has written so many successes—some of them loved, some of them hated, all of them brilliant. With Coward is Lady Louis Mountbatten, a fellow traveler

What exactly I wanted to know at the start, were his reactions when he sits in a movie house and sees his plays on the screen?

He crossed his legs, settled back comfortably in his chair and smiled.

“But I seldom do,” he replied simply.

“Oh!”

“No, I very seldom see the movies of the things I write.”

“Have you seen ‘Design for Living’?”

“I haven't.” Then his eyes twinkled. A little smile crept to the corner of his lips. “I was paid an enormous sum for the play in Hollywood. It was a perfectly stunning offer. I am told that there are three of my original lines left in the picture. Most important lines like ‘Pass the mustard, please’.”

His conversation is constantly punctuated with wit—the wit that made “Private Lives” and “Hay Fever” hits on the stage. Sometimes it is sharp and pointed, and if you attempt to sting Noel Coward he will give you back that and more. They tell the story—they wouldn't vouch for the truth of it—of the young dramatist meeting Lady Diana Manners, star of “The Miracle.” She is said to have greeted Coward with the words, “So you are the young man who wrote ‘Private Lives.’ Not very funny.” He is reported to have replied, “And you are the lady who played in ‘The Miracle.’ Very, very funny.”

I asked him about “Private Lives,” and what he thought of it as a picture. He wasn't pleased with its production. I tried him on “Cavalcade,” and he was seriously enthusiastic.

“It was beautifully done on the screen,” he told me. “I don't believe it could possibly have been made into a better film than it was. Really fine, and those who handled it and played in it deserve a great deal of credit. I was immensely pleased.”

Noel Coward loves the theater, naturally, because he is a part of it. If he takes an occasional dig at the movie

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

From Our Hollywood Sketch-Book

WITH ITS USUAL
INGENUITY, HOLLY-
WOOD DISCOVERS THAT
CLIP EARRINGS MAY BE
WORN ON UPPER EAR
AS WELL AS LOBE



A SILK BELTING HAT
WITH A DOUBLE PUR-
POSE IN LIFE. IN
DARK TONES FOR
TOWN WEAR, IN PAS-
TELS FOR CRUISING

NEW CONCEITS IN
FUR JEWELRY.
ERMINE TAILS POSE
AS BRACELET AND
CLIP, THE LATTER
EDGED WITH BRILLIANTS



PEPPERMINT
ACCESSORIES FOR
EVENING. BENITA HUME'S
SEARLET-STRIPED WHITE VEL-
VET JACKET AND BOW WORN
WHITE CREPE GOWN



LOIS MORAN SOLVES
THE PLACING OF A
CORSAGE ON DROP-
SHOULDER LINES BY
WEARING HER ORCHIDS
DIAGONALLY



ROYER, Fox Film stylist, added a touch of luxury to this black and gold travel ensemble designed for Mona Barrie in "Mystery Blonde." Collared in silver fox with cuffs and long fitted waistcoat of gold-checked sheer black wool

THE traveler will appreciate a costume of this type, for when the topcoat is removed, she is ready for the diner or hurried tea engagement direct from the train. The dolman sleeves and ascot are in gold metal cloth. Hat is black



FOR resort wear, Royer created a white shantung suit for Mona to be worn with white accessories. Semi-fitted and with buttoned pockets as the only accent. Fringed coin dotted scarf is worn on the outside of collar, and a white hat is draped with a military cord. Pull-on gloves and flat white bag

MID-SEASON ENSEMBLES AND SUITS THAT GO PLACES

— Seymour —



ADRIAN'S unmistakable genius always creates simply smart clothes for Ann Harding. In her newest picture, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," we find this three-piece outfit and hat band in beige woolen, navy blue dots and a blue organza collar

BLACK and white for a picturesque effect by Adrian. A Japanese print silk forms the frock and hat crown, and the black wool redingote is trimmed with silver fox. An Oriental and South Sea Island style influence grows. You will see more for Spring

FOR late Winter wear under a topcoat, we suggest Ann's ensemble in oxford gray novelty weave woolen with red blouse and beret. A special fashion interest centers on elbow length cuffs and wide revers. Adrian's inspiration is perfect for mid-season use



NORMA SHEARER DRESSES FOR DINNER—AND LATER



ON the warmth and richness of red cut velvet alone depends the dramatic value of Norma's musketeer evening cape. A broad bias shoulder roll and an upstanding collar suggest a cape. Note the jeweled twin clips. The gown is soft white suède crêpe

NORMA'S preference for beautiful fabric, good line and simplicity is emphasized in a dinner dress of white frost crêpe, embroidered in gold thread. An accordion pleated underskirt peeping from a slit in the back skirt is the only frivolous touch. Peaked turban in velvet



THE loveliest of stars in a gracious dinner gown of gold lamé. Again, only the metal cloth and cut are depended on for a strong note of chic and sophistication. Norma's high neckline is a fashion favorite for dinner gowns, and the almost school-girlish collars are accompanied by small trains. Designs by Adrian



HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS CREATE IN BLACK AND WHITE

— Seymour —



THE calla lily inspired
an exquisite formal en-
semble for Myrna Loy in
"Evelyn Prentice." The
tunic in black velvet,
with big crescent clip;
skirt in white blister
crêpe. Gown and wrap
opposite by Dolly Tree

NORMA SHEARER
clings to her favorite
tailleurs for daytime, and
wears black velveteen to
an advantage with a
white piqué gilet, gar-
denias, doeskin gloves.
An Adrian design. Her
pillbox hat is new



A WHITE frame for Myrna's
Titian beauty, in a flare collar
which Dolly Tree has so cleverly
devised in a matching white
blister crêpe. The coat is lined
with black velvet and corded
heavily to accent the gracile lines.
A suspicion of the velvet shows
at hands and beneath the tunic
lines of this flattering wrap

GAY STRIPES AND PLAIDS
FROM BELOW THE RIC
GRANDE FOR RESORT AND
CRUISE CLOTHES

Seymour

JUST the outfit for a Tropics-bound steamer. By Orry-Kelly for Margaret Lindsay in "Bordertown." A Mexican atmosphere is introduced in those stripes as gay as Margaret's smile. The wide revers are slashed, scarf drawn through. Close hat is breeze-proof



ORRY-KELLY chose a chenille striped velvet jacket for Margaret to wear over a formal dance frock. Double collar, wide gold kid belt and fullness below the waist. This costume worn in "Bordertown"



A WHITE gabardine suit with mess jacket and striped halter vestee is suggested for Southern resorts, because you can change accessories for costume variety, an idea that Margaret also likes

MARGARET dines in a gown of white chenille-striped crêpe, charmingly brightened with a kerchief, belt and skirt inset of brilliant plaid velvet. Style notes: high neck, wide belt, train



Irving Lippman

INEZ COURTNEY and Arthur Hohl are wondering what that book's all about. But George Murphy won't even give them a look-in. The cameraman caught them between scenes of "Jealousy." Murphy won the male lead opposite Nancy Carroll in the Columbia film after he clicked in "Kid Millions"



Russell Ball

IT'S a howling success when Charles Butterworth and his pet terrier present a number. That's a smart pup, too. He knows all about resting at bars and following the scores. He doesn't like puns though. Bit the M-G-M actor once when Charlie innocently told him to never B flat in "The Barkerole"

How Carole Lombard *Plans A Party*

Foremost hostess in the Hollywood social whirl Carole confesses here her secrets of success

By Julie Lang Hunt

IT looks like a long, hard winter for Hollywood hostesses.

You see, Carole Lombard is back in the social scramble, and that's very bad news for all the party experts in the movie territory.

Last Autumn, when she opened her new gem-of-a-little-house for a series of smart parties, Carole was a dark horse in the hostess line-up, but she finished the fabulously gay season of '33 and '34 two laps ahead of all the established favorites. Now, even the social die-hards out here concede first place to her, on the strength of her perfect little dinners and brilliantly managed buffet suppers.

Last Winter, in the midst of one of her large cocktail parties, I overheard a veteran hostess exclaiming over the apparent success of the gathering. She said:

"Just look at her (indicating Carole), not a furrow of worry on her. Why, she actually manages to be casual with a hundred guests under her roof!"

And right there, in the wailing lady's lament, lies the secret of Carole's social sorcery. She is casual, or seems to be, which serves up just as well. Her guests are never conscious that hard work and thoughtful planning have gone into the party they are enjoying. An evening in the Lombard home seems to unfold itself on a magic carpet, where even the food manages to appear as the inspiration of the moment.

And by this time, if you're not frantic to know how Carole does it, you'd better skip the rest of this story, for it is dedicated to only those women who are interested in the fine art of modern hospitality.

According to Carole, her casual manner in the drawing-room is a luxury she earns with a right smart bit of work before each party. She says:

"I wouldn't think of giving a dinner, even a small one for



On the set, between scenes of "Rhumba," Carole takes time out to go over a party menu with her housekeeper. Miss Lombard says a successful dinner must be planned a week ahead of time, even if only a few close friends are being invited

six people, without at least a week of planning. This gives everyone in my household time to organize details. It gives me time to plan a menu, my cook time to carry it out, and the stores time to order any special or out-of-season foods. And then it gives me time to arrange my own engagements so that I won't be all tired out for it." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

What I Like *and*

A FRESHMAN in high school was talking, and she was regarding her nose in the mirror with gloomy distaste. "It must be wonderful to be a movie star and know that everything about you is absolutely right," she said.

"What do you mean 'absolutely right?'" I asked.

"Well, my goodness!" she snapped. "If millions of people go to see you, I guess you have to be pretty good, don't you? And I guess if you know that millions of people like you just the way you are it gives you a lot of self-confidence, doesn't it? I mean, on account of all those people liking you, you have no kick coming, have you? I mean, you like yourself just the way you are, don't you?"

She turned back to the mirror.

"The thing I don't like about myself," she continued, "is my nose. How do you think I'd look if it was straight instead of turned up? And I don't like my hair. Would you have it bleached, if you were me? Or what would you do? And another thing, I hate the way I get all red and embar-



Imagine that! Neil Hamilton doesn't like his smile! The ladies, however, go for it in a big way! And we'll bet Neil has no fault to find with the way his daughter Patricia laughs

The lovely Virginia Bruce has been called Hollywood's most beautiful woman. Yet, she is dissatisfied because she doesn't like her chin. She considers her eyes her best facial feature

Douglass Montgomery won't tell his dislikes. Says if he doesn't mention his bad points, maybe others won't notice them. But for a man that's not conceited, he has a long list of likes!

rassed when I talk to a stranger."

"I think I'll prove to you that you're not one bit different from a lot of actors and actresses." I grinned at her. "I think I'll go out and prove that many of the famous people of the screen have likes and dislikes about themselves just as lively as yours."

And so I sallied forth to ask two difficult questions of the famous, because a little high school girl dislikes herself so thoroughly.

"What do you like best about yourself, and what do you like least about yourself—on the screen and off?" were to be my questions.

The first person I called on was Virginia Bruce. After a good deal of hard thought, she decided that she likes her even disposition and that she does not like her inferiority complex in the presence of people of high intelligence. On the screen she likes her chin the least and her eyes the most.

Lee Tracy, dashing back and forth on the set between me and the camera, took two hours to answer these questions, due partly to the fact that he had to answer them



Hate About Myself

No indeed, the stars are not satisfied with themselves. They may be handsome and beautiful, but every time they look in mirror, they wish—

By Winifred Aydelotte



Look her over carefully, and we'll bet you can't detect a single bad feature. Elissa says, however, that she is most dissatisfied with her mouth. Miss Landi confesses, too, that she has a quick temper

between shots, but mostly because he was anxious to answer them honestly.

"On the screen," he said, "I like best the fact that I have an instinct for the right movement at the right time. Now I'll take the ego out of that statement by changing it a little. I like the fact that after years of studying to get my particular technique—movement of hands, body, and timing—I don't have to think consciously about my tricks. I have made them mine, and I can recognize the instinct when I see myself on the screen. Get it?"

"Now, the other side of it: I hate my looks!"

"Don't you like your face—really?" I asked.

"No! The face is terrible!"

Off the screen, Lee likes least about himself his laziness—his not being able to drive himself to do what is necessary. He says he spends most of his time just putting things off.

He likes best his ability to enjoy solitude.

"It isn't exactly self-sufficiency, but—well, look, here it is: Everybody gives too much. Keep yourself to yourself. I don't mean to be rude or hurt anybody, but learn how to be happy by yourself. That is not selfishness. It's just a courtesy a human being owes to himself. I drove out here all alone from New York. And I drove alone to Florida. I was kind to myself and not rude to anybody else, because if I had taken someone with me we couldn't have agreed every single time about where and how long to stay at a certain place, or what to do. Either he or I would have been hurt, or uncom- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

"They are beautiful!" Karen Morley is talking about her new eyelashes. "Just the kind I've always longed for. And they look as if they grew on me!" But did you know Karen is absent-minded? Even forgot the eyelashes one morning

"The face? It's terrible!" says Tracy. No, Lee doesn't like his face. In addition to that pet hate, he is very much dissatisfied with himself because he is so lazy! Well, we always considered that one of his chief charms



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ SEQUOIA—M-G-M

HERE is a fine and beautiful picture which will amaze you because its story of animal life in the magnificent Sierra Mountains will stir you more deeply than any human drama. Jean Parker (perfectly cast) rescues a young fawn and a baby puma from pursuing hunters. The two animals, natural enemies, grow up together in a miraculous friendship, until Jean is forced to release them. The love story that follows when the deer takes a beautiful doe for his wife and they set up housekeeping in the woods, is one of the loveliest things you've ever seen on the screen.

The human romance, with Jean Parker and Russell Hardie, is effectively woven through the picture. Take grandpa and the children, and you'll all probably stay to see it twice. For it's a triumph in motion picture making



★ IMITATION OF LIFE—Universal

YOU will weep gallons, but you will love this warm, human story of the fine friendship between two mothers of different races allied in the common cause of their children.

Bea Pullman (Claudette Colbert) a widow with a baby girl, is selling maple syrup for a living, when along comes shining black Aunt Delilah (Louise Beavers—and what a performance!) with her little girl, Peola. Delilah makes delicious pancakes. Result: Aunt Delilah's Pancake Flour, and eventually a fortune for the two women. As the children grow up, however, difficulties present themselves. Peola (Fredi Washington) looks white, and denies her black mother. Bea's daughter (Rochelle Hudson) falls in love with Warren William, whom Bea was to marry. The story, skilfully handled, makes a fine film

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE MIGHTY BARNUM—20th Century-United Artists

STEP right up, folks, and see just about the grandest show you ever paid your money for. You get the show and all the behind-the-scenes business as well, plus fascinating biography, and a laugh a minute. And the pathos is there, too when it is needed.

Wallace Beery as Phineas T. Barnum gives his best performance since "The Champ," and the rest of the cast is right up with him. Virginia Bruce, as Jenny Lind is the big surprise, looking more beautiful than anyone we can think of, and singing like an angel. Adolphe Menjou as Mr. Walsh, an alcoholic scientist, is a wow, Janet Beecher is a perfect shrewish Mrs. Barnum, and Rochelle Hudson lovely as the girl Ellen.

The opulent production, the movement, color, fantastic characters, the smoothness and direction, all combine into a brilliant background for some grand acting. The story is of Barnum's career from the New York small shop-keeper with a passion for freaks, on through his museum days, up through his mad infatuation for Jenny Lind which ruins him. Then he stages a grand return, uniting again with Mr. Walsh—whose first name turns out to be Bailey. This picture of the greatest show-man on earth, who was the originator of present-day exploitation, is salty and vigorous and one of the best evening's entertainment you will ever enjoy.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE MIGHTY BARNUM	SEQUOIA
ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN	IMITATION OF LIFE
THE PRESIDENT VANISHES	
BRIGHT EYES	BABBITT
LABES IN TOYLAND	IT'S A GIFT

The Best Performances of the Month

Wallace Beery in "The Mighty Barnum"
 Virginia Bruce in "The Mighty Barnum"
 Francis Lederer in "Romance in Manhattan"
 Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life"
 Louise Beavers in "Imitation of Life"
 Edward Arnold in "The President Vanishes"
 Arthur Byron in "The President Vanishes"
 Guy Kibbee in "Babbitt"
 W. C. Fields in "It's a Gift"
 Gene Raymond in "Behold My Wife"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 110



★ THE PRESIDENT VANISHES Walter Wanger-Paramount

FOR once a picture deserves the term "sensational." Timely, startling, even shocking, this screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis, is guaranteed to do more than capture your intense interest. It will make you think.

In no recent film have there been so many cameo-cut, vigorous characterizations. Arthur Byron plays the conscientious *President Stanley* with earnest, human dignity. Edward Arnold achieves another triumph as *Secretary Wardell*. Osgood Perkins, Paul Kelly, Edward Ellis, Janet Beecher, Andy Devine, and the entire cast keep up the high standard.

To some it may seem illogical in spots, colored slightly with propaganda. But all will find it intriguing.



★ ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN— RKO-Radio

ONCE in a while a well-nigh perfect screen play is written; a practically flawless cast is assembled to make the already lifelike characters breathe, and a clever director lifts the whole thing to a rare height.

Such a picture is "Romance in Manhattan," directed by Stephen Roberts and enlivened dramatically by Francis Lederer, Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Butler, J. Farrell MacDonald, Sidney Toler and Donald Meek, all of whom make the film an offering of rare excellence.

Lederer plays the part of a Czechoslovakian immigrant who enters the country illegally and gets a job from Ginger Rogers' small brother, Jimmy Butler, selling papers. Ambitious, he rises to the triumphant heights of being a taxicab driver—and in love with Miss Rogers at the same time. Ah! America is a wonderful place! But he cannot marry her because he is not a citizen, and the small brother is placed in an orphan asylum because Miss Rogers is judged an unfit guardian, and things look pretty black until an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald, comes to the rescue in one of the most hilarious scenes ever designed to bring about a happy ending.

Lederer is charmingly at home in his rôle, and Miss Rogers excellent. But the bulk of the bravos must go to Stephen Roberts whose direction is just this side of miraculous, and to the authors whose pens were inspired.



★ BRIGHT EYES—Fox

A BRIGHT bit of entertainment, not too sad, not too gay, not too incredible.

Shirley Temple, orphan, is sheltered by the boys at a flying field, and quite firmly but without benefit of legality, adopted by Jimmy Dunn. A battle ensues when one, Uncle Ned (Charles Sellon), a grouchy old fellow in a wheel chair, sets his soft, old heart on having the child.

The end is pretty exciting, what with Jimmy and Shirley bailing out of a doomed plane, Jimmy being accused of kidnapping her, and a courtroom scene where a judge brings Jimmy and his estranged sweetheart, Judith Allen, together again, and makes a happy ending all around.

A fine characterization is offered by Jane Withers, a little girl not much older than Shirley. Sellon is superb.

The National Guide to Motion Picture

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



BABBITT—
First National



GEORGE BABBITT, Sinclair Lewis' famous character comes to the screen via Guy Kibbee, as a naïvely exasperating old gent, who is very susceptible to flattery. As a result of Kibbee's characterization—and he's at his best—the picture escapes the caustic preachment class and is humor-laden entertainment. Aline MacMahon is excellent as the wife. Minna Gombell, Alan Hale, Minor Watson shine in support.



BABES IN TOYLAND—
Hal Roach-M-G-M



THIS screen version of Victor Herbert's nursery-rhyme classic is a marvelous mixture of stirring, if fantastic drama and riotous tomfoolery. With Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy at their best and funniest, with Charlotte Henry as a very charming *Little Bo-peep*, Felix Knight the handsome *Tom*, and Henry Kleinbach the villain, this is gay and pleasant entertainment for young and old.



IT'S A GIFT—
Paramount



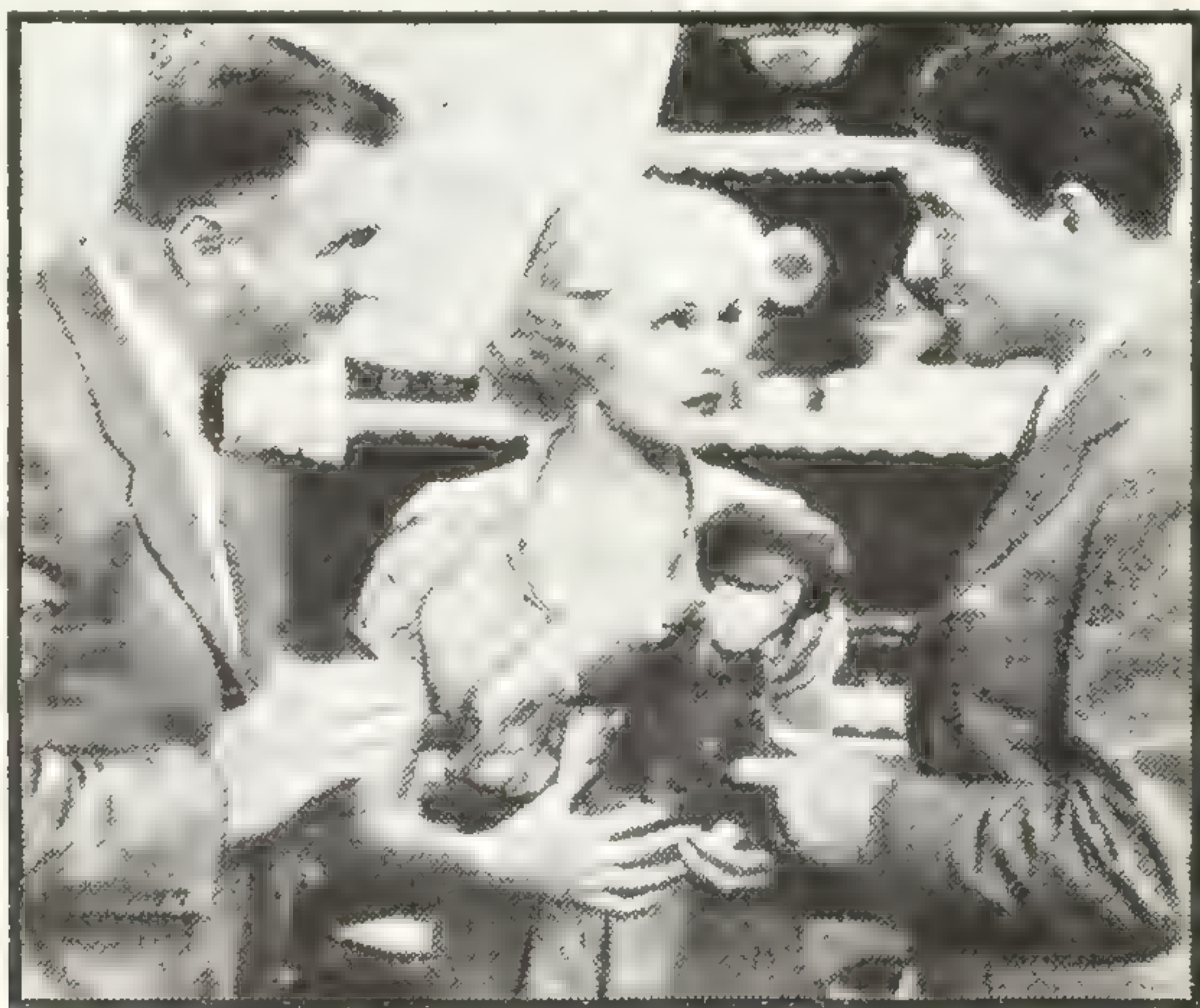
IT is a gift! W. C. Fields makes this one long laugh from start to finish. In his favorite rôle—that of the henpecked husband—he starts with his family for sunny California and an orange grove. And the laughs pyramid with each of his successive absurdly amusing adventures! Good support from Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard, and Baby LeRoy. But Fields is the show.

ONE HOUR LATE—
Paramount



A NEW screen personality, Joe Morrison, makes a strong bid for fame in this spritely little yarn depicting the love of an office clerk for a stenographer, Helen Twelvetrees, and their difficulties when their romance is nearly wrecked by the boss, Conrad Nagel, and a file clerk, Arline Judge. Laughs are frequent, pathos well spaced. Entire cast is good, but it's Morrison and his sweet voice you'll remember.

MARIE GALANTE—
Fox



WHAT should have been a completely strong and gripping story breaks in spots because of glaring implausibilities. Ketti Gallian, the new French star plays the part of a little French girl kidnapped by a sea captain and put ashore at Panama, where she becomes involved with spies and intrigues until rescued by Spencer Tracy. Ned Sparks, Helen Morgan, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Byron good.

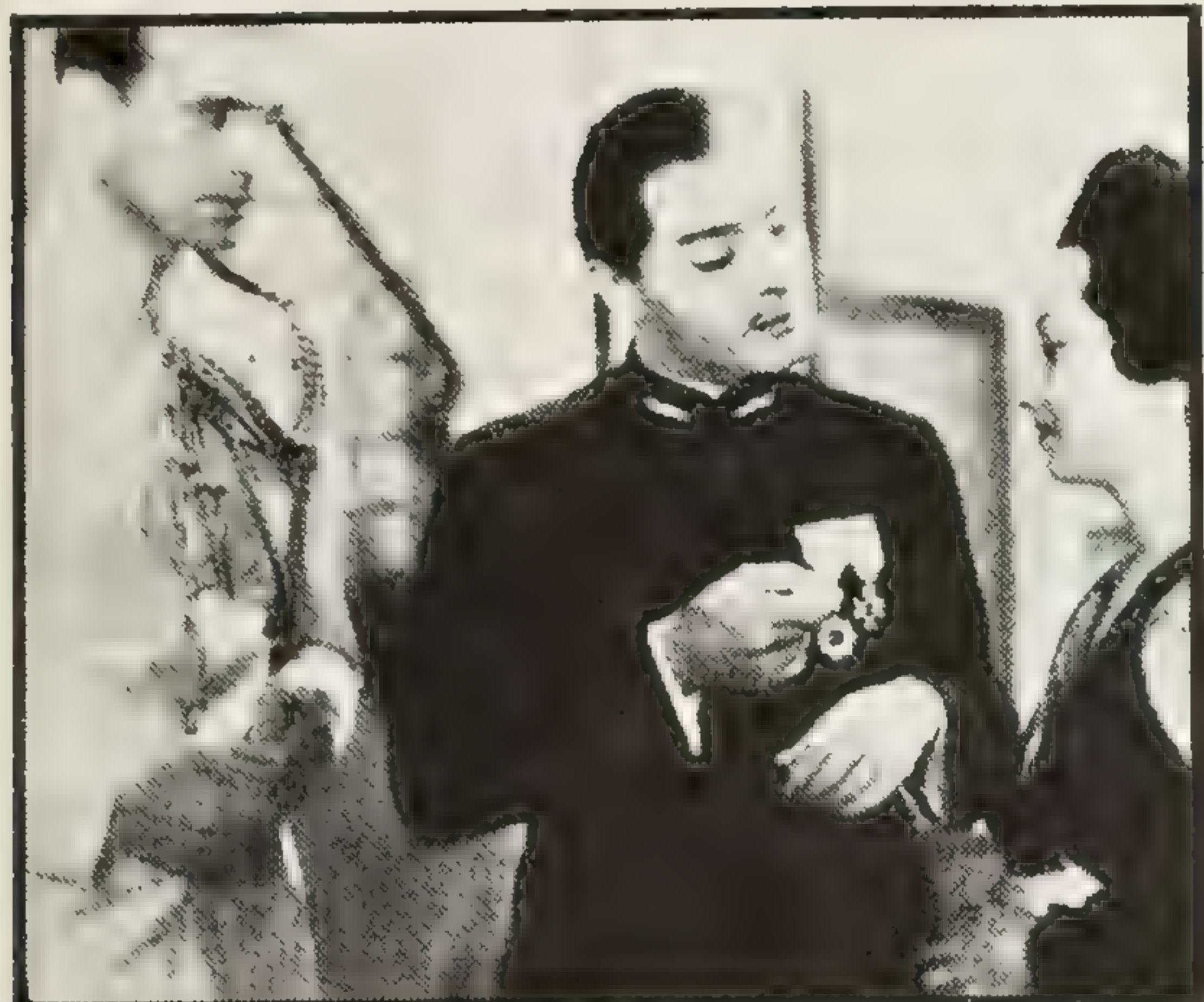
BEHOLD MY WIFE—
Paramount



THIS is ye old time hokum, done convincingly with distinct audience appeal. Sylvia Sydney is an Indian princess who would do justice to any reservation. Gene Raymond marries her to get revenge on his socially-elegant family, who thwart his love affair with his sweetheart. But Sylvia turns the tables. Miss Sidney is lovely, but Gene Raymond easily makes it his picture. A newcomer, Ann Sheridan is good.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE
BATTLE—
an
Gaganoff
id.



THIS, the English version of a famous French film, is a picture of enormous power. If you want light entertainment, it won't do. For it's tragic and tensely moving, this drama of a Japanese naval officer (Charles Boyer) and his love of his flower-like wife (Merle Oberon) whom he is willing to sacrifice in order to obtain admiralty war secrets from an English attaché. Superb direction and photography.



**STRANGE
WIVES—
Universal**

WICKED
MAN—
G-M



CLEAR, clean cut characterizations by the cast lift this trite story into the ranks of interesting entertainment. Mady Christians, kills her husband to protect her family and hiding the crime, flees with her children. When she falls in love with Charles Bickford, her son's boss, it becomes necessary for her to confess the murder. All ends well, however. Jean Parker, Betty Furness prominent in strong supporting cast.

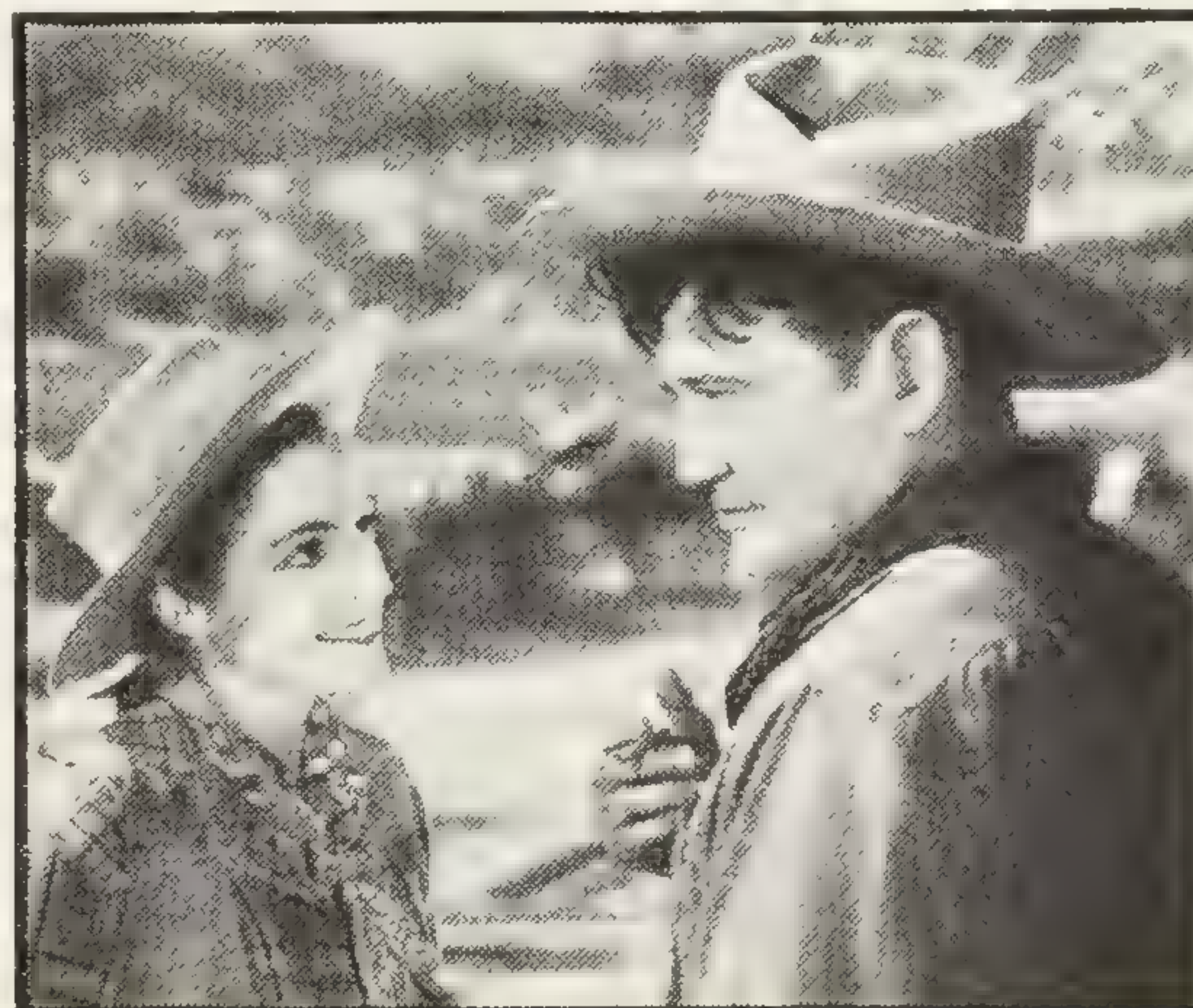


**EVENSONG—
Gaumont-
British**

M A
TIEF—
Werners



JEWELS, jewels, who has the jewels? Everybody looks guilty: Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel, and the rest of the cast. Slow and confusing in spots, the story of a missing diamond necklace keeps you guessing to the last reel. If your interest in the diamonds wanes, there's a mysterious murder and a nice love story to keep it sustained.



**WEST OF
THE PECOS—
RKO-Radio**

HERE is a good Western—moving swiftly, with comedy situations sprinkled in, and several new story twists. The cowboy hero is Richard Dix, who goes to San Antonio to round up a gang of crooks, and meets up with Martha Sleeper, disguised as a hard-boiled boy, her father, Samuel Hinds, and Sleep 'n' Eat, and Louise Beavers. Dix is splendid.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]

Mitzi's Hollywood



Well, Mr. William S. Van Dyke knows how to direct parties as well as pictures. He gave one recently to initiate the new playroom in his Hollywood home. With Helen Morgan on his right, and Mitzi on his left, Mr. Van Dyke is playing the rôle of perfect host

DEAR JOAN:
I got the weeps! I got the sniffles! My heart breaks for our little Shirley Temple, for she sat not ten feet away at the Assistance League, lunching with her mama, and the tears just rolled down her sweet little face. What was the trouble? I did notice spinach on her plate, but,

thought I, little lamb Shirley would "pipe her eye" because of that, for she is a very good little girl. No, she was autographing a photograph, and the photograph was going to a little girl whose mother had just died. Little Shirley pleaded through her tears, "Can't we help the poor little child, mummy dear?" The darling!

But suddenly, as a loud and hearty smack smote my ears my sorrow took wings. I looked around. Lovebirds Tom Brown and Anita Louise. The girl is such a beauty. When I get filthy rich I'm going to take an option on her and just sit around and look at the cameo profile. Mister Brown was luncheoning in make-up and had been waiting for Anita. She came tripping happily in, and smack, they were in each other's arms before you could flutter your eyelashes!

After lunch they came over to hullo and goodbye. It was the night Anita was leaving as a guest on the crack speed train, and it was a forlorn Tom who tried to put on the big brave act. I said, "Separation's good for him."



Jean certainly looks beautiful at a typewriter! Imagine her mother being scared she might not photograph well! Mitzi asked Miss Harlow about that new novel she is writing. But Jean was too modest to talk

Merry-Go-Round

IT certainly is a star-studded existence that girl Mitzi leads! One round of gaiety, with handsome heroes and beautiful heroines around every table. There is a tearful note in this letter, however, but it doesn't last long! She tells everything, too—from complexion secrets to how Nelson Eddy and the lovely Jeanette MacDonald sang to each other in very flat notes! It was all in fun, of course. Which is the way everything is for Mitzi!



Mitzi says Alice White's home and husband are so important to her, just to talk to Alice gives one an urge for domesticity. Here is the happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cy Bartlett, sitting side by side at a party and getting a huge kick out of it



Mitzi says she thought Bill Gargan's face looked familiar, but she didn't recognize the body. Reason, Bill is reducing. Lost thirty pounds, by diet. His wife is worried about him. But even while Mrs. Gargan pours his tea, Bill says, "No sugar, thank you"

check? Not important, dear, but cute. He had an indorsed check for \$6.79, but the cashier had no change, so she gave him seven bucks and then bade him cross his heart and take an oath he'd bring back the twenty-one cents in the morning! Dick made a solemn promise!

As he turned to leave, the seven dollars clutched in his fist, he bumped squat into Georgie Stone, that par-excellent little actor you've always raved about. They shook hands like they hadn't seen each other in years, and they hadn't, even though both had been living in the same place for ages! They made a date for breakfast the following morning, and I made a date for dinner with Georgie right that night.

Last week I got a hankering to see my old friend, Ann Dvorak, for whom I made wise predictions when she was in the M-G-M chorus. So, I slipped into my motor and whisked over to Warners, where she acts. We went for a spot of lunch at which Alice White, another old friend, joined us. There's no nonsense about them gals, lambie. Glamorous actresses, sure, but their homes and husbands loom so important in their lives that before the meal was over I was feeling the urge of domesticity so strongly I nearly lassoed a strange (and attractive!) man at the next table!

First off, Annie the cow is the pet of Ann the actress. And every Sunday morning Annie moos somep'n dreadful until her mistress comes out and says hullo. How does Annie know it's Sunday . . . the only day Ann [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Anita. It will make him appreciate you." But when I looked at the poor guy my hard heart melted and I added, "I guess that isn't necessary, is it?" He shook his head quick. Then Anita turned a melting look on him and they both dissolved in a mist of love! Wheeeeeeeeeee!

About this time I noticed a gentleman nearby eating a salad. The face, as the saying goes, was familiar, but I couldn't place the body! No wonder. Bill Gargan less his thirty-three pounds! His proud missus told me that she practically has to force-feed him, she's that afraid he'll be snitching Baby LeRoy's parts!

Did I mention how I bumped into Dick Powell at the desk of his apartment-hotel one night when he was trying to cash a

The New Ambitions of Joan Crawford

"THE time is so short—and there's so much to do—"

I had just asked Joan Crawford about her plans for the future.

I hadn't talked with her for any length of time since twelve years ago, when she was an unhappy, work-weary student at a Missouri college. From the future then, she wanted desperately freedom, recognition, a chance for expression, and some security—things she had never known then.

The woman who now sat across from me beneath the white pergola in the garden of her Brentwood Heights home had all of those things.

She had carved a monumental career out of nothing. She had satisfied a consuming inner demand to be somebody. She was a star, one of the greatest stars in the movie heavens—high, shining brilliantly.

From where we sat we could see the perfectly appointed, substantial house, which painters and decorators were then remodeling to meet her whims. The expansive swimming pool flanked by her newly erected little theater and a bath house spoke eloquently of the comfort and stability she had achieved.

The woman who sat across from me in a white lawn chair, looked, in the pergola-filtered sunshine, very much like the college girl I had known.

Joan Crawford turned in my direction the same clean carved, faintly freckled face with its wide, intense blue eyes. She smiled with the same generous mouth; shook the same auburn tinted locks over her shoulder.

But all her security, her fame, triumphs, possessions—somehow I forgot them.

For beneath the mobile masque of the actress was also that same restless, harried look, which had made you look twice at that vital college girl and wonder what it was she *wanted* out of life!



That shadowed crevice between her brows. That tense tug at her under lip.

Eager, insistent, seeking—for something more—struggling against restraining bonds—

"The time is so short." Short? For Joan Crawford, still in her middle twenties?

"My contract calls for three pictures a year," she told me, "with an option for a 'special' picture. So it may mean four. I never know how long they'll take. 'Dancing Lady' took five months. I never know when the next one will start. I can't plan on any definite free time between pictures.

"And when I'm working, all of my energy, all of my time, goes to the picture. I can't do—I can't even think—of anything else. Everything has to be so perfect."

I know what she means. Joan Crawford doesn't have one costume fitting—she has five and six for each gown. One make-up doesn't last her through the day. Each noon she spends her lunch hour changing to fresh make-up—eats in ten minutes.

Sundays are her only days off. She spends them learning new lines or a new dance routine. Nights, spare minutes, meals—she never relaxes during a picture. Her nervous



Above, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in a scene from "Chained." Left, Joan on her way to work. For her now there are no holidays or vacations. Every minute's time is taken: work, study rehearsals, more work. Yet she says, restlessly, "I can't just sit back and be a star"

Today she is one of the brightest stars shining in the cinema heavens, yet she sets new goals for herself to attain

By Kirtley Baskette

energy is taxed to exhaustion. She worries until her stomach sickens—she's made that way. A picture takes everything—everything—from her, leaving nothing with which to accomplish the things that she feels must be done.

I asked her if she didn't think maintaining a movie star's career was enough.

"But I can't just sit back and be a star," she said. "I've got to justify my life. I have to develop. I need so many things—so many things. I need the experience of the stage. Not only for my work but for me.

"I haven't enough self confidence. I haven't enough poise. It makes me miserable."

In the middle of a scene of "Forsaking All Others," Joan was working with her back to the door of the sound stage. Suddenly she stopped, taut. She hadn't seen anything. She hadn't heard anything. But she knew that someone had

Crawford seven years ago, Joan of "Rose Marie." She has learned so much since then, and gone so far, it seems entirely possible that her present plans and ambitions for the future will be attained



Crawford of today—beautiful and gloriously successful. Yet she is finding no satisfaction in fame, and Hollywood, once so important, means nothing to her today

come into the place who was criticizing her, mentally. Someone had entered, who, unlike the crew and the cast, *wasn't with her*. She turned around. Another star had slipped in to watch her work. Joan had sensed the measuring mind. She couldn't go on until the visitor had left.

"That isn't poise, certainly," she declared. "Even previews are torture for me. I can't eat for hours before. I'm a wreck when they're over.

"That's what I've got to conquer. And the only thing that can do it is the stage. I don't want the fame of the stage, I want the *experience*.

"It isn't the money, either. If I could have the time off, the studio could take any extra profits. But I haven't the time. I'd need six months. But when have I ever had six months? When will I?"

The crevice between her brows deepened. Then her tense, earnest face relaxed with a smile.

"Of course," she admitted, "the very thought of it scares me to death. I would be petrified, I know. But I must do it. That's one reason I built the theater here."

We walked over to the famous and somewhat mysterious [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



NEW GROWTH—OR FACTS ABOUT BEAUTY AIDS



ANNA STEN at a recent reception in New York, an engaging picture in gold and white, from her simple white crêpe gown with jacket embroidered in huge gold medallions to her golden hair brushed back from her face. A striking face is Anna's. Her blue eyes are wide apart, giving her face a deep sense of repose. Her lips are pleasingly full, her cheekbones and jawline prominent and strong. A mobile face for the camera because the contours and features are expressive and emotion can play fleetingly and subtly on this type of face without obvious effort.

In a low, husky voice Anna tried to explain away the mystery of her hibernation in Hollywood for more than a year. With the aid of four or five tutors the Russian girl had to learn English. The designers and make-up experts had to experiment with the right clothes for Anna, the make-up touches that would translate the true spirit of her rôles on the screen. It was all a matter of growth, new growth for the little Russian. Then the public was introduced to her as *Nana* and *Katusha*. As *Katusha*, especially, I believe she will live in our memory for a long, long time.

Anna's experience in Hollywood, growing, studying, working, has prompted me to a message of what I hope will be practical help to those of you

The hair vogue that captured the world's fancy, and a favorite fashion with the Parisian manikins at the moment. The traditional Hepburn bangs reappear, this time in "The Little Minister." Another Hollywood sweeping fashion!



Brushing for beauty is a legend as old as Mother Goose, but Helen Vinson knows the grand results. Upward strokes, advises Helen, with a ripple-bristle brush polish every strand, encourage a rapid circulation



June Lang, in the first act of a play toward nicer eyebrows. June thinks all brows improve with a mild tweezing of the outer ends, and advises first the application of cream to ease the operation or compresses wrung out of hot water or skin tonic

All the beauty
tricks of all the
sars brought to
you each month

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

who read my department and write to me. Your
letters are especially significant. A desire to be
ideal, to correct your small physical imperfec-
tions and to make an effort to do so. For even that
letter takes some of your precious time.

There is a keen feeling of skepticism in the world
today. We have seen the ideals and standards that
we were taught to believe in crumble. People and
things have failed us, so that we hardly know what
to believe any more. I think this sense of skepti-
cism applies to many of us in many ways, so it is
with an effort to give you a straight story on your
personal appearance and physical growth, as relates
to this angle, that I sit before my typewriter now.
Without the many aids that we have developed
to promote good looks, we should certainly all be
less attractive than we are today. Thirty-five
years ago, the girl of twenty-five usually looked
twenty-five or more. Today it is difficult to guess
whether a trim figure is actually twenty-two or
thirty. The modern woman seems to gain her full
charm around forty.

The reason for this welcome change is perhaps,
first, a different attitude toward age. And, second,
the sensible care that we have been educated to use
on ourselves. I feel that the years from sixteen
on should bring new and better growth, both in-



A typical Antoine of
Paris idea. Several
layers of muslin, a
handful of pins, a
rosebud or two be-
neath the chin, and
Cecilia Parker looks
charmingly ingenu-
ine in a babyish bonnet
for evening. Can be
made by yourself in
no time

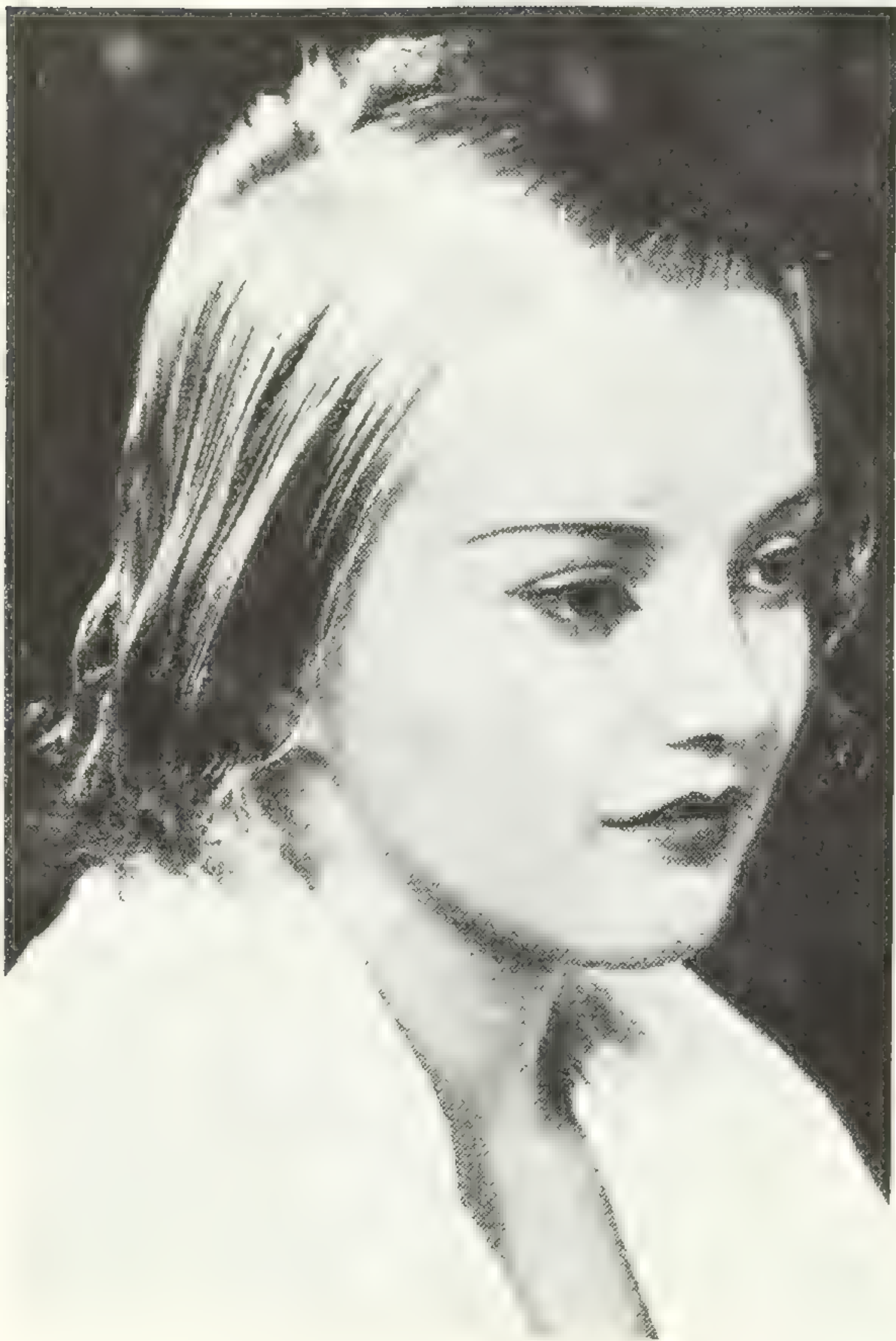


Antoine's sculpture
curls on the head of
Muriel Evans. Move-
ment is up-
ward, in the ap-
proved style, and in-
teresting design is
worked out here and
there with unusual
curls in a true An-
toine manner. A
party idea

the interest of lovely hands, June
works conscientiously. June
shows that a nightly application of
little cream or oil prevents hangnails
and flaking, broken nails, and encourages
new growth to be smooth and flaw-
less under lacquer



Two poses of Phyllis that show the details of both sides and top design. Innumerable tiny invisible hair pins hold waves and curls in place for the dryer. Important steps in the achievement of a coiffure known as "American Beauty," so named because John LeGatta, famous artist, considers Phyllis one of the truest types of American girl



Phyllis Brooks posed in this complete series of coiffure pictures to give you a pattern for your own hairdresser to follow. Here is a situation we've all been through! Not much to look at now, but just wait

Mel Berns designed this arrangement for Betty Grable, named it "Petite Coiffure." Across the page is a better view of the hair ribbon vogue, of which Hollywood has long been an ardent sponsor for the young girl.



wardly and outwardly. And so I proceed with some actual growth facts that should encourage every one of us to some effort and patience. Most of us will make the effort but when it comes to patience we fall down. We should like to find the cream that will transform us overnight; the hair tonic that will instantly give us silken hair. Well, there just aren't any, and lacking these magic aids, many are inclined to give up. However, if you can make that effort and bolster up your patience besides, here are some of the transformations that can take place over certain periods of time.

The life of an eyelash has been estimated at between three and four months. Each lash probably lasts about that time, at the end of which it falls out and another takes its place. If you are not satisfied with your lashes, and few of us are, the modern growers will help you to produce a much more satisfactory crop. In fact, I think every girl should use a grower nightly. Growers cannot, of course, produce lashes entirely unnatural to your type, but they can encourage a heavier growth, longer, stronger and silkier hairs. If you would use a grower steadily for six months, you would see a pleasing improvement.

The same idea applies to brows. If your brows are scanty, scraggling, you can induce heavier ones and you can train them to grow in a neat line. A little grower on an eyebrow or dry mascara brush applied nightly not only makes for more brows but will definitely train them in line. Then, of course, you will need to use the tweezers sparingly, just as June Lang is doing, to make that line perfect. The end is usually the unruly area. If you will apply a little cream first, then shape, it will be quick and almost painless. Hollywood has taught us that the brow that extends a bit beyond the outer



From this back view of Phyllis' head, plastered and persuaded into a curious pattern, will come a revelation in soft loveliness, witnessed by the finished front picture. Notice that the hair is kept well off the face, softened only by loose, big waves, with all the intricacies kept well to the rear. An important hair fashion note to keep in mind

ner of the eye is a universally becoming one. It extends the upper with of the face to create the impression of more oval lines to the der part of the face, and it adds much expression to the eyes. The constant use of grower on the outer brows will grow new, fine hairs in the. For immediate need, however, your finely pointed eyebrow pencil solves the problem. With a very light stroke, because even brows here will be lighter, extend the brow line a tiny bit. Skin growth occurs daily. With every bathing or creaming, we not only take away make-up, oil and dust, but a certain amount of dead cuticle is also removed. And usually it is this dead cuticle, more than imperfect texture or a small blemish, that mars your beauty sooner than anything else. For this dead cuticle is usually dull in tone, and keeps your face from looking radiantly fresh. A very thorough cleans-

is about the greatest skin beautifier there is. The Hollywood stars have solved the cleansing method about as perfectly as it can be solved for normal skin. First, a good cream cleansing to remove make-up. Then a good bathing with soap and water. Finally, much rinsing in very cold water or the use of any favorite skin lotion. You are bound to be spotless after that. Certainly a cream which melts and dissolves your rouge and powder is easier in removing make-up. And certainly an extra-thorough use of soap and water, with which you produce friction through the use of hand, cloth or complexion brush not only cleans but removes that cuticle which is daily shedding.

If your skin is very dry and you suffer from the frequent use of soap and water, then balance your cleansing routine, perhaps soap and water every other day or once a week. When you have cleansed with cream alone, give yourself a friction b. With a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Only clever fingers and great patience can produce a masterpiece of hair-dressing like this. But the effort is well worth the result for a coiffure like Phyllis' contributes much style and charm to most faces



Details of the tiny tailored bows that hold Betty Grable's curls. These with your daytime clothes, but for evening velvet or lamé ribbon is the thing, contrasting with or matching your dance frock. Very girlish!



Cast and crew of Columbia's "Passport to Fame" stop work for their four o'clock cup of oolong. Eddie Robinson is pouring tea for Director John Ford. This is only one English habit American stars brought back

"Afternoon" Tea

I SAY, old thing, have you heard the news? Hollywood chummy old place, don't you think—has gone English. My dear, it's too jolly and all that sort of thing. I say, what?

American actors have been flocking to good old Lunnon—nice old spot, Lunnon, rather—and by Jove, they've brought back with them all sorts of cozy little English habits and customs and well, here we are. Stalking about like a retired British officer with a load of asthma and a yen for suet pudding.

Good old Americans, who never drank anything but strong coffee and applejack straight, are now hoisting tea-cups, eating watercress sandwiches and loving it. Nobody hurries anymore. Nobody hustles. Nobody shoves. And fancy anyone shoving. Everyone, British-like, just takes his time. No need to go scampering about good old Hollywood-on-the-Downs. 'Tisn't British and all that sort of thing.

Yes, dear old Hollywood-on-the-Downs has gone so British, the best of stars are now hoisting tea cups

By Jane Hampton

Actors who once raced across movie lots like hound-chased rabbits (and oftentimes it was the sheriff instead of a hound) now saunter, calling a merry old "Cheerio there," as they go.

The only "pip" America ever knew before the return of the Americans from England was a disease which, unfortunately, but through no one's fault but their own, and let that be a lesson

to them, gave a chicken the yaps. A couple of pips were simply two chickens with the yaps. But not now. My dear, you're far, far wrong if you think "Pip pip" has anything at all to do with a couple of ailing chickens. It's now Hollywood's favorite form of saying, "Farewell, a fond farewell."

Actors no longer say to their lady-loves, "Darling, good-night. The dawn breaks and so does my heart at this sad parting. Farewell, sweet one, farewell."

Today he merely says, "Well, pip pip old thing," and leaves the lady yapping like a chicken. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Here's the Standard for Beautiful Legs and Feet

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Listen, you babies, watch that lump of fat on the inside of the knee. It will spoil your chances of beauty in a bathing suit. Lots of girls ask me what to do about knock-knees. Half the time it isn't the knees that are knocking; it's those lumps of fat on the knees. Terrible! The calf of the leg should be well rounded but not muscular.

You girls with over-developed calves—it's the escalators for you. Don't climb steps! Don't tap dance! Don't ride bicycles! Don't do any kind of Russian dancing! But you kids with canary bird legs can do all of these things. These things develop. They do not reduce. But I've got the perfect reducing exercise for the lower legs, calves, ankles and feet. I've never given it before. Are you ready?

Sit flat on the floor with your legs straight out in front of you, the knees straight and your toes pointing to the ceiling. Place the palms of your hands on the floor slightly out from your sides. Slowly raise yourself up with your weight on the palms of your hands. As you do this slowly point your toes away from your body so that your legs from hips to toe are in a straight line. Raise up higher until your whole weight is on your hands and your heels. Can you feel a pulling in your legs? Can you feel the fat breaking away from that lump on your knees?

Just as slowly—and keeping as relaxed as possible—lower yourself to your original position, move your feet so that the toes are pointing toward your face and at the same time make believe that you're trying to push something heavy with your heels—push the heels in the opposite direction from the way the toes are pointed. Don't be afraid to pull and pull hard. Do this until your toes are pointed just as far as they'll go. When you feel that big pull in all the fat spots, you're on the way toward having perfect legs.

BUT that's not all. You've got to have lovely upper legs, too. Look at Gertrude Michael—and that's not a bad idea. You remember her in "Cleopatra." The upper part of her legs are beautiful and I don't blame her for posing in photographs to show them. They're slender with no bulges, no bumps, no protruding muscles. The upper leg is a place where fat is most likely to gather. Fight it! You've got to, because those lumps show when you're dressed. And in a bathing suit! I can't stand it! Get rid of that fat on the front and back of the upper leg. Here's the exercise.

Stand a little away from and at right angles to the back of a chair. Put your left hand on the back of the chair. Stand on your left foot. Lean over at the waist. Put your right

hand back of you. Lift your right leg back. Grab your right ankle with your right hand and pull it up toward your back, bending the knee. Pull hard. Ouch! Yell if you want to—but do it! Stoop over as you're doing this. Now let go your ankle and swing the right leg forward and grab your ankle with your right hand in front of you this time. Keep your knee slightly bent. Pull hard.

That's a new exercise, too, but I want to warn you, as I do with all my exercises, relax! Relax your muscles while you're doing the exercises. For if you don't, you'll develop muscles instead of reducing them off as you should. Oh yes, when you've done this exercise on one leg repeat on the other. But I hope to heaven you've got the brains to do that without my telling you.

Okay, babies, there you are—Gloria's feet, Joan's ankles and lower leg and Gertrude's upper legs. They're perfect and there's not a reason in the world why you can't have them just as beautiful. Don't be lazy. Don't put off. Do what Sylvia tells you to do. And while you're exercising stick on the diet wagon.

And now I've gone and used up all my space and haven't told you how to have lovely arms and hands. So watch out for my article next month. I'm setting the standard for arms, hands and backs!

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I'm only fifteen but I'm terribly fat. Because of this I don't have dates like other girls. My mother tells me not to worry, that I'll outgrow it. But I do worry and outgrowing it doesn't help me now. I'm writing to you with the hope that you'll help me.

B. G., Fort Smith, Ark.

I feel so sorry for young girls whose mothers tell them they will outgrow fat. Maybe they will, but fat isn't pretty and every fifteen-year-old girl wants to be pretty. Besides, fat isn't good for anybody, whether that person is fifteen or fifty. Now I know that my exercises and diets are just as good for young girls as they are for older ones. But, you'll ask me, how am I going to convince my mother of that? I'll tell you. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to me for my general reducing diet and exercises. Then ask your mother to take them to her doctor. Then, if he says they're okay she'll believe him. And here's a little secret, baby. He won't disappoint you, because doctors all over the world know that every one of my diets have enough food properities for anybody.

Dear Sylvia:

I've tried very hard to follow your diets and exercises but in my business I travel a great deal and it is often difficult in trains and hotels to get what you recommend. Is there anything I can do about it?

H. R. T., Chicago, Ill.

You bet there is! There is always something to do about everything. And I know that

ARE you too fat? Too lean? Have you any physical defect that mars your beauty? How are your nerves? Do you sleep well? I shall be glad to offer you advice—free of charge—of course. All you have to do is write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

when traveling it is difficult to stick on the diet wagon, but here are some things you can—and *must*—do. Don't eat just what is put before you. Watch out for rich sauces. Scrape them off the vegetables. Refuse dessert unless it is mentioned in one of my diets. Maybe you can't get as many raw fruits as I give. But you can always get apples! And tell yourself that you are going to try your hardest to overcome your difficulty and live up to my routine as nearly as you can.

Dear Sylvia:

I have very thin scawny legs. I don't want to be fatter than I am anywhere but in the legs. Can you give me some exercise to help me?

Mrs. R. L. T., Raleigh, N. C.

Tap dancing develops the legs. Climbing stairs is another wonderful leg developer. But the best of all is riding a bicycle. If you can't actually bicycle then lie on the floor on your back with your legs in the air and make vigorous movements with your legs as if you were pedaling and pedaling hard and fast. Do this for three minutes a day at first and then work up to ten or fifteen minutes a day. You'll be

surprised how quickly your legs will become nice and firm and round, as perfect legs should be.

Dear Sylvia:

Will you tell me how to remove a lump of flesh that has come on the back of my neck at the top of my spine?

Mrs. D. C., Jeffersonville, Ind.

I call that the "old woman's bump." Now don't tell me you're just twenty-five. You may be. But hot or cold, that's an "old woman's bump." You got it by slumping. Well, stop that. Straighten up. Don't slump any more. Then take this exercise to remove it. Lie on your back. Arms above your head, backs of hands lightly touching the floor. Relax completely. Stretch your arms so that you feel as if your shoulder blades are coming together. You can feel that back lump moving. Now then stiffen your knees and pull yourself forward with your arms still above your head until your head is touching your knees. Keep relaxed from the waist up. While your head is on your knees make your shoulder blades squeeze that bump. From this position roll back, rolling all the way along your spine and touch your toes over your head, with almost the entire weight of your body resting on that bump. You can feel it smashing off. At first you may be stiff but keep trying until you can do the exercise. Start rolling back and forth like that ten times a day. Work up to twenty. I guarantee that it will do the trick and exercise your diaphragm, hips, legs and upper arms to boot. How's that for you?

"GETTING home with the milkman" is an old saying but it actually happened to Jean Harlow. On her way home from visiting her friends, Jean's car came to a dead stop on a lonely highway. She had run out of gas.

For hours Jean sat there waiting for someone to come along and yet frightened that they would. At last, after what seemed years of waiting, a milk wagon hove in sight. With a welcome cry, Jean hailed the driver and went merrily home on the milk wagon.

AFTER Leroy Prinz, the Hollywood dance director, fought that famous duel, and his wife sued for divorce, someone asked, "On what grounds?"

"Because he led a 'duel' life, of course," was the reply.

THERE is a writer in Hollywood who is frankly worried. He has to kill a friend and certainly loathes the job. You see, when it was decided that Dashiell Hammett should write a screen sequel to the popular "Thin Man," it was found that one of the number would have to be killed off in order to form a plot. But, who to kill was the question.

The author has become so fond of all his characters, he can't bear to commit the necessary crime. As you can imagine, every member of the original cast is anxiously waiting to see if he will be the victim.

Hollywood, at least, hopes the dashing Bill Powell, the lovely Myrna Loy and the adorable little dog, Asta, will be spared.

ONE day a carpenter on the set of "The Good Fairy" missed his bicycle.

The next day the Universal lot was treated to the spectacle of their problem child, Margaret Sullavan, reeling furiously about the studio on a rickety bike.

"Five miles every day," said Margaret, "that's the schedule."

She wears an amazing pajama ensemble consisting of green, floppy pants and a red coat, and stops for nothing.

P. S.—The carpenter got paid for the vehicle.

Cal York Announcing the Monthly

[CONTINUED FROM

BOB MONTGOMERY smiled.

They had just told him of his rôle in "Vanessa," the Hugh Walpole novel before the cameras at M-G-M. They had further told him that in the prologue he would play his son, in the main body of the picture, himself, and in the epilogue his sixty-five-year old grandfather.

"The part of my dreams!" said Bob. "A nice part you can really grow up with!"

CLARA BOW and Rex Bell made some well-advanced plans for the heir-apparent. Rex just couldn't resist the temptation to buy a Shetland pony. He had a beautiful little silver mounted saddle made, and the pony is quartered in the patio, bedded down in straw—all ready to leap on and away-we-go. Of course, the pony will probably be an old man with a long grey beard before the baby can ride—but anyway, it's a cute idea.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has decided to stay out of department stores and all other public places, since an over-enthusiastic fan snipped off one of her curls the other day.

ARE any of you the facetious admirers who send George Brent's mail to Ruth Chatterton's house? Because George and Ruth and Warner Brothers are quite burned up about it, and George has reached the place where he doesn't even think it's funny.

WHATEVER secrets Josef Von Sternberg has about directing Marlene Dietrich are safe.

Even the small crew which officiates when he makes a picture are in the dark about half the time.

Josef gives all his directions to Marlene in German—and no one else can understand it.

I DON'T know whether Adolphe Menjou would approve of them, but Allen Jenkins thinks they're a sartorial gift from heaven.

His slippers.

Allen hurt his toe a few months ago, and gave up shoes for slippers. The slippers were so easy on his feet that he tossed all his oxfords into the attic.

Now he has black slippers for evening, brown ones for street wear and even patent leather ones for dress. Not to mention the old broken down pair he wears around the yard.

And no worries about a broken shoelace.

WE might have expected it of a younger actress but when Alice Brady suddenly disappears right in the middle of "Gold Diggers of 1935" and leaves Warner Brothers wildly searching Heaven and earth for two whole days, it's a little unusual.

What's more, when she finally did show up, Alice refused to explain anything. Where she was and what happened, she inferred, was her own business.

But it's all very romantic to Hollywood—not to say surprising.

EVERY year, it seems Hollywood has been getting farther and farther away from itself. It used to be quite satisfied with just Hollywood—then the stars began moving to Beverly Hills, then Brentwood—then away out in the San Fernando Valley.

They commute, of course, to the studios.

But now Genevieve Tobin has moved into her home at Montecito, the very elite section of Santa Barbara. She is just a little more than one hundred miles from the studios—and she intends to commute.

Meaning she'll leave the seaside city at five bells or earlier in the grey and misty dawn—to make an eight o'clock call.

MARGARET SULLAVAN tripped blithely off the set of "The Good Fairy" a few days ago. It was noon time and she was hungry.

So she hopped into her decrepit roadster and started the engine. She let out the clutch. Nothing happened. She stepped on the gas. Maggie and the motor roared, but nothing repeated. She fooled with the brake and really got all hot and bothered.

Then she looked out and saw her set playmates—the grips and the props and the juicers—rolling on the ground.

Margaret hopped out to find the rear wheels spinning in the air. Jacked up. It's an old gag, but it worked.

JANET GAYNOR and Shirley Temple were both being fitted for costumes in the wardrobe department. Janet asked Shirley for that autographed picture she promised her, and all the girls in the department chimed in and said they wanted one, too.

"You can all have one," said Shirley, "but you'll have to wait awhile. I can only sign two a day because it takes me so long."

THE mama of little Anne Shirley, who made such a hit in "Anne of Green Gables," carefully censors her daughter's romantic flutterings. Anne is so popular that mother had to call in an assistant to get the front door-step cleared by ten o'clock. The lad she called upon was young Henry Wilson—and Henry has a crush on Anne! "A pleasure," said he.



Director David Butler was pretty sure of beating Jimmy Dunn in the checker game, when along comes Shirley Temple and slips a bit of advice to her pal Jimmy on how to make a strategic move

Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

GE 51]

AND the Gloria Swanson-Herbert Marshall tête-à-têtes continue.

However, when Gloria and Herbert undertake an evening in public at any of the smart dancing spots of Hollywood, they invariably seek a shadowed nook with an obscure table.

Which, of course, makes people all the more keen to look for them—and all the more excited about seeing them together.

THERE'S something about radio broadcasting—

It's just a strain on the nerves, even to seasoned troupers.

Ever since I've been broadcasting news and interviews with the stars of "45 Minutes in Hollywood" each week, I've had numerous cases of vacillating knees.

But now I feel all right.

I have it on good authority that Mary Pickford almost cuts her reading sheets to pieces clutching them tensely each week when she gives a skit over the air.

If it makes Mary all hot and bothered, why shouldn't I be embarrassed?

RUMORS that Margaret Sullavan and the studio which made her a sensational screen star, Universal, were at the parting of the ways were somewhat dampened down when she up and married Director William Wyler.

Film mentor Wyler, who, by the way, is one of the very best directors at Universal City, is a relative of the Laemmle family, who run the works at Universal.

AMAZING new romantic combinations have been springing up all over Hollywood recently. For instance, the Carole Lombard-Bob Riskin twosome has given a surprise to the customers at the recent prize-fights and local night clubs.

Edmund Lowe has been squiring the lovely Virginia Bruce (ex Mrs. John Gilbert) here and there. Also Florence Rice.

Pat de Cico and the lovely Genevieve Tobin have been taking in the sights together. And the biggest surprise of all is Norman Foster's sudden escorting about of several of the local beauties.

Which has everyone wondering just what Claudette Colbert thinks about it.

ADOCTOR, visiting Cecil DeMille in the hospital just before Cecil began work on "The Crusaders," was shocked to see a strange, iron figure in a corner.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"It's only me," a little voice called, "I'm the nurse, Mr. DeMille wanted me to try out the different armor for his new picture."

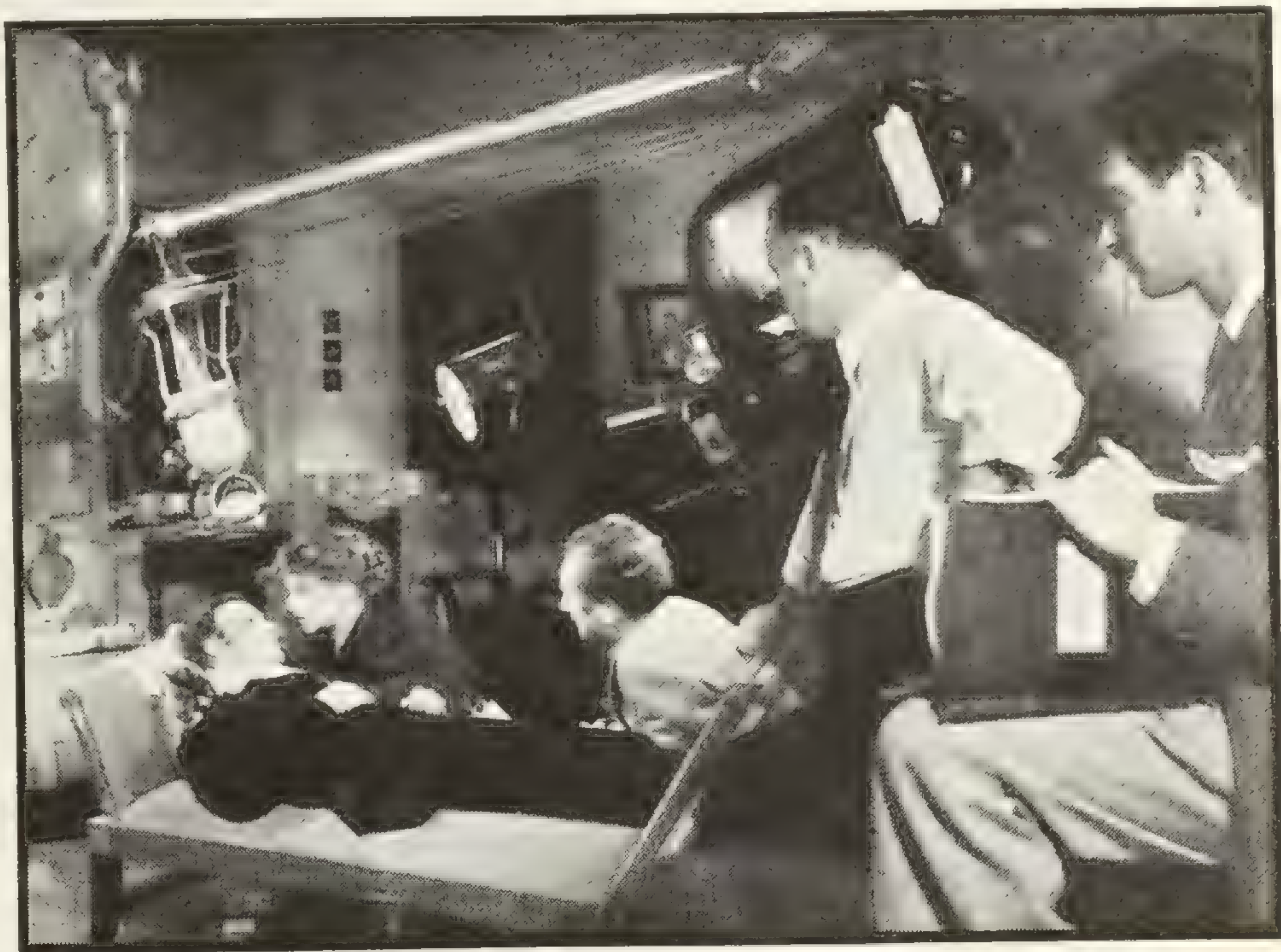
EVERY day, it seems, Virginia Bruce gets lovelier and lovelier—and every day she becomes more and more positive about the impossibility of a reconciliation with Jack Gilbert.

Putting the two together, it's no wonder that Virginia is the object of several Hollywood swains' attentions. No one yet has pried into a definitely romantic arrangement, and, of course, Virginia just smiles that slow smile. But she's been seen out with Billy Bakewell and Edmund Lowe both, a few times of late, Nelson Eddy also is said to be strongly in the running.

LYLE TALBOT is still wondering.

Recently Lyle asked a friend if he thought it bad luck to postpone a wedding.

"Not if you keep on doing it," the friend replied.



A behind-the-scenes view of a shot from "The Little Minister." Katharine Hepburn attends John Beal after his serious injuries. Director Richard Wallace, kneeling, cameraman Henry Gerrard, and Marty Offner, dialogue assistant, are watching

FAY WRAY left for Europe several days before John Monk Saunders' birthday. Birthdays are always state occasions in the family, so Johnny obligingly moved up the date, and they had a breakfast-birthday party, with all the presents served with the coffee.

THE latest Hollywood behind-the-scenes-drama in three acts: (and it's a true one).

W. C. "Bill" Fields was going through a scene. In the middle of his antics the cameraman yelled—"Cut! Re-loading."

Bill fiddled while they loaded the camera with film.

Another take, and in the middle the sound man shouted, "No good—sound re-loading."

They set up for a third take. The director looked around. No Bill anywhere in sight. Shouts re-echoed up and down the stage. "Bill—Bill Fields. Hey—we're ready."

There was a brief silence, and then from a far, obscure corner of the vast building sputtered a moist voice—

"Fields re-loading!"

YOU'D never suspect an abundance of the maternal instinct in Carole Lombard perhaps, or perhaps you would, but I happened to be in her dressing room the other day when Arline Judge came by with that cute youngster of hers, Charles Wesley, and proceeded to fill the room with "Oohs" and "Ahhs" contributed by all present. When the tot and his pretty mother left, Carole sighed wistfully.

"Darn it," she said, "I'll just have to get married and have one of those."

LOIS WILSON will leave all predictions to Gene Dennis, who does pretty well by them, after this—

Many, many months ago when Lew Ayres looked into Ginger Rogers' eyes and gave her a funny feeling around her heart, Lois said—"You'll never marry him."

"You'll receive the first wedding invitation," replied Ginger.

And Lois did. What's more, she swooped up the bridal bouquet when Ginger tossed it.

OF course, we do hate to jump at conclusions—

But Jean Harlow certainly played it straight when a stranger, noting the gallant attentions paid her by William Powell at a recent big Hollywood party, smiled sweetly and remarked to Jean, "What a nice husband you have."

Jean smiled back twice as sweetly.

"COULDN'T I please send my car home and get one that wouldn't attract so much attention?"

Lilian Harvey put this plaintive plea to her manager the other day.

The big white foreign car with silver trimmings (maybe it's platinum) has been one of the sights of Hollywood for a year. Lilian yearns for a little black coupe!

EVERYONE who knows Lilian Harvey is delighted that she has signed a contract with Columbia, and has started in "Once a Gentleman" with Tullio Carminati. Lilian has had many heart-aches since she came to Hollywood, and has been very lonely, rattling around in that huge house she rented. She is still devoted to Willy Fritsch, but will not ask him to come over here as he cannot speak English, and she is afraid he would have difficulty in American pictures. He is a highly-rated European star. They are not married, but Lilian wears a wedding ring just to discourage attention from any one else. Her new contract has given her back the confidence she was in danger of losing, and here's luck.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

"I ADORE"



OF COURSE, I USE
COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER
WORRY ABOUT **COSMETIC
SKIN** — THANKS TO
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S EASY TO HAVE A
GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY

GINGER ROGERS

STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"

YOU...

THRILLING WORDS ... BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

You can use cosmetics all you wish, yet guard against this danger the way the screen stars do . . .

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! It's so easy to guard against this modern complexion trouble the way the Hollywood screen stars do.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly is actually leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Gradually the pores become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear, blackheads, perhaps. These are the warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Gentle Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with this safe, sure care 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, thousands of girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' complexion care. The ACTIVE lather of Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly* —protects the skin, keeps it lovely.

LUX
TOILET SOAP



He Failed for a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

tumes for the chorines and at every performance they made Pat sneeze. Besides, he reasoned, what right had a chap who'd hauled lumber and nursed a sixteen-inch death-speaker to be doing fancy steps for a living? Consequently when Wisconsin announced free tuition to ex-service men desiring higher education one Patrick O'Brien was the first to register. He had arrived home on a milk train, none the worse for a two-day diet of carrots.

"What course are you taking?" asked the secretary at Marquette University. Pat flipped a coin. "Make it law." He had divided between that and engineering. Pat mixed in some football with the law and licked Notre Dame practically single-handed.

Then he made the mistake of going into a class play. The stage germ worked. It worked so hard he couldn't sleep nights. Law was definitely out. He convinced the state's representative that War Veteran O'Brien should be in the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

BACK in New York Pat starved like a gentleman, studied like blazes, and stalked theatrical agents.

There were two excellent reasons why, early in 1923, our Mr. O'Brien returned to Milwaukee. One has to eat occasionally—and the other was a desperate major cardiac disturbance known as "young love." She was a blonde. She was lovely. And she had been his sweetheart from childhood. Pat—for the second time—turned his back on the stage forever. Substantial Young Bond Salesman was the rôle he set himself to play. And it was probably the worst performance Pat O'Brien ever gave. . . .

The O'Brien sales fell to zero as he grew more and more bewildered and unhappy. And somehow the romance had faded out. There was no glow left in the world. It was funny how often Pat's feet carried him to the door of the stock company Jimmy Gleason had. A friend cornered him one night and tucked a script under his arm. "Listen, Pat. This 'Under the El' is a great play. We're going to try it out here and that part suits you to a T. Just read it!"

"Nope," muttered O'Brien. "I'm through with the stage. It's no go." But he sat up the whole night reading the play, going over the lines. . . .

It was his father who settled it. The kindly old man, with eyes that once had been as fiercely blue as Pat's said, "Why don't you quit kidding yourself, boy? The theater's in your blood. Now there's that old insurance policy for a thousand that I took out for you when you were ten. Borrow on it, get back to New York, and stick it out!"

It sounds like manufactured fiction, this part of Pat's story. But here is exactly what happened on the blizzard-swept night he landed in Manhattan with \$5.45 in his pocket. He had borrowed only enough to get him there. After that—well, he was going into the clinches with old lady luck and one of them was going to give in! This time it wasn't Pat. . . . He ran into an old classmate of his from the Academy of Dramatics who was throwing a party. Around midnight a short, stocky fellow he hadn't suspected of being Good News, drew

him aside. "There's a chap leaving the cast of 'A Man's Man' tonight. Why don't you go down and see about it in the morning?"

"In the morning!" shouted Pat. "I'm on my way now!"

It was bitingly cold in the darkened theater but rehearsals were still going on. "So you want that part, eh?" said Eddie Goodman, the director. "All right, go down there and try it! But remember this is Saturday and we open Monday and you'll have forty-eight sides to learn."

"That's all right. I know this play—every line of it."

"You do?"

"Sure. I read it," Pat told him, "when it was called 'Under the El'. . . ."

Coincidence? Or the special brand of O'Brien magic? A few months later it worked again—to furnish Pat with the biggest moment of his life.

He had been travelling with the road show of "Broadway" and the producers sent him a wire to join the Chicago cast. At the same time, they sent a girl there who was beautiful and something more. Valentino had selected her as the most gorgeous girl in Iowa. And when young Mr. O'Brien saw Eloise Taylor he went the great screen idol one better. He selected her as the most gorgeous girl in the world. . . . *His*. . . .

But it wasn't to be a whirlwind romance. It took Pat five years to catch up with her! They played in stock together, on the road, on Broadway. More often than not they were broke together. A couple of kids joy-riding through poverty.

But you can't get married on nothing. They were on a vaudeville tour. And because they were tired of waiting and tense and nerve-jangled they quarreled. Bitterly. And separated.

"If you ever want to see me again you can write," said Eloise.

"The same goes for me!" said Pat.

HE stuck it out as long as he could. Then, while he was playing Baltimore, he poured his heart out to her in a letter and airmailed it to her address in Worcester. No answer. Weeks passed. Months. He went to New York. It didn't matter that he was credited with one of the ten best performances of the year as the Russian communist, *Maxim*, in "Overture." Nothing mattered.

But Fate was up to her special tricks reserved for O'Briens. One morning Pat received the charred fragment of an envelope with a note from the government saying this was what was left of his airmail letter. The plane had crashed, burned . . . the pilot was killed . . . They were returning the remains of the letter for his records. . . .

Pat made a record of a very particular nature in getting to Eloise with that burned bit of paper. Together, very close together, they went out to have it framed.

At first Pat couldn't believe his ears. The operator said Hollywood was calling. The United Artists Studio. And he heard Howard Hughes' soft Texan drawl over the wire. "O'Brien, how about doing the rôle of the reporter in 'The Front Page'?"

Pat arrived in California at 8 A.M. and at ten he was working. Before the picture was

half through they knew they had something. A sensation. Pat sent for Eloise and at the same place he and Mary Brian got the marriage license in the picture Pat bought his *regl* license.

They hadn't counted on such a honeymoon. Pat had been sent East almost immediately to start work on another picture with Nance Carroll. And there was a six weeks' delay. And the studio that had refused him bit part so often was now paying for his royal suite at the St. Moritz! Pat and Eloise walked about in a dream—down streets where a bare six months before they had been so broke yet eager and hopeful. Now a corsage of orchids waited for Eloise daily. And Pat had the satisfaction of smoking the studio's finest cigars.

For the first six months they couldn't handle their money. They returned to California and decided to bring both families out for Christmas. "We'll long distance them instead of writing," grinned Pat. "We're big shots now!" They bought drawing rooms for their folks arranged for them to meet in Kansas City—and when Poppa O'Brien stepped off the train he was wearing spats! "Got to do you proud son," he whispered as Pat grabbed him. It was an almost hysterically happy three weeks. They journeyed to Agua Caliente—in two cars! The old gentlemen played the horses and Pat paid the bills. They had a bungalow to themselves at the Biltmore in Santa Barbara. The O'Briens were in the money!

BUT by a strange anomaly that could occur only in Hollywood, Pat O'Brien then dropped out of sight from the rank of top notchers. After that first big production there had been a delay—then a poor production. The leading producers could see Pat only as a reporter—and the newspaper story cycle was over. To most people it would have meant fade-out. To Pat it meant—extraordinary financial success. He went cheerfully from one fifth rate picture into another. Pictures that were "shot on the cuff," yet they spelled good money. Pat was saving now. He kept at it for nearly four years. And during all that time when nobody heard of Pat O'Brien, he made enough money to retire for life!

He bought a fifteen-room Beverly Hills mansion with a swimming pool, badminton court, handball court and an outside barbecue that is a replica of Bill Hart's. He had more cars and servants than the better known "names" around him. What's more, he had a good-sized trust fund. And out in San Bernardino, Pat purchased a ranch for his wife's people. His own parents he brings west in royal fashion for seven months every year. Sometimes it pays to be a "failure!"

When he felt he could afford it he went after the real parts. And got them. But he took a salary cut of five hundred dollars a week just to get a chance at them—and a contract with Warner Brothers. Even now, with the brilliance of "Here Comes the Navy" and "Flirtation Walk" and other successes behind him, Pat's income will not come up to his free lance standard until next option time.

"Sure I've got a grand philosophy for this business," he'll tell you. "I explain to myself that every picture is my last one!" Maybe he'll be teaching it to the littlest O'Brien—Margaret Mavourneen, aged eight months."

Marion Davies' Secret of Success

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

man, as well as herself. It's possible that they'll find their security can be increased by getting out and taking a job. But now the word *should* have a different meaning than it would have had before marriage.

"I know you're going to ask me, 'Can we successfully manage both a career and a marriage?' Yes, she can, if she doesn't let her career eclipse her marriage. But the examples are comparatively few, if you refer to women with extravagant ambitions. You want a short cut, don't you? Not a volume. All right. The career girl takes it on the chin more steadily and a lot harder, than the girl at the window cook-stove. She's confronted by problems so infinitely much bigger and more complicated. Even in this day and time, she is fighting a man's world. The other way, one enters her world. And the women the career girls combat are more determined adversaries. Think of all of the thousands of girls who rush into Hollywood, all trying to rush into a small opening that points toward success. In any business, it's the same—in proportion to opportunities. What chance has the girl who must reconcile herself to a bruising and crushing of spirit? What hope is there for the girl who has underestimated her abilities? Take it's cruel, but it's woman's lot to make a lot of the sacrifices on this earth. One who survives them is just out of luck.

AND when a girl has decided what she wants to do, she should study, study, study, to prepare herself. She must be competent to take full advantage of opportunities. Life is so freakish that opportunities sometimes present themselves to women who are unprepared. But how long can anybody ride the crest of luck alone? If a poorly equipped girl inherits money, it isn't long before her advisers, and some other smart people, get most of it away from her. Well, a woman who can't manage a house—whether her job is to make a husband charming, or to manage an estate—isn't in a very good position to hold a husband. An incapable woman who gets promoted in business is just accepting her walking papers. A girl who tries to be a secretary and makes a mess of taking dictation is such a derided creature that she can have no self-respect. And I can't name me one actress in the movies who ever got a break, and held on, who wasn't obliged to keep her position. Well, can you? Ed. note: No, not for long. There's always a box-office, you know.)

And I don't think any woman should stop studying *just her job*. Do you know anything more boring on earth than the housewife who can talk nothing but ways to feed her children? Or the social worker who speaks of things but playground improvements? Or—greater horror still—the actress who can tell you of nothing but what happened on the stage today?

It seems to me that we are here on this earth to grow into the best sort of human beings we can, with all due respect for the commands and properties of other human beings. I don't know any other one rule that covers the matter better than that.

Nobody but a psychopathic case is anti-social. Nobody but an anemic person, physi-

To prevent this!



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cally or mentally, is unsocial. Normal human beings are gregarious—and I think the best way to enjoy life is to make our company pleasing to others.

"I think the stenographer should read the professor's book, and I think the housewife should know enough about modern art, to be sure whether the reproduction deserves a place on the wall or in the ash-can. And I think any actress ought to know who H. L. Mencken is, as well as how many games the Dean brothers won in the World Series.

"I never heard of anyone who suffered any ill-effects from knowing the right people. Talk about creating opportunities for oneself—I think an essential part of that program is making it a point to meet individuals who can help you. Most girls don't have any trouble bringing themselves to someone's attention, but they'd better be subtle about it. And they should be prepared to meet the requirements of

a new acquaintance. It's silly and selfish and bad-mannered for a girl to thrust herself in someone's way if she has no qualities that person could possibly admire. She deserves a rebuff, and a stinging one.

"I've heard a lot of people say they think it's unfair for a woman to take advantage of her charm in making a career for herself. Well, now don't think I'm defending any woman who is brazenly unfair in any respect, but if a woman has charm, I can't see any harm in her using it adroitly. Nature intended that she should; worked it all out so she could get along in this life. A secretary who can't be charming is a very terrible creature to have around an office. But being charming doesn't necessarily mean being a 'vamp.'

"A girl must be efficient in her business, of course; but the fact must not be obnoxiously apparent. And that's no discrimination against our sex, either. It goes just as well for

men. I don't know anything more annoying than a man who can't be efficient without a unnecessary display of bustle and zippiness and abruptness.

"Politeness is one of the supreme qualities. The human race isn't moving too fast in any direction for us to think we haven't got time to be agreeable to the people who deserve it. Politeness requires that the well-informed woman should not be windy and boring; that the society woman should not go through a lot of ridiculous posing, and that the celebrity should never lose her graciousness.

"In the end, if the girl becomes a success, she can well afford to look back and extend the helping hand. Nobody ever gets to the top without some boosts along the road, and turn about is fair play. Live—and help others to live.

"And that's a good motto to hang on the mountain."

And So the Great Master Arrives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

What's more, he has shown that he can pick 'em. When he was bringing "The Miracle" to the United States, Reinhardt found himself somewhat on the spot. He was nearing the shores of a land eagerly awaiting evidence of his heralded dramatic genius minus one of the most important cast characters in the religious spectacle, the nun.

On the boat was Rosamond Pinchot, a governor's daughter. Reinhardt saw her, and in her the woman he could make into the nun of his drama. From the passenger list of an ocean liner, he proceeded magically to pluck a star.

Just recently when he was casting for his Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he chose for the important part of *Puck* young Mickey Rooney, a child actor who had never been taken too seriously in Hollywood. Mickey was known chiefly for his "Mickey McGuire" Comedies.

WHEN Reinhardt announced that Mickey would play *Puck*, Hollywood gasped, and relaxed into a few knowing chuckles. Reinhardt must be slipping to cast a kid for the part which the greatest actors had played since time immemorial, was the opinion.

Well—Mickey Rooney stole the gorgeous show. He stole it with the thundering applause of one of the most dramatically distinguished audiences ever assembled, and from a cast of seasoned and distinguished players.

"*Puck* was never played before as Shakespeare intended it until Mickey Rooney played it," Max Reinhardt told me. "The greatest actors in the world have played it—but never like Mickey Rooney."

Rosamond Pinchot is now under contract to M-G-M, and Mickey Rooney, of course, has plenty of prestige in Hollywood. He was the first actor cast for Reinhardt's screen production of "the Dream."

From what Reinhardt told me I think he undoubtedly intends to give us some new stars. With his marvelous ability to recognize potential talent and to mold it—and with as fertile a field as Hollywood to pick from—he should be just the man to create new screen idols.

In fact, before he came to Hollywood, he fathered much of Hollywood's greatest genius.

I mentioned to him such greats as Ernst Lubitsch and William Dieterle, two of Hollywood's most artistic directors, of Mady Christians, Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Francis Lederer, and, indirectly, Marlene Dietrich, Lil Dagover, Tala Birell, Joseph Schildkraut, Conrad Veidt and Elisabeth Bergner—the latter known here, but yet to come to Hollywood.

Many of these artists lived, studied and worked with Reinhardt in Europe before they ever came to the screen. Others had only the remote rays of his genius to warm them. But all reaped from the experience something they never could have obtained in any other way—all caught the divine spark from Reinhardt and blew it into brilliance with their own breaths.

Max Reinhardt shook his head and amended—"We are all merely limbs from one tree," he insisted. "Of course, I am proud of the actors and former pupils of mine who have come to success in Hollywood. But what they have done is not traceable to me. Rather, whatever any of us has done is traceable to our common schooling. We all worked together."

JUST the same it was Max Reinhardt who saw and inspired their greatness, and all would, I am sure, without a moment's hesitation, lay their laurels at his feet.

Years ago, Ernst Lubitsch, then an ambitious little comedian, enrolled in the *Reinhardtschule* in Berlin. Reinhardt sensed the promise of the then unknown actor. He put him quickly into his major productions—and for five years Lubitsch stayed with the master, worked and grew with him. He played everything from the *fool* in "King Lear" to the *grave-digger* in "Hamlet." When he finally departed from under Reinhardt's wing, he startled the screen world by directing, in Germany, "Carmen" and "DuBarry."

Hollywood quickly sent for him—and made him one of its highest paid directors.

But when Ernst Lubitsch made those sensational pictures abroad which revealed an entirely new and delightful technique, he was still in his twenties. And it is taking nothing away from his own individual genius, along whose lines he has developed since (the Lubitsch touch) to speculate whether he would have been able to find himself and reveal that

genius without those years of inspiration and guidance under Reinhardt.

Certainly it would never have occurred so early in life without the benefit of the master's serenity and his sure guiding hand.

When Lubitsch, well along in his Reinhardt schooling, was playing in "The Miser," a green, gawky seventeen-year-old blonde girl joined the cast in a small rôle.

HER name was Mady Christians. Today Hollywood knows her as a star from whom M-G-M expects greater things than any other new member of its stellar family. She has just completed her first Hollywood rôle, starred in "A Wicked Woman."

When she went to Reinhardt, however, no one knew her, except as the awkward daughter of Rudolph Christians, a great character actor and a close friend of Reinhardt's.

Mady wanted, against her father's wishes (he said she would make an excellent cook!), to become an actress. Reinhardt promised her an audition.

Mady's audition was quite terrible.

"So this is all we get from the offspring of Rudolph Christians," Reinhardt muttered sadly. But he took her into his school.

I smiled when I remembered what she had told me about her tragicomic first days in the *Reinhardtschule*.

Mady was proud then, though awkward, she couldn't bear the repertory theater director to think her green.

"So I said I was a great American actress," she laughed as she told me. "I said I had played every part worth mentioning—in America. They asked me to list my plays and I put down everything I could think of, including a play called 'Minna von Barnhelm,' which was then being presented in a Reinhardt theater."

"Of course, the whole sum of my actual stage experience was the time when as a tot I'd played a princess in one of father's plays."

"So when the director came to me a few days later and said, 'Get ready to jump into the lead of "Minna von Barnhelm,"' I almost fainted. I sat up for forty-eight hours, drank gallons of coffee and learned the part."

"After the first act, an old actor looked at me and smiled, 'You've never faced an audience before, have you?'"

From then on I couldn't lie any more. I was scared to death that Professor Reinhardt would hear of my disgrace and take me out of his school."

But he didn't and Mady Christians worked with Max Reinhardt seven years in all. Now she is in Hollywood—a star.

"I can attribute my entire development as an actress to him. I couldn't think of any way I could possibly replace what I learned from him. Even now, if I'm in doubt about a part on the stage or on the screen, I find myself asking, 'How would he have me do it?' I still fear him," Mady said.

For me he is and always will be the master magician of the theater—"

In Reinhardt's productions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Dame Kobolt," Mady Christians had the same stage lover—a young Bavarian actor named William Dieterle.

Dieterle, nine years with Reinhardt, as an actor, like Lubitsch, turned his talents to directing when he left to try his own wings. Like Lubitsch, too, he came to Hollywood and important success. "The Firebrand" was his first picture. Dieterle has always been very close to Max Reinhardt—loves him as a son and as a father. In fact, it was Dieterle who brought Reinhardt to Warner Brothers, even though Reinhardt's own son, Gottfried, works for M-G-M.

Dieterle actually will co-direct "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with Max Reinhardt. Modestly he told me, "We will do it together. My job will be to catch Reinhardt flying."

Now as Dieterle sat between Reinhardt and me, straightening out the occasional misunderstandings of two people groping in strange tongues, I recalled the reverence which had rebade him to put himself on a plane of equality with the master; his refusal to share my glory, and his words,

"Helping out with my knowledge of picture technique will give me a way to pay back a little for what he gave me. For without a great master, a great idol such as Max Reinhardt, one could not be inspired. I could never have been a director without those years spent with him."

BUT in spite of these tributes I could tell, by his modest dismissal of the subject, that Max Reinhardt does not care to look back on the artists he has inspired in the past—

To Pola Negri, who danced and acted a pantomime part in his "Sumurun," to Francis Lederer who five years ago went to him to play "Romeo and Juliet." To Marlene Dietrich who got her first break in a Reinhardt revue, "It Lies In The Air," and her understudy in the same revue, a Viennese girl named Pola Birell, who achieved a brief Hollywood stardom and recently came back in "The Captain Hates The Sea." To Salka Viertel, the writer and intimate of Garbo, who started her career as an actress in his *Deutsches Theater*, to Rudolph Amendt, Jannings, Bergner, Veidt, and the large host of other pupils who have spread his fame over the world.

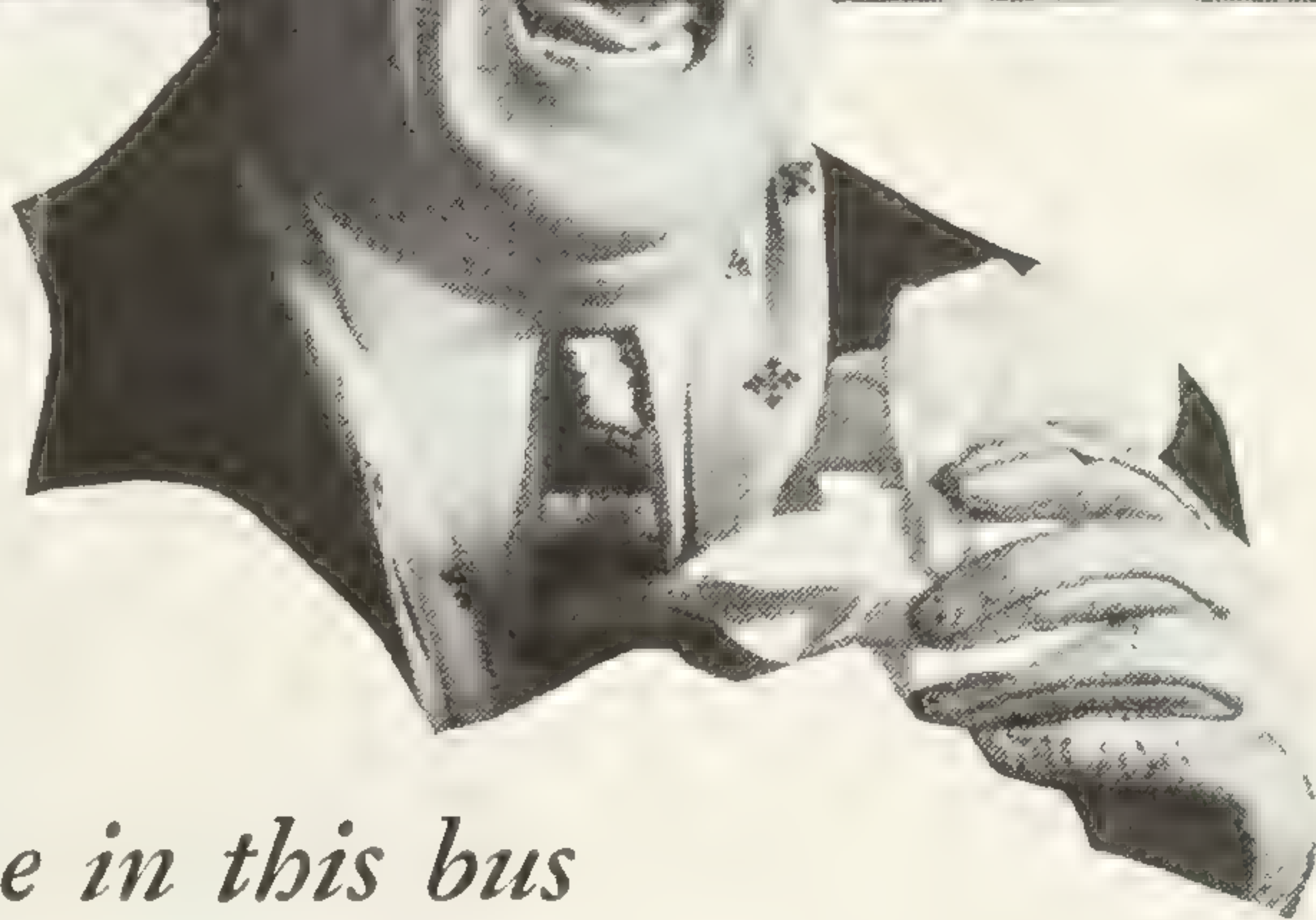
Nor does he care to look back to the theatrical triumphs of the past.

Like any great genius he realizes that it is dangerous to look back—that the future and what is yet to be done are what counts.

I shook his hand and prepared to leave, jotting a few last-minute notes of description—"Strong nose . . . sensitive mouth . . . gray hair . . ."

William Dieterle touched my arm. He had seen my jottings—

"Yes, the hair is gray," he said, "but the eyes are still young."



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there should be 50% fewer colds!

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The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

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selves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

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Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

How Carole Lombard Plans a Party

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

With her companion-secretary, Madalynne Fields, Carole works out the plans for each social gathering like a set of blue-prints. Her system runs something like this:

On Thursday, Carole decides that a week from Friday she will have Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Taurog for an informal dinner.

On the same day or the next, Carole and Madalynne will telephone the guests, and if any of them are busy on that date, other individuals from her large circle of friends are substituted immediately.

Not later than Friday evening, seven days preceding the dinner, Carole works out a complete menu, including hors d'oeuvres, and gives it to Edgar, her cook.

And for those of you who are servantless, let me explain that Carole Lombard's party formula can be handled without the aid of caterer or cook. Carole works eight and nine hours daily at the studios and she must have trained servants to carry out her orders, but her system of planning a dinner can be followed to the letter by the clever housewife who must do her own cooking and shopping.

NOW let's see, where were we? Oh, yes, the menu is completed, and you can depend upon Carole to avoid all food that is merely fussy and decorative.

"The success of a party doesn't rest entirely upon the food," Carole told me. "But you can bet your last dollar it will be a flop from the start if the food is one shade less than excellent."

The Friday night dinner might possibly include cream of mushroom soup, salmon in lime aspic, Cuban chicken with wild rice and purée of peas, and ice-cream with *marrons glacés*.

And right here let's take time out for the ambitious hostess to make a mental note that the salad course in this dinner is *out* because the fish course is *in*. If Carole should decide upon a salad, she would eliminate the salmon and probably order French endive with beets, marinated in French dressing.

But Carole says she refuses to follow any rigid set of rules for her menus. She is very likely to serve corned beef and cabbage with all the trimmings to her group of English friends who fancy a boiled dinner, or Italian and Spanish dishes for the clique that leans to Latin flavorings.

Edgar, it seems, can cook in any language, and if necessary, can even accomplish a few tasty morsels in Russian.

Not later than Wednesday the flowers are ordered. On Thursday Madalynne, or Carole, if she is not working, checks over playing cards, score cards, pencils, backgammon boards and anagram sets.

Dawns the day of the dinner, and Carole is almost sure to be hard at work at the studio until six o'clock or later. She is certain to arrive home tired, and it's a nine to one bet she'll be late as well, but she takes time out for a visit to the kitchen. Every dish is inspected, the canapes looked over, and if there's a last minute change, Carole is informed, so there won't be any sudden surprises for her when dinner is served.

Next comes dining-room duty where the

table is carefully checked, and then a swift look about the living-room at the flower arrangement.

And then, at last, she is free to shed her work-a-day fatigue and go about the business of emerging from her dressing-room cool and casual, as becomes the successful hostess. But by this time she is probably thinking, "Why did I ask anyone here tonight—I can't make it—I'm dead."

But she'll make it, and like it. The reviving



What would "The Night Life of the Gods" be without a Venus de Milo? Marda Deering was chosen to play the rôle of Venus in the film

process calls for a good soak in a warm tub stinging with pine salts, and if that doesn't work, a small glass of sherry sipped while she relaxes in the soothing water is bound to turn the trick. Carole says she never fails to step out of her cold shower humming and actually relishing the prospect of guests.

"I try to get downstairs in time to greet the first arrivals. It's really the ideal way to start things, but I won't rush myself to a pitch of nerves to accomplish it.

"I am careful about my make-up and my hair, even if that last guest is waiting, because a good half of this hostess ease is knowing that you look your best."

And here is another gem of advice from Carole for every woman with hostess yearnings:

"An at-home costume or hostess gown is absolutely essential for the woman who entertains, and for two reasons. First, this type of costume is extremely flattering, and that does wonders for any woman's poise, and secondly it eliminates the possibility of appearing overdressed in case a guest shows up in a simple daytime outfit.

"If a woman has a limited wardrobe, it would be wise to sacrifice a second dinner or evening frock for one hostess gown. She'll soon rate it the most valuable asset in her clothes collection."

Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres are served with the arrival of the first guests. And another sage warning from Carole—

"Don't serve hors d'oeuvres unless they are superb," she says. "There is nothing more dismal to the palate than a mediocre bit of fish and egg heaped on a piece of too soggy or too brittle toast. Until you can attain hors d'oeuvres that cause oh's and ah's, serve your cocktails unaccompanied."

I really believe that Carole's long list of unusual canapes and hors d'oeuvres are responsible for a good measure of her successful parties. When her maid brings out a platter of piping hot chicken livers that have been broiled and then skewered on toast, the aroma never fails to draw bravos from the initiated guests. And then there is the master stroke of fresh shrimps stuck with toothpicks ready to be dipped into a chilled bowl of sauce that is a sublime blending of chives, chili sauce, mayonnaise and tabasco.

"The zero hour for any dinner," Carole told me, "arrives along with the coffee and brandy. At that moment even a party that has started off at a rollicking pace can and will curl up and die, unless the hostess is on her toes."

CAROLE carefully avoids tragedy by permitting her guests to plan their own amusements. The harrowing business of herding everyone for games is eluded by the simple plan of having bridge tables, backgammon boards and anagram sets or any other likely entertainment spread out in the playroom while the guests are still at dinner. Then those who wish to play games will migrate of their own accord to the tables, while those who find the conversation diverting will gather without prompting, in sociable corners.

"Fortunately, I have a number of friends who are excellent musicians," Carole continued. "Music, if it is good and also impromptu, is a hostess' most benign ally. When an evening at my home finishes up with all the guests crowded around the piano singing at the top of their voices, I know the party can be checked off as a success."

Another item in the Lombard dinner ritual that should be well heeded by the inexperienced hostess is the absence of all food following

... and liquors. High-balls are made for the who desire them, but sticky candies are never pressed upon unwilling guests and mid-night sandwiches are absolutely out.

The buffet supper is a less delicate instrument to handle than the dinner, according to Carole, and it is a great boon to the hostess who must entertain now and then for large numbers of guests.

Carole's suppers, which she works out beautifully in a really small house for as many as thirty guests, are famous because of the distinctive dishes and because there is always room in which to enjoy the grand food. Small tables for four are distributed through the rooms and in the garden when the weather permits. If the garden isn't available, the guest list is pared down, because Carole knows that the only party that can be crowded with style is the cocktail gathering.

Among the delicious things I've tasted at Lombard buffets are casseroles of creamed mushrooms and sweetbreads, chafing dishes of Maryland chicken, casseroles of frog legs (I don't ask how this one is made; it's too complicated for me!) and deviled crab meat served hot and steaming in shells of white china.

BUT there is another important ingredient besides exquisite food and splendid management in Carole Lombard's recipe for clever "hostessing," and that is originality.

She has displayed a fine flare for creating parties based on an idea, usually an absurd one at that, and carrying them to a sublime finish.

Hollywood still talks about her famous hospital party, inspired by a series of small accidents among her friends. Carole decided to turn a regulation informal dinner into something serious fun at the last moment, and with the aid of a surgical supply house she changed her living-room into a hospital ward.

Carole met her guests at the door in a nurse's starched white uniform and issued long hospital robes which were donned over dinner gowns.

When she had them escorted to the white hospital beds complete with names and charts hanging over the footboard.

The butler, disguised as an interne, served medicinal-looking drinks that were sipped through glass tubes, but proved to be pleasant enough cocktails. Dinner was rolled in on an operating table, and the eating utensils were no less terrifying of surgical instruments.

WOULD not advise the unskilled hostess to attempt anything as complicated as Carole's hospital dinner, unless she is very certain of the humor and spirit of her guests.

Another fillip added to the social season was Carole's Roman banquet, prompted by a friend's regrets to a dinner invitation because, in her own words, "She was too tired to sit up straight at the table."

Carole assured the fatigued friend she wouldn't have to sit up for her dinner, and provided mounds of pillows that served as Roman lounges in her drawing-room. Dinner was served to ten reclining guests on low individual tables.

And while I'm taking the Lombard hostess formula apart to see what makes it tick so nicely, I must not forget to underscore the most important rite in her list of "do's." And that is to forget the hostess rôle with the arrival of the first guest.

Plan, work, scheme and manage to the end beforehand, says Carole, but the moment the party starts, forget you're running it, and pretend you're one of the guests.

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Gail Patrick goes in for a bit of kitchen testing on the pineapple and pineapple juice and comes out with some different and delicious results

THE kitchen holds an undeniable lure for most of us. Measuring, mixing, tasting, and finally our own creation that tempts the appetite at a mere glance. Hollywood stars form no exception to this kitchen urge. It's amazing how many of them can cook, and cook well. As women, we might agree that they like it because they don't have to do it, but they do do it, just the same. Gail Patrick, for example, recently delved into the possibilities of canned pineapple and canned pineapple juice. And Gail's discoveries might well grace our own serving trays.

Baked Hawaiian Ham—Suggested for a fairly large family or when you entertain. You will need a smoked ham of about twelve pounds, a large bottle of ginger ale, two quarts (eight cups) of Hawaiian pineapple juice, one cup of raisins, two boxes of cloves and a bouquet-garni. (This last is made by tying together sprigs of parsley, several green onions, a bay leaf, sprig of thyme, rosemary, marjoram, basil and sage, if you like the latter). Soak ham in cold water to cover and a cup of vinegar overnight. Put ham, boned and tied if possible, in

Pineapple in Piquant Rôles—

roaster in hot oven. Add bouquet-garni and water to cover roaster bottom. Brown for half an hour. Then add ginger ale and pineapple juice. Turn ham every fifteen minutes three times. Reduce oven heat to 325°, place cover on roaster and bake slowly four hours. When done, remove skin, sprinkle with brown sugar and press on cloves in design. Finish with slices of pineapple and place directly under broiler to brown. Let the gravy stand so fat may be removed. Add raisins, boil for ten minutes and thicken with a little flour and water. Dark raisins make the richest colored gravy. If a ham is used, divide the recipe in half.

Duck, Goose or Pork Stuffing—A delicious variation. Pare, core and chop four large apples. Mix with two cups stale bread crumbs, one teaspoon powdered sage, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon paprika and grated rind of half a lemon. Moisten with one cup of unsweetened pineapple juice.

Delight Cocktail—Something different in appetizers. Mix together two cups unsweetened pineapple juice, one cup tomato juice and juice of two lemons. Chill and shake well before serving in small glasses.

Mulled Pineapple Juice—An idea in hot drink for a cold night. Tie together in a small square of cheesecloth, one-inch stick of cinnamon, three whole cloves, one-fourth teaspoon ground allspice, one-fourth teaspoon grated nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Add these to a quart of pineapple juice and bring to the boiling point. Serve with crackers and cheese.

Pineapple Mint Ice—A double-duty delight either for dessert or meat course accompaniment. Soak one tablespoon of gelatin in two tablespoons of cold water for five minutes. Make a syrup by bringing to the boiling point one cup sugar and a half cups of pineapple juice and one-half cup sugar. No. 1 add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Stir in one tablespoon of fresh chopped mint (or mint flavoring), one cup crushed pineapple, two tablespoons lemon juice, a little grated lemon peel and pinch of salt. Freeze to a mush in your electric ice box freezing pan. Remove, add the unbeaten whites of two eggs and with egg-beater whip in a deep bowl until the ice is light and frothy. Return to the freezing pan and freeze stirring several times during the process.

Iced Pineapple Coffee—For bridge or a dancing party, this drink cools you off between rounds. Boil one-third cup sugar and scant teaspoon of grated orange rind and three-fourths cup water together for ten minutes. Cool, strain and add three cups of cold but freshly made coffee. Just before serving fill tall glasses with cracked ice, add one cup of pineapple juice and one-third cup cream.

"We Want a Divorce"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

people believe you and Charlie are romantic off the screen," the producer argued.

"Oh, you don't?" said Mary. "Well, after 'Pursuit of Happiness' was shown, two hundred and fifty people wrote in telling me what to do about Charlie's cold stomach. As if I haven't enough trouble without other people's cold stomachs to worry about."

"Well, what about me?" Charlie cried. "Didn't a hundred people write in to me after the picture, telling me what they thought of a woman who would make a man wear asafetida bread? Haven't they written in over and over, telling me what to do with a hen-pecking mamma?"

Mary's wail grew louder. The producer looked wildly about for some solution.

"Well," he finally said, "I don't know. You're already cast as ma and pa in 'Ruggles



Leontine Sagan, famous as the director and creator of "Maedchen in Uniform," is in Hollywood now, under contract to M-G-M

'Red Gap,' you know. The public is going to be terribly disappointed."

"Well, I don't want Mary out of the picture," Charlie said. "Couldn't she be my—"

"Your what?" Mary snapped.

"Well, my aunt or-r—"

Once again Mary's wails reached to heaven. Do you see how he insults me? His aunt, my aunt!"

"Well, my cousin," Charlie suggested. "My little cousin Mary."

"Wait," the producer interrupted, "I have an idea! That's it, you and Mary can be cousins and I'll get you new spouses!"

"Wh-wh-wh-what?" they gasped.

"Yes, that's the very thing. Now Mary, I've in mind a handsome Romeo for your new husband in 'Ruggles of Red Gap.' A dashing, fascinating chap."



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"Oo-oo-oh-that—oh, that's fine," Mary said, but her voice faltered. "Isn't that nice, Charlie?"

"And Charlie, I have the very wife for you," went on the producer. "A beautiful, luscious brunette. Slender and glamorous. You'll be crazy about her. Now I'll just give you two that divorce right now. You are no longer ma and pa of the screen. And good luck to you with your new spouses." He shook the limp hands of the bewildered pair and quickly eased them out the door.

For two whole minutes there was complete silence in the room. The producer sat behind his desk, never moving.

And then very softly the door was opened. Two people crept slowly back into the room.

"Oh-a-hello," Charlie grinned.

"Hello," the producer smiled. "You're back soon. What's the matter? Didn't you get what you wanted?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" Charlie said, twirling his hat. "Oh, sure!"

"Why, you see, we were just thinking it over," said Mary. "You see—a—I don't think this other woman, the one you spoke of, would be good for Charlie. I—a—really don't think she'd be safe with Charlie." (Charlie's chest expanded six surprised inches.) "You see, I understand him so well. Here, Charlie let me fix your tie."

"And this—this Romeo you know, the one you've got for Mary, well—a—we were just thinking," said Charlie, "Mary says she never

could get along with a Romeo. She—th is—"

"Oh, please!" Mary suddenly broke in. "We think, after all, we'll just stay married on the screen. We don't want that divorce. I love you, Charlie, dear?"

"No—no! We don't want it."

"Well, quit fiddling," Mary snapped as she walked out of the office.

"I can't help it if I have to fiddle. can I?" Charlie answered.

"Well, there's a—"

The voices drifted off into the distance. The producer wiped his nervous brow with a trembling hand. The world was saved.

Mary and Charlie remained the ma and pa of moviedom.

"AFTERNOON" TEA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

Love scenes are being rewritten for the screen by the dozen. No longer does the hero say, "Darling, I love you, your wonderful smile, your lovely eyes, your fair hair." Nowadays he barges in with a nonchalance and a pearl-headed cane and says, "I say, old thing, you're a bit all right and all that sort of rot. What? What?"

We no longer, alas, go to the Brown Derby. May heaven have mercy on us, we now go to the "Darby." The good old Brown Derby for plum-duff and boiled cabbage. And, come to think of it, maybe that's what gave Al Smith that uncomfortable expression in a recent newsreel. He was beginning to suspect that on his head he wore a "darby." It's enough to wreck any man's nerves, isn't it?

Every day brings another load of the British influence. And remember, this doesn't come from the English actors themselves. They're as amazed as anyone. It comes from the Americans who have sprinted off to England normal and sane—or what passes for sane in Hollywood—and back they've come with a kidney pie complex and a Bond Street stoop. Like wildfire, the little mannerisms and customs of the motherland have spread throughout the length and breadth of Hollywood.

Louise Fazenda came home and the crumpet idea took hold. Ralph Bellamy came home and in two days coat-of-arm door-knobs opened practically every front door. Charlie Farrell came home and cricket took over polo like the Deans took Detroit. Bill Gargan came home and you should see the prize-fights.

Dinner jackets are now the last word in prize-fight attire. At least the first ten rows gleam with white bosomed spectators. Two prize-fighters, new to Hollywood and unaware of the English trend, made their first appearance at a recent Hollywood fight.

No sooner had the burly boxers stepped into the ring than the referee handed them a dainty cup of steaming liquid.

"Wot's dis?" they asked suspiciously.

The referee raised a reproving eyebrow. "It's your tea," he said, "don't be silly." Like a flash the two fighters were at him, tearing the screaming referee into bits before someone interfered.

The fight progressed amid subdued enthusiasm. Finally one fighter landed a terrific blow on the other's head. There was a ripple of hand-clapping from the audience.

"Jolly well struck, that blow," some ruffian from the fifth row said, and that ended it.

Naturally, the errors in swanky drawing-rooms gone British are just too ghastly. For instance, one hostess asked a certain screen villain if he would like a crumpet. "No, lady," he answered, "I could never learn to blow the darn thing. I'm good on the bass drum though."

"Tell me," a hostess gurgled to Nat Pendleton, "how would you like to play cricket?"

"Yea," Nat snapped with scorn, "I see myself rubbing my two legs together to make a funny noise. Why not let me play I'm a bee and sting somebody?"

"Do you know anything about Piccadilly?" another gone-British dowager asked a screen comic.

"Oh, sure," he replied, "my mother made it out of green tomatoes."

"He means piccalilli as I stand here and breathe," an actress gulped before she fell in a swoon.

And then there was Bill Gargan who landed home one day and the next went crazy for a bit of good old English bacon. "I've got to have some Wilshire bacon or I can't live," Bill howled as he raced from one restaurant to another in his search.

"You're sure you aren't mixed up with Wilshire Boulevard?" one inn-keeper asked,

which only sent Bill off all over again. At last, at the Vendome he thought he had found it. But Bill took one look at what passed for Wilshire bacon and, putting his head down on the table, sobbed out his heart.

After six actors and two waiters had finally calmed him down, Bill decided to try the marmalade and marmalade. But again the marmalade proved another wash-out so Bill rushed home to the English cook he had brought with him, and the two are now busily pouring kettles of jolly old English marmalade into jolly little jars and are selling the stuff as fast as it can be made—and no kidding. So get in your order early. But can you see the red-headed Iris Gargan lad diddle-daddling around with his little pots of marmalade?

People who sell merchandise in Hollywood shops are no longer clerks. They are now clerks. No relation to the Gables, of course. Why, the English craze has even spread to the telephone operators.

A comedian, a little dizzy from too much English tonic water, strolled into a telephone booth and asked for a number. Presently the operator's voice answered, "Are you there?"

"Well, not altogether," the actor apologized. "You see, I inherited a little mental trouble from my Aunt Hattie."



A famous Hungarian star and his wife come to Hollywood. They are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lorre. Mr. Lorre has been signed by Columbia. His first picture will be "Crime and Punishment"

"Go on," interrupted the operator, "you're tough, sir."

The Bellamys also suffered a terrible fate upon their return home. British-like, they placed their best shoes outside the bedroom door, their first night home, for a bit of polish-up. Next morning they opened the door, and no shoes. Ringing for a servant, in walked the young Filipino house boy in Ralph's best shoes and behind him strutted the cook in Mrs. Bellamy's best pumps.

"Tankee," the house boy grinned. "You throw away shoes. We keep."

They didn't have the heart to say him nay. Na, going British costs money, me lads. For instance, there's the gay young actor about town who wanted to be a bit daring and, waving to a strapping big Irish cop, called, "I say, there's a bobby for you."

THE cop instantly motioned for him to stop.

"So," he said, "I'm a bobby type, am I? Well, that crack will cost you five bucks, and Gawd help ye if ye ever call me a Percy. Drive on."

Of course, English passion for abbreviated names could never be passed up in Hollywood.

I think the English could call Cholomondeley pin old Chumley and Worcestershire just pin Wooster, was just too much for the homing pigeons. No sooner had the last little group landed in Hollywood than Toluca Lake, innocent, well meaning little Toluca Lake, mind you, that wouldn't lift a hand against a fly, become overnight just plain "Tooley." Warner Brothers First National in Burbank is now "Wootsey in Bootsey." So if you say Tootsey works at "Wootsey in Bootsey," isn't everything just "cutesy"?

But for some reason, everyone felt that after Beverly Hills being what it is and all, it could never be gobbled off in one gulp, what with all those big houses and swimming pools and Dietrich and things. So by simply reversing the English habit of shortening names, they could make it work two ways. So, strangely enough, Beverly Hills is now Bevhellary Hill-ington-on-the-Sound. Pretty, isn't it?

Well, I tell you, visitors who have been out of town return to "Hooey" (that's English for Hollywood, you know) and see sights and hear sounds they never have heard before. We're more English than the island itself.

AN actor just back from New York tells of rushing into a major studio set one afternoon about four o'clock. He opened the sound door and stopped dead in his tracks. At a cozy little table sat the he-mannish director. Instead of his usual snorting and ranting he was calmly sipping a snack of tea. With scones! Fascinating little things, scones, don't you think? A portrayal of hard-boiled gangster rôles was bubbling on a watercress sandwich and sipping a scullion. What's more, the electricians sipped, the carpenters sipped, and the prop boy sipped. Tea over, the director asked calmly, "Well, shall we proceed with another scene?" Hereupon the visitor crawled from the set and tore to his manager's office.

"Say," he began, and then stopped. About a table sat his manager, several rough and ready newspaper reporters, a plumber who had been fixing the pipes and two hard-fisted actors. The chauffeur suddenly appeared with a tray of pastries. "Boss, have I gotta wash the tea things again tonight?" he asked. Mumbling, the visitor crept away, only to run headlong to Max Baer, Georgie Raft and his bodyguard, "the Killer."

"Wait, wait fellows," he cried, "I—"

"Can't stop now," Maxie cried. "Boy, we'll be late for tea. See you again."

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A beautiful skin is a responsibility—to keep it that way, believes Gloria Stuart. Here she illustrates an effective, thorough cleansing method. Herb sachets are soaked in very warm water for beautifying vapors



Gloria then gives her face full benefit of a thorough steam bath from the herb-laden moisture, which is cleansing, clarifying, softening. A herb balm is applied, allowed to remain for a while, then rinsed well away

PLAN YOUR BEAUTY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

fresh turkish towel rub your skin thoroughly but gently in light, rotating movements. This trick will help the removal of dead skin, arouse your circulation and help tone your face generally.

For skins that suffer from the usual blemishes of blackheads, whiteheads and acne conditions, most of which are caused by faulty care, there are special cleansing methods for you, and I tell you about some of them in one of my leaflets which you may have if you will write to me.

Even if your skin care irks you at times, please don't neglect it. Remember that the condition of your skin today and tomorrow and the day after that depends largely upon systematic, thorough care. There is little use in taking pains for a week or two then neglecting yourself for even a few days.

There are many splendid creams, lotions, unguents and other aids, but they are not magic. They cannot undo in a week what has perhaps been done over a period of years.

Hair grows, ordinarily, at the rate of half an inch a month, according to the best authorities I know on the subject. That means that in the course of a year you might have six inches of brand new hair. A consoling fact for those of you who are not satisfied with the present

By Carolyn Van Wyck

"BEAUTY at Bedtime" is a helpful leaflet, telling you the names of beauty aids as well as how to use them. "The Perfect Home Manicure," making it possible for you to do a good job on your own, and "Skin Worries," which helps you to overcome blackheads, whiteheads and eruptions, are also on hand and yours for a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

texture or tone. Hair responds quickly to proper treatment, thorough, mild shampoos, reliable tonics for correcting the troubles of dryness, oiliness, thinness and dandruff. There are scientific preparations for correcting your individual troubles, and I can vouch for the fact that they work. Again, no magic. If dry-

ness is the trouble, we choose a tonic that encourages the glands to secrete more oil; if too much oil is our woe, we use something to discourage the overflow on the scalp and hair. And so on goes the work of these understandable, practical aids.

Since nails, too, are always replacing themselves and the growth extends about an eighth of an inch under the cuticle, you can see how the daily use of a lubricating cuticle oil or cream might soon reward you with a firm, smooth nail even if your own are now brittle and flaking. While this condition is often due to some chemical lack in our bodies, the oils and creams really do wonders toward supplying a lubricant.

A workable beauty plan for many might be the following, preferably at night: thorough face cleansing, application of cream about eyes, on any lines and over neck and hands. Use of a grower on lashes, and brows, if desired. A thorough hair brushing and use of a tonic if the hair is not satisfactory. When in good condition, a weekly use of tonic is enough. Use of a cuticle cream or oil. All this takes little time and as you become adept at following this little schedule, you will soon be amazed how little time it takes to insure that new growth, which in turn spells new beauty for you.

The New Ambitions of Joan Crawford

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

the theater. Mysterious because few have seen it. "You're one of the first," Joan said. It's white, with natural wood paneling. Simple, but tastefully attractive, Joan and Bill Hines designed it.

Between pictures we're going to put on one-act plays," she said. "The more literary plays. You see it's a hobby, an experiment, and an education all at once. You know how pitifully little education I really have—"

Joan didn't. I knew she had gone to three girls' schools.

"Where I learned mostly how to work, and where I thought mostly of getting away," said Joan. "The things I've studied since I came to Hollywood have been the things I had to learn for the screen—diction, screen technique. But now I want something more, something of the things I've missed. Every minute that I'm alone I read aloud. And I have a dictionary handy. I used to have a professor from the university come up and tutor me every week. But I had to stop that. I was so busy."

I ASKED her who would act the plays—she and her intimate group of friends?

Joan nodded. She read my thoughts. "I've heard about my going high-hat," she volunteered, "and restricting myself to an 'intimate group.' I'm not high-hat. But I have so little time that I can't waste it on people to whom I can't give something. I used to think I had lots of friends. Then, when Douglas and I separated, I found I had two—just two real friends. Now I have five. I know they're my friends, because they have come back. I can give them something, and they have much to give me. But Hollywood—"

"Hollywood doesn't mean anything to me. It's just a name to me now. I'm completely apart from it. My studio is in Culver City, and my home is here. Hollywood used to mean so much to me. It was my life."

"When I first came out I sat around for months with nothing to do. They wouldn't even let me touch greasepaint. I had to let my energy out somehow, so I went dancing. I liked to dance, then, so I became," Joan grinned wryly, "the 'hey-hey' girl."

"But I'm not sorry. I think it helped me very early in pictures, although I've never yet been able to get away from the 'modern American girl' classification."

"But Hollywood was capable of hurting me so much. The things about Hollywood that could hurt me then, can't touch me now. I suddenly decided that they *shouldn't* hurt me—that was all."

"I have a memory like an elephant," she smiled.

As we left the little theater, Joan assured me that her ambitions for the future were still definitely with the screen, in spite of all this stage talk.

"I wish I could do one stage play a year, because I need the training. But I'm just as anxious to do a costume play on the screen. I like to do," she hesitated, "Joan of Arc!" I said she had the right name.

"It would thrill me a great deal," she sighed, "to do one costume play a year. I've never done one. When I was doing all of those flaming youth parts I wanted badly to be a



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London*

dramatic actress. Now I've done several dramatic parts, but you can't just go on forever being sad and making people cry.

"The picture I just finished is a comedy. They wanted comedy and I tried to give it to them. I did everything, fell on my face even. And I liked it. In the future, I'd love to do one very heavy picture, one costume play and one comedy a year—and a stage play if I could squeeze it in."

"And that would be enough?"

"Oh, no," Joan's face tightened. Her eyes glistened. "I want to sing."

"On the screen, Joan?"

"Yes," said Joan, "until I'm ready."

"Ready? For what? Grand Opera?"

She nodded eagerly, almost mischievously. "Oh, it's a wild dream," she admitted, "but you never can tell. It would thrill me to pieces."

It all came out. She has been taking voice lessons an hour every day when she isn't working. She has discovered that she possesses a voice with a range of three octaves—which is

quite low and at the same time quite high. She even started Franchot Tone singing, thereby uncovering a very impressive basso-profundo voice.

And it seems, he likes it so well that he practices at six o'clock in the morning and during lunch hours!

"I'm going to sing in my next picture," she told me, "for the first time. Popular songs," she added. "So, I'm going to give them strictly a crooning voice."

I wondered if I could hear the voice, and Joan said she had some records in the house.

We played them. Some were the "crooning voice" and some were what "my teacher said I had courage to even try," smiled Joan.

I'M no vocal critic, but I thought her voice was lovely—a low, rich mezzo-soprano, not fully trained, but clear and promising. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if, some day, she made that wild dream of opera come true.

In fact, I wasn't surprised when she told me that besides wanting from the future a screen

star's continued glory, a stage star's self-confident poise, and an opera singer's career, she also wanted to dance, really dance. Classically. Ballet.

You can tell by her eager, restless face that she still wants many things.

I wondered if she wanted marriage again.

"What about marriage?" I asked her.

"What a shame," Joan said, pointing to the back of my coat. "All white. It's off the lawn chairs. I'm so sorry."

It was disconcerting, because the suit was new and also dark. I dusted furiously, but rallied.

"What a—"

"What a pity," said Joan, "that you have to leave. I'll get your hat."

I waited grimly at the door.

She returned, smiling sweetly.

"What about marriage?" I repeated, "I've got to say *something* about it."

"Why don't you say," suggested Joan handing me my hat, "that you asked me about marriage and I changed the subject."

What I Like and Hate About Myself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

comfortable, or bored part of the time. See what I mean?"

From the eager, vital, impetuous Lee Tracy I went to see the beautiful Anna May Wong on the "Limehouse Blues" set. Rehearsing for the part of the dancer in the noisy, smoky den, she stood with an immense dignity on the dingy platform . . . a thousand, slanting, Chinese years back of her unshakeable poise.

"I never like people who like themselves," she told me. "There are traits and emotions, however, which certainly create likes and dislikes within a person. I probably have generations of self-disciplined ancestors to thank for what I like most about myself: the ability to face situations calmly. That is a Chinese trait which has not been difficult for me to develop. In fact, I think little of it until I see others go to pieces, so to speak. I am so hard to rile that sometimes I get provoked with myself for not flaring up once in a while. Some people seem to go through life looking for fights. I shrink from them. It certainly is not cowardliness, for nothing I have encountered so far has frightened me. I am simply thoroughly convinced that temper and anger are against all standards of right living, and I do not count them among my emotions. Certainly, Hollywood is a difficult place in which to keep calm. But, I have and like that ability. Yet I take little credit for it. I was born with it."

Alice White likes the impression she gives on the screen of being the fresh little kid next door. She told me that old ladies would come back stage during her recent personal appearance tour and call her "Alice," explaining that they couldn't help it. They felt they really knew her!

She dislikes the parts she plays, however. "Nothing annoys me more than the little wise-cracking, gaga snips I play, but I look so young when I get a good cameraman that nobody will cast me as a girl with any brains."

As a person, she likes the fact that she's learned not to take herself too seriously. "I've travelled around the country a bit and I've seen that other people have lives, too."

"But what I can't stand about myself is my eternal procrastination. A friend of mine re-

cently had a baby, and I kept telling myself to send her a telegram. I've told myself for a long time now, but when I do send it the baby will be grown up."

Francis Lederer disposed of the whole matter in a few positive, well-chosen words:

"I do not like anything about myself either personally or on the screen. My performance on the screen is like the picture a painter would paint—and he is never satisfied. That is why I am not satisfied. I am striving for a fine performance, and I always feel that I have fallen short of what I had hoped to achieve. Although you will not believe me, there is nothing about myself off the screen that I like, either. In fact, of all the people I know, I like myself the least."

KAREN MORLEY, I'm afraid, waxed a little facetious when she chose her new false eye-lashes as the thing she likes best about herself on the screen. "They are beautiful," she said earnestly, "just the kind of lashes I've always longed to have, and they look as if they grew on me."

"The thing I like least about myself on the screen is my walk. I really can walk nicely if I think of it, but when I'm playing a part, I'm too mentally occupied with it to watch my walk. And then when I see myself—whew!"

As an individual, she voted for her ability to give an imitation of the great Garbo. That is her pet like. The quality she most dislikes in herself is her absentmindedness. One morning, she even forgot to bring her treasured eye-lashes to the studio!

No mother ever told her little girl that she couldn't play with Madge Evans. Practically any mother would be happy to leave her children with Madge when she went shopping.

"And that," says Miss Evans, "is what I dislike about myself on the screen. I dislike my extreme reliability. I'm always cheering someone on to win a football game or to make a man of himself. I'm always safe. I always do the right thing. I'd like to be just a little less reliable. But I do like the way I wear my sports clothes on the screen."

"I have a major fault as a person that I

would like to correct. I'm always imagining that I have hurt someone. I'm not demonstrative. I'm lacking in even the most common social graces. It's impossible for me to go up to a close friend and say, 'Hi—you—like you!' I'd love to be utterly and devastatingly charming, but it's impossible. And so I'm always wondering whether so and so is hurt. There is one thing, and one thing only that I like about myself. I'm not afraid of anything."

Neil Hamilton flatly refused to give me a like. So he made up for it by giving me four dislikes. He dislikes his smile on the screen. "I looks," he says, "just like a scared rabbit looking up at a mad elephant." He also thinks he uses too many gestures. He dislikes, off the screen, his total inability to follow anything to its logical conclusion, and his lack of mature judgment of people.

And now I'll fool him. What I like about him is his vitality, his tremendous enthusiasms. He goes whole-heartedly at everything, and nothing lasts very long. When he was building his home, he couldn't think of anything else. Then it was finished and you couldn't get him off his boat. Then he built a swimming pool and practically lived in it, until it was supplanted by a tennis court. Then he took up bicycling, then hiking. Then he discovered hermit living in the hills and went up there and stayed a week, eating nothing but raw vegetables. Then he decided to study French. Next came a period devoted solely to health with trainers and everything. Then he took up, in rapid succession, music, art and horticulture. His latest enthusiasm is a cave which he discovered near his house. He practically lives in it, cooking his own meals, and the family has to send messages out to him.

Neil wouldn't tell his likes. Douglas Montgomery wouldn't tell his dislikes.

"My mother told me when I was a child 'For goodness' sake, don't tell your faults to people. They might miss some of them.' So I refuse to tell any of my faults, because people would immediately flock around them like bees around a pot of honey if I drew attention to them. But Lordy! how I can tal

about my likes! This is a chance of a lifetime! To begin with, I like my high cheekbones, and I like one side of my face, and the area around the eyes and the cheek bones. I'm grateful that my ears don't stick out, although they have no lobes and fall, therefore, into the criminal class. I like my voice because it is so beautiful and therefore does not detract from what I am saying. My legs are good, with the exception of my knees, which knock, and my back is all right. Outside of that, I'm terrible. I'm a great disappointment to myself as an individual and as an actor."

Missa Landi dislikes her mouth on the screen. She likes her walk—the way she moves. Off, she likes her ability to tell the truth under all circumstances, and she dislikes her quick temper. Both, she said, get her into the same amount of trouble. And I like the way she answered those questions—quickly, and honestly, and straight from the shoulder.

June Knight likes her voice and the fact that on the screen she has more personality than beauty. She dislikes the way she walks. She likes about herself her inability to say "no." "I have overcome so much (she was crippled for years and by sheer determination made herself into a very fine dancer) that I have a feeling there is nothing I cannot do." But she dislikes her wholesale trust in people.

Evelyn Venable said, "I can't stand various little idiosyncrasies I have that I never knew about until I saw myself on the screen. For instance, I never knew that I raise my eyebrows every time I smile. Ever since I first saw myself do that in a picture, I have tried to control it and now I am quite self-conscious about it."

"I didn't like the way I walked when I first saw myself. So I set about to develop an entirely new carriage. I use my pictures as my examination papers, and I'm still far from graduation."

"What do I like about myself? I'll tell you what I would like. I would like, some day, to get a chance to do Shakespeare on the screen. When I do, I'll tell you if I like myself."

Little Raquel Torres could think of only one thing—her loyalty to her friends. She dislikes her ability to be fooled in her judgment of people, and she dislikes (of all things!) her talent on the screen.

And so I went back to report to my little high school friend.

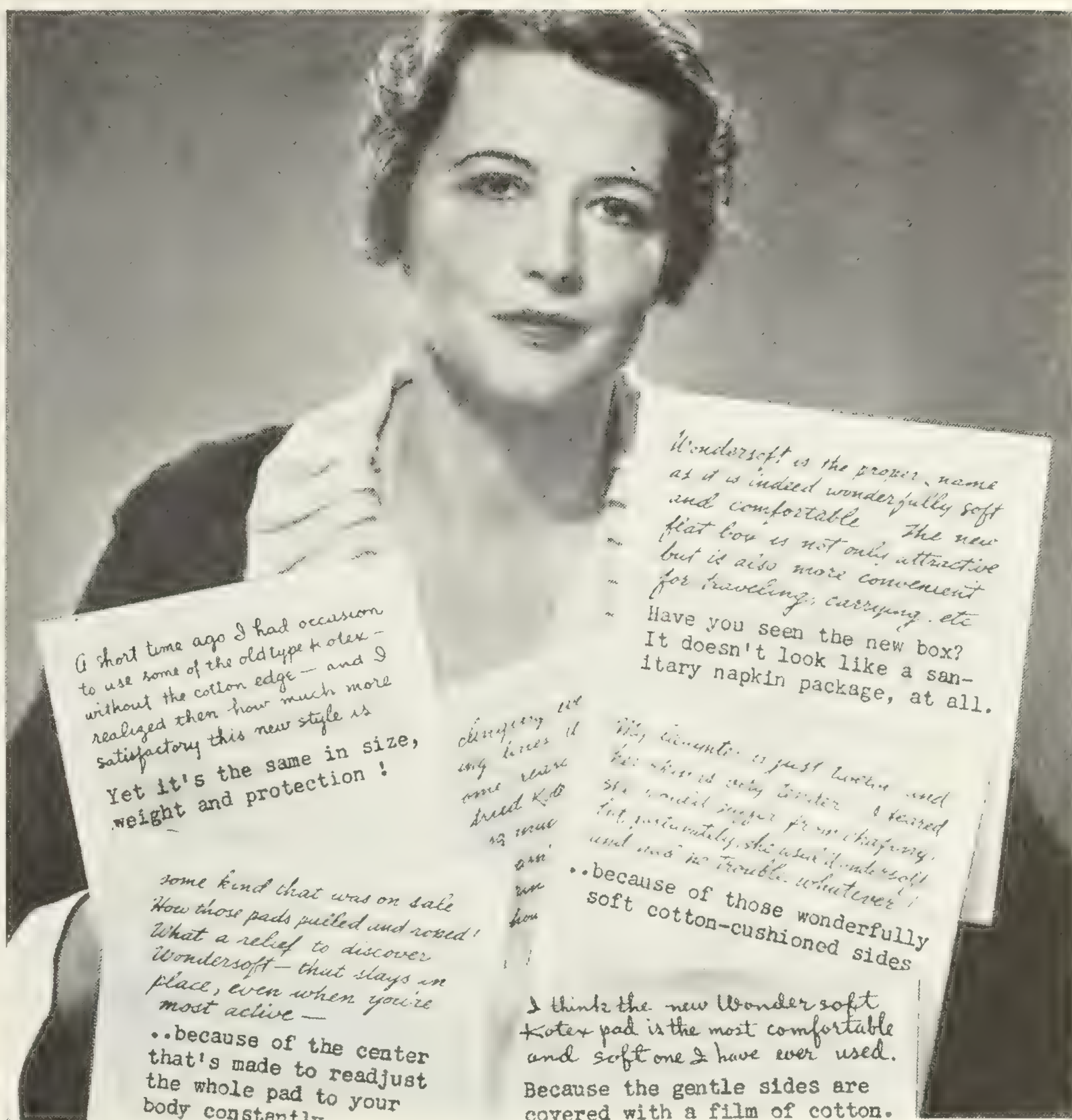
"I've found out something," I told her. "The bigger you are on the screen, the more self-critical you become. Because a million people write letters of admiration to you does not mean that you become serene with a feeling of perfection. The more seriously you take your screen career, the more attention you pay to your faults."

And I told her the results of my investigations.

"Then you think it is all right for me to go to a plastic surgeon and have my nose changed?" she said eagerly. "But Mother has forbid me to go," she added.

"Your mother," I said firmly and with great finality, "knows best. All I wanted to prove to you is that famous people of the screen are human beings and not conceited peacocks. Fame has not dulled their capacities for self-analysis. So admire them for what they are, and don't envy them for a self-satisfaction they haven't got. A lot of them have mothers who won't let them cut off their noses, either."

And with that I went home to my mirror to see what I wanted the plastic surgeon to do on.



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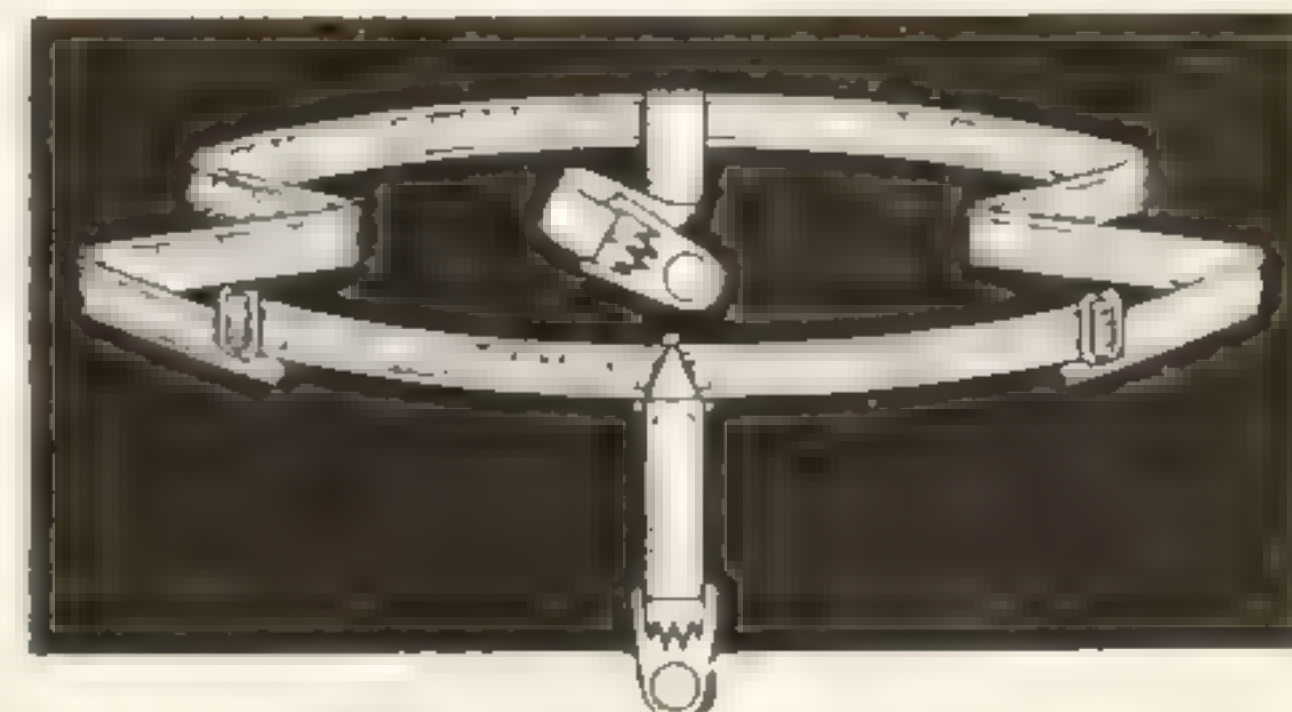
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WHEN Ross Alexander made his screen debut in "Gentlemen Are Born," everyone started asking about him. With the release of "Flirtation Walk" his following increased by leaps and bounds, so the old Answer Man now endeavors to tell a "waiting public" all about him.

He has been in the theatrical business since he was four years old, when he appeared in a play called, "A Nest of Birds." As the years rolled around he appeared in such plays as "The Ladder," "Under Glass," "No Questions Asked," "After Tomorrow," "Let Us Be Gay" and "The Wooden Slipper."

Back in 1932 Ross appeared briefly in a picture made in Paramount's Eastern Studio. It was "The Wiser Sex" featuring Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Lilyan Tashman and Franchot Tone. Ross went back to the stage after that and forgot about making pictures until Hollywood beckoned last year.

Ross was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 27, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His family name is Smith. Last February he was married to Aleta Freile, a stage actress. All you admirers of this lad can address him in care of the Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. His latest picture is "Maybe It's Love."

SID, NEWARK, N. J.—The cute trick who danced with Edward Everett Horton in the "Let's Knock Knees" number in "The Gay Divorcee" is Betty Grable. You can write to her in care of the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

D. & M., CHICAGO, ILL.—No need for further scrapping, boys, you're both wrong. Frank Fay was the leading man in "Under a Texas Moon." Raquel Torres and Myrna Loy were his leading ladies.

MUSIC LOVERS EVERYWHERE—So many have sent in requests for the names of the songs that Grace Moore sang in "One Night of Love," that I have to answer them *en masse*. Here they are: "Sentre le libre" from "La Traviata;" "Last Rose of Summer" from "Martha;" "La Habanera" from "Carmen;" "Un del di" (One Fine Day) from "Madame Butterfly;" "Ciri-biri Bin" sung in the Italian Restaurant scene. Grace also sang in the sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor." The theme song of the picture was "One Night of Love."

B. R. SMITH, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Betty, you're just one of hundreds who has fallen for Tullio Carminati. Well here's the low-down on him. Tullio hails from Zara Dalmatia, Italy, where he was born September 21, 1896. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 155 and has brown hair and blue eyes. His real name is Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla. He has been in the theatrical profession since he was nineteen



Tall, slender Ross Alexander was one of the most talented Broadway juveniles before his entrance into talkies. He has been making pictures for three years. His latest is Warners' "Flirtation Walk"

years old. Upon the completion of "One Night of Love" Tullio went to Italy to make a picture. He is back in Hollywood again ready to make more American pictures.

MISS RAE PERINO, ALLENDALE, N. J.—Rae, both Leslie Howard and Fredric March appeared in "Smilin' Through." Leslie played the rôle of John Cateret and Fredric was Kenneth Wayne. Others in the cast were Norma

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

Shearer, O. P. Heggie, Ralph Forbes, Beryl Mercer, David Torrence, Margaret Seddon and Forrester Harvey.

I. NEWTON LEIGH, PORTLAND, ORE.—The movie based on Susan Glaspell's novel "Brook Evans," was released under the title "The Right to Love." It was made in 1930 by Paramount and featured Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, David Manners, Irving Pichel and a notable supporting cast. Richard Wallace directed the picture. If you want a complete cast send me a stamped addressed envelope.

HAZEL SAYEN, TOLEDO, OHIO—In 1927 Dolores Del Rio and Rod LaRocque appeared in "Resurrection" for United Artists. Universal made a talkie version of it in 1931 with Lupe Velez and John Boles. Anna Sten and Fredric March recently appeared in still another version which was released under the title, "We Live Again."

RUTH MOONEY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Going in for altitude records, eh, Ruthie? Alice Faye is the smallest of those you mentioned, reaching just 5 feet, 2 inches. Next comes Jean Parker, 5 feet 3; then Maureen O'Sullivan and Claudette Colbert, each 5 feet, 4 inches. Elissa Landi and June Knight follow with 5 feet, 5 and Margaret Lindsay tops them by one inch.

B. M. SEYMOUR, DALLAS, TEX.—The principle characters in "The Hell Cat" were Robert Armstrong, Ann Sothorn, Benny Baker, Minna Gombell, Charles Wilson and J. Carroll Naish. Send me a stamped return envelope if you want a complete cast.

HAROLD BRENNAN, PORTLAND, ORE.—I don't blame you one bit for falling for Anita Louise. Ah, me, if I were only a young lad again. Anita is a born New Yorker, the eventful day being January 9, 1917. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 96 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Anita Louise Fremault. She received her education in New York, Hollywood and abroad. Entered pictures in 1921 at the ripe old age of 4 years. Her most recent pictures are "Judge Priest," "Most Precious Thing in Life," "Bachelor of Arts" and "Firebird." Anita is "keeping company" with Tom Brown.

E. A. F., LA JOLLA, CALIF.—So glad to hear from you. Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 and has black hair and brown eyes. Made his debut into pictures in England in 1919 and in the U. S. A. in 1921. Prior to that he was on the stage. You're right, he appeared in both "Raffles" and "Arrowsmith." His next picture is "Clive of India" in which Loretta Young is his leading lady.

Nonchalant Noel Coward

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

producers now and again for the way they handle his plays, he is always ready to applaud even they produce one of his shows in a way that pleases him. He will not condemn Hollywood because the movie capital changes a play around. He will make a joke or two and let it go at that. And when they do a thing like "Cavalcade" he is the first to be on hand with congratulations.

"I have some jolly good friends in Hollywood," he told me, his hands in his pockets and his head back. "I enjoyed myself out there. I found things interesting. They wanted me to make a film, but I couldn't see it at the time." Greta Garbo, in Noel Coward's eyes, is one of the most sensible screen players in Hollywood. So is Ronald Colman.

"It seems quite obvious," he said. "They make comparatively few films. They stay away from too much publicity and all this shing around and so on. They do things quietly and steadily, and that's what really counts in the long run. The very obvious result is that they are welcome by film audiences when they appear in a picture." It sounded like good logic. Noel Coward could not have made a fortune in the theater without a keen sense of logic. It is not difficult to realize that, looking at him.

NOBODY knows if he will ever make a picture. He might, and he might not. You never can tell about Noel Coward. He might write a play one week and be off to China or Alaska the week after.

"I like traveling," he told me, as we sat there. "I'm always too late or too early. I arrive in Japan when the cherry blossoms have fallen. I get to China too early for the next revolution. I reach Canada when the maple leaves have gone and the snow hasn't arrived. People are always telling me about something I haven't seen. I find it very pleasant."

Seeing that we were on the subject of travel, I decided to get to the bottom of his Mediterranean episode last summer. The newspapers made a great deal out of that. They had him shipwrecked in his yacht off Corsica—sunk in a storm, as a matter of fact. Later they had him marooned without any clothes in some lonely fisherman's shack.

He smiled and settled back more comfortably. "The publicity given that little incident," he declared, "was a lot of blah."

"Blah?"
"Blah. Simply blah! I had just got over appendicitis and decided to take a sea trip in my yacht for a little blissful convalescence. Off Corsica we ran into a storm. It was a beautiful affair, and the boat did everything but capsize. I decided, then and there, that that was enough for me, so I went ashore from the yacht. The next thing I heard was that the boat had been shipwrecked. Practically all my clothes were lost. Luckily my valuables weren't on board. But, Good Lord, what a holiday the papers had! They made me shipwrecked in my yacht, simply floundering around in the seas, you know, when all the time I wasn't near the thing! And then they had me completely marooned in a fisherman's hut—some musty hovel with barely a stitch of clothes left clinging to me. As a matter of fact

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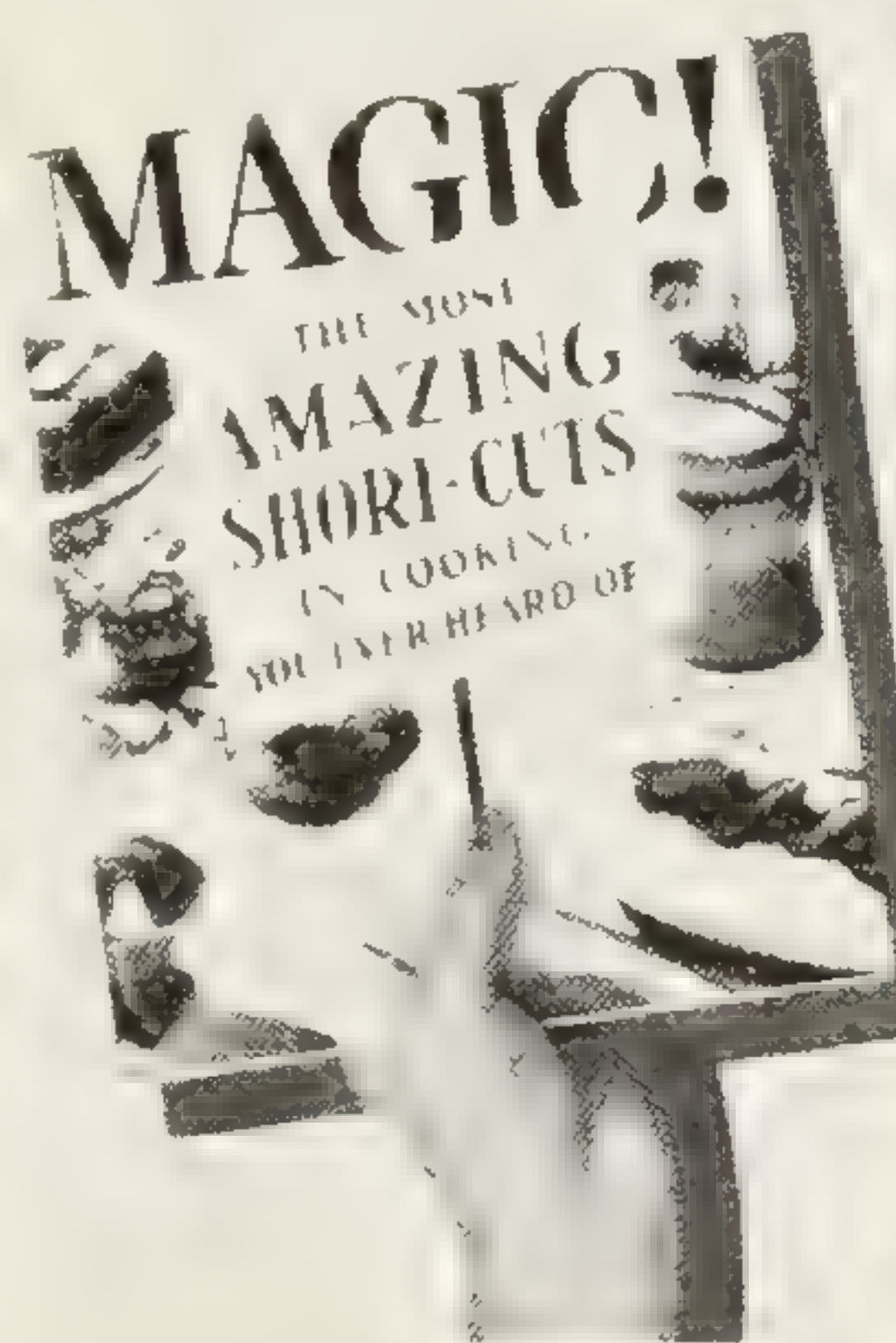


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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 1-P, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I was resting comfortably in a first-class hotel; very ritz, if you want to know the truth."

I looked at him. Evidently the London tailors had been busy since that yacht went down in the Mediterranean.

"I got back to London for rehearsals on 'Theater Royal.' Immediately I developed colitis, and had to stop work every few hours and rest up. It was really a lovely rest cure—completely restful!"

That twinkle in his eye again. The play 'Theater Royal' was the London version of the American production, "The Royal Family," which appeared on the screen as "The Royal Family of Broadway."

Noel Coward began to chat with me about the theater and plays. He may never produce his war drama, "Post Mortem," because he thinks the time has passed for it to be a success. He is producing his own plays today, and he admits that he is glad to be doing it. With John C. Wilson as his business manager, and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the American stage stars, as acting partners, he is running his own show, writing, producing, directing and acting.

He is reticent about his private life. It will all come out, he says, in his autobiography. He started work on that some time ago, and is still putting a few words to it whenever he gets

the chance. Characteristically he said: "It's quite a job. I mean, when you write a play you know what the ending will be. But you can't know the end to an autobiography, can you?"

Noel Coward is an amazing personality. He is the most versatile man in the theater, and his energy is little less than astounding. In his "thirties" he has already a long list of successes behind him—some of them loved and some of them hated, but nearly all of them admittedly brilliant.

Today he will finish off a play which, like or not, will be a hit in New York and London. Tomorrow he will sit down and write one or two songs, both words and music. They may go into a musical show he has in mind, or they may not. But in a short time the public will hear him sing them on gramophone records. He has made broadcasts from London stations. He produces his own productions and directs them, and nine times out of ten he will play a part in them. He is a capable actor, a composer of better-than-average tunes, finished showman and a brilliant dramatist.

Noel Coward will never be "typed" in his plays. He can be the last word in modernism, as he was writing "Private Lives" and "Design for Living." He can switch back and write a lovely musical romance like "Bitter Sweet."

He can handle drama like he did in "The Vortex" and be passionately sincere as he was in "Post Mortem," and he can turn around and write a spectacle that had England and the world drying tear-filled eyes, like his never-to-be-forgotten "Cavalcade."

He has stated that he had no time for patriotic fervor when he wrote that drama of England and her people. Yet looking at him as I did there in the lounge of the Empress of Britain, one has the feeling that Noel Coward, for all his modernism and sharp wit, was moved by something very deep when he wrote "Cavalcade," and that, probably, there was something there of the spirit, although in a different vein, that prompted him to write the unproduced, "Post Mortem."

"I'm going off somewhere after the opening of my new play," he told me. "I think it will be probably China, or Java. I may come back with something new. I don't know."

We had talked a long time; longer than I had realized. The ship was nosing up to the dock at Quebec before we knew it. He reached out and gave me a hearty handshake, said, "Cheerio!" and was off to see his valet about his luggage.

He moves quickly and decisively. He talks that way, too. Very modern, very English and very Noel Cowardish. He wouldn't disappoint you.

Hollywood, My Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

THE MAIN STEM

The world is here. Parading along this busy-dizzy alley of wonders in mid-afternoon you'll find a main stem as full of freaks as any circus Barnum ever owned. Visiting firemen gape in astonishment.

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Blondes of the weirdest flavors. Platinum, lemon, cocoanut, ash, strawberry, pistachio, mixed, minced and rinsed.

That ol' covered wagon with the sixteen Borax burros is not toting Death Valley Scotty in from the desert mines. It's advertising the opening of a new movie palace, a drive-in food market, a political rally, a night club, or, maybe Aimee Semple McPherson's Temple.

Here comes a bare-footed old dude with a white beard and mane. This stand-in for Kris Kringle is Peter the Hermit. He's a pretty wise old guy at that. He lives in the hills and he is smart enough to pick for his neighbors the birds and the bees, the bugs and the trees. Peter is sartorially perfect. He carries a eucalyptus staff. (Maybe it's hickory or oak, but somehow it seems like it ought to be eucalyptus.) He wears white duck slacks a bit soiled, and an open-neck shirt a bit more soiled, a garb which has been carefully copied by hundreds of Hollywood's best undressed

Autograph-seekers, mostly professionals, swarming around movie stars as they duck in and out of such favorite eat-and-be-seen-eries as the Brown Derby. Sardi's or Al Levy's Tavern. Suspicious mugs like Jack Oakie peeking into the books to make sure they aren't signing phony checks or what have you? Most of the autograph hounds don't know, nor care, who the movie star is, and most of them can't read anyway.

It's Dollar Day. You see people on the boulevard whom you haven't seen since last Dollar Day. They swarm in from the hills and dales clutching their dollars in trembling fists. They buy articles that go back to the regular price of six-bits the next morning. But, they're satisfied. So are we. We love suckers.

Curfew doesn't ring at nine o'clock any more. Too many, one, two, three, four and five o'clock chumps and cuties call Hollywood home now. At night, the main stem is a dazzling riot of colored Neon lights, loud noises and louder merry-makers clad in anything from sweat shirts to tuxedos, pajamas to evening gowns.

What a main stem!

FRIDAY'S FIGHTS

Every fight fan in the country has heard of the Hollywood American Legion stadium where the picture stars go every Friday night. The galleries are packed to the rafters with gore-loving Mexicans, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Chinese and Japanese. The reserved seats are jammed to the ringside with gore-loving movie actors and actresses, producers, directors, writers, cameramen, agents and occasionally a legalized voter.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller lead one cheering section and Mae West another. On a bum night, Lupe and Johnny can stage a better scrap than the pork-and-beaners.

The joint has a swell matchmaker, one Charlie McDonald, but the boxing commission successfully gums up the night's fun by appointing mind-readers and soothsayers as referees. Invariably these "wizards" forget to bring their crystals. The only way they can make a decision is to think of a number between "3" and raise the loser's hand. The assemblage in the melting pot roar like hell and then fill it up again the following Friday night.

But, the night of nights was a recent affair when Ol' Doc Kearns, assisted by none other than Dick Barthelmess (we still don't know why), led the Italian Adonis, Enzo Fiermonte to an unexpected slaughter.

The day of the "fight of the century" all the barbers and manicurists on the boulevard were laying eight and ten to one that Enzo would stop his opponent, an old shock-absorber named Les Kennedy. It appears that the smart-alecks thought the old "fix" was on, and that the wop warrior was a sure thing to knock your old Les bow-legged. Unfortunately, someone forgot to take Les into their confidence. He rapped Mrs. Astor's pet Adonis right on the button and took all the "fear" out of Fiermonte.

The Hollywood boys and girls are still trying to comb this one out of their wigs.

THE BOWL

To go from the ridiculous to the sublime, as it were, Hollywood offers one of the severest wonders of the world in the Bowl. If Old Dame Nature had her way, Hollywood would still be the same beautiful little model of simplicity it was twenty years ago when we first watched it emerging from its cocoon of orange groves.

Here and there quaint little flatroofed, one and two story frame and stucco buildings

dated the main stem. Mostly, however, the
boulevards and narrow residential side streets
were lovely vistas of doll-like California bunga-
las set amid vari-colored flowers and shrubs
in spacious lawns. Towering eucalyptus and
sawling peppers vied with majestic palms
and cool evergreens in shading the streets and
lakes. With sudden wealth from the fast-
growing movie studios, unprecedented pros-
perity and Chamber of Commerce ballyhoo,
the romantic village we once knew has become
a cross between Mecca and Broadway.
Tourists chase movie actors and escrow
Italians chase tourists.

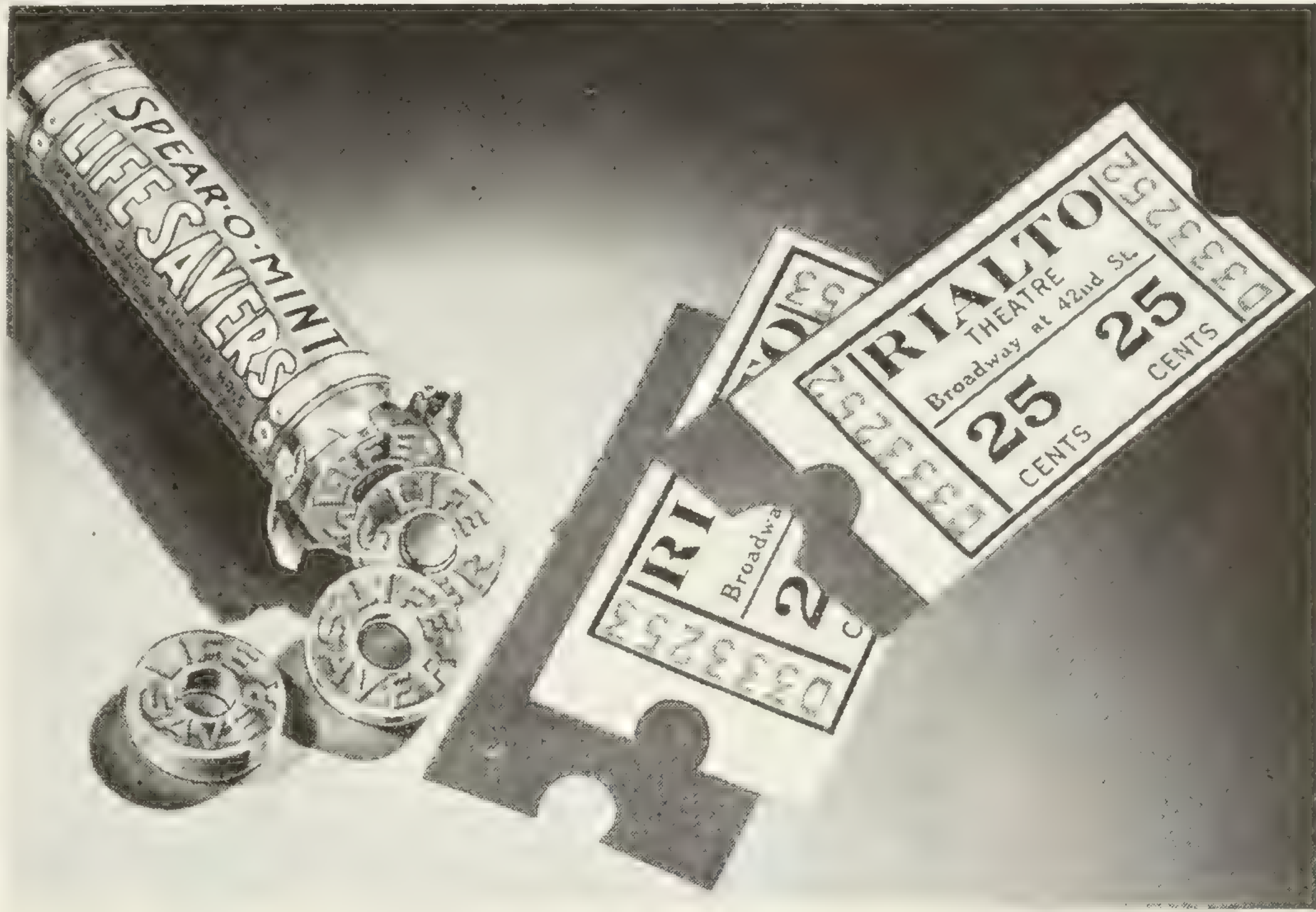
If you really care to see the Hollywood the
Old Dame Nature planned, go to the Bowl
Hidden away from the Hullabaloo, this mar-
velously beautiful and natural amphitheatre
in the mountains is a sylvan retreat which will
charm even the most blase and sophisticated.
Cool California nights under the stars,
listening to Jose Iturbi conduct a symphony,
or Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett singing
arias; or, to hundreds of voices chanting the
inspiring hymns of the Easter services at
sunrise; or, watching the gorgeous spectacle
of Max Reinhardt's interpretation of Shakes-
peare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" are
rich and rare experiences

NIGHT LIFE

Twenty years ago the lads and lassies who
loved night life could find it only in the far-
flung suburbs of Los Angeles. Hollywood was
still a nine o'clock town. It is true they could
dance to Paul Whiteman's swell music at the
Alexandria hotel, now quite extinct. They
could dine well in that grand old hofbrau,
the Hoffman, run by the genial Louis Arzner,
finer of the girl picture director, Dorothy.
Those who liked fish went to the Goodfellow's
on Otto, still one of the best in this country, or,
Jack's Chowder House. The sports patronized
Red Harlow's or McKee's. For all-around
good food and cabaret entertainment the gang
gathered at Al Levy's, where Bill Frawley and
his beautiful titian-haired wife Louise kept the
place from the door by yodeling and hoofing
nightly for the cash customers. Kindly little
Al Levy has catered to southern California
appetites for more than thirty years, moving
with the town. Today he is still one of Holly-
wood's favorite hosts.

But, for the jolly old night life the boys and
girls had to take their fun and frolic at Baron
Lig's Vernon, birthplace of many celebrated
entertainers. Among them Paul Whiteman,
Mac and Abe Lyman, Blondy Clark, Chris
Soenberg, Pee-wee Byers and the late
Jimmie Taylor. Or, we went to the Baron's
Tavern in the unromantic town of Watts to
hear Harry Richman. On warm nights we
drove to the beaches. What fond recollections
of the unique Ship at Venice, the Jewel City
at Seal Beach, The Sunset Inn at Santa Mon-
ica and Nat Goodwin's at Ocean Park.
Fading spots in those good old days—but few.
Today, Hollywood night life is smart,
sippy and expensive. In the good old days
of the "kittys" it was an intimate, one-happy-
family idea. The entertainers were pals of
the customers and vice-versa. Wally Reid
would play Pee-wee Byers' saxophone, Fatty
Buckle loved to work out on the snare drums
and Norman Kerry coveted Whiteman's baton.
The smartest of the Hollywood spots today is
the Trocadero, a restaurant with the Conti-
nental flavor. Old Boy! It is operated by an
elite showman one Billy Wilkerson, who also
runs the very, very exclusive Vendome where
the "better class" movie stars lunch and dine.

THREE TICKETS ...TO "REEL" ENJOYMENT



Every show's a HIT if you take along Life Savers.
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Wilkerson is really an editor, having won his chief fame in Hollywood as the publisher of the Reporter, which shares with Variety the distinction of being the alpha, beta and omega of the picture game.

Next in favor may be found the Colony and Clover clubs, the El Rey, the Mont Aire and Sebastian's Cotton Club for the Harlem-minded. Baron Long has given up Agua Caliente in Mexico and his racing stables to show the hotel folks how to make the Biltmore hotel pay dividends. And, the Ambassador's famed Cocanut Grove, featuring orchestra leaders, continues to draw the dancing mobs.

Yes, sir, Hollywood's night life is hot. A thousand-and-one night clubs spring up over night. For all kinds of people. They have even turned the old blacksmith shop under the spreading-live oak tree, where we used to pitch horseshoes, into a hit-and-miss joint.

Actors love to go for a piece of these quick-folding nighties. But, we won't go into that.

One of the few Eldorados is backed by our old curly-haired pal, Leon Errol. It rejoices in the quaint but alluring name, the Black Pussy.

BROWN DERBY

How the tourists love to watch the stars eat! Here is a typical scene at noon in the Brown Derby. Two visiting firemen and a lassie from Omaha are sitting with a Hollywood guide in a booth.

First Fireman—Who is that blonde in the booth across from us?

Guide—That's Carole Lombard.

Second Fireman—Carole Lombard. Holy Moses! Is that what she looks like off the screen? Why, you're better looking than she is, Elsie.

The Lassie—Oh! now Roy, I don't think so. But, who is the man with her.

Guide—That's George Raft.

The Lassie—The FIGHTER?

Guide—No, the picture star.

First Fireman—I thought Raft had curly hair like Leon Errol.

Second Fireman—So that's Raft, eh? I know a kid in the Owl drug store fountain back home who looks like him.

The Lassie—Well, neither one of them look so awful fancy to me.

(In the next booth Bill Frawley and I are taking a burn.)

Scoop—Get a load of those silly nit-wits from the sticks in the next booth. They probably came out here on a hay-ride.

Bill—Yeah—and they'll probably end up in "The Life of Ziegfeld."

YESTERDAYS

Like two Rip Van Winkles, minus the long white beards, Bill Frawley and I sit in a skyscraper office looking out of the windows down on the steady flow of busy humanity beneath us on the boulevard. They swarm like bees from a hive, in all directions. When we close our eyes, sitting there, it is even a bit bewildering to a couple of sophisticated guys of the world. Twenty years ago where this skyscraper now stands, we two wanderers lay under a palm tree, indolently wiggling our tired toes in the soft grass of a Hollywood boarding-house lawn. We watched the parade go by in those yesterdays too, but it was all so different. It was easy come, easy go. Old California!

We can hear the faint tinkle of a guitar as we lay drowsing in the sun. That would be Wally Reid strumming a melody to some pals, in his bungalow just around the corner.

Four pretty little girls go tripping by on their way to luncheon at the rose-covered bungalow tea room across the boulevard. The one with the golden curls is that little Biograph girl. They say her name is Mary Pickford, and the blonde with her is Blanche Sweet. Those two quaint ones with them are sisters, Lillian and Dorothy Gish. They just arrived from Massillon, Ohio. Ah, see that tall man with the hawk nose and the big straw hat greeting them. That's the great D. W. Griffith, you know.

What's that? Listen to the yells. Look, back of us. Here they come around the corner. Boy, look at those babies go. That handsome guy in front on the white horse is J. Warren Kerrigan. Who's the girl in his arms? Oh, that's the new beauty discovered from ol' Alabam'. That's Lois Wilson. Look at those Injuns ride. Whoops and yells! Here come the cowboys to the rescue. Boy, this is the life!

Mi gawd! Look at the firewagon coming down the boulevard. No, it isn't a firewagon. It's Tom Mix in his new racing car. Get a double O of that ten-gallon sombrero. And those colors!

The parade passes by in leisurely fashion, mostly.

See those guys who have stopped to talk. They're going places. In that one group are Cecil DeMille, (Yeah, that's the one in the puttees and riding britches). Jesse Lasky and

Dustin Farnum. Swell actor, Dusty. Did you see him in "The Squaw Man"? They just made it in that big barn they call a studio, down the street. That's Bill Farnum in the other group, with Tom Santschi. What a great battle they put up in "The Spoilers." Swell actors, too. The guy with them is a regular. That's Frank Lloyd. He is going to direct a big picture, "A Tale of Two Cities," with Bill playing Sidney Carton. Six reels, they say. What a chance they're taking!

There come the real beauties of Hollywood. The brunette is Alice Joyce and the blonde looker is Anna Q. Nilsson. They both used to be art models in New York, you know. They stop to chat with Jack Mulhall. He's a great lad. And, there come Tom Ince and Charlie Ray. Yeah, that's Charlie, the tall gawky kid in the rube makeup.

Take a tumble to what is driving up to the tea room. That's Mack Sennett, and the cute little trick with him is Mabel Normand. The big roly-poly guy is Fatty Arbuckle. But, who is that funny little mutt with them. See, the guy in the baggy pants, with the cane and the derby hat. And, the trick mustache. His name is Chaplin, Charlie. He's an English comic. Yeah, Sennett seems to think he is funnier than Ford Sterling. But, we don't know.

What do you say we go lie down in the hammocks and get a snooze? Wait a minute, here comes a regular guy. That tall, dignified looking gent. He's the new sensation. That's Bill Hart. They're calling him the "two-gun man." You want to see him in "Hell's Hinges" and "The Passing of Two-Gun Hicks." He's swell!

Twenty years! We open our eyes. Nuts, we're still up in this silly skyscraper looking down at a flock of ants. Let's get rolling. Where are we going? We're going to drive out thirty miles from Hollywood, boy, and we'll sit ourselves down in peace and comfort under a big oak tree on top of a high mountain. We'll dream away the hours as we look down on the roses, the palms, the peppers, the sycamores and the oaks guarding the domain beneath us. Our host will be a tall quiet man. As we lift our highballs together in toasts to God's country, Bill Hart will look at us with a knowing grin, and say: "Drink hearty, boys. Ain't it grand!"

[NEXT MONTH: ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF "HOLLYWOOD, MY HOLLYWOOD."]

They Didn't Mean to Be Funny

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

around—sort of without me, if you know what I mean. And that 'Oh dear . . .' The first time I said that was in my first talkie, 'The Dummy,' and I've been saying it ever since. Sometimes I swear I'll never say it again. I'm so tired of me on the screen. I started out to be a tragedienne. But my hands and voice and my face were too much to work against."

Charles Butterworth, he of the dead pan and serious mien, was a very grave steady young man, laboring continually under the delusion that life is real and life is earnest, and with no thought of a stage career. He aimed at politics.

With his features frozen into a doleful somewhat-may expression, he related the following ridiculous (but true) story:

"It was all a sad mistake, my becoming a comedian. To my dying day I will never forget the pain and shame of it. It happened about nine o'clock one evening at Rockford, Illinois—a political rally. No one will ever know the sleepless hours I had spent in preparing my speech, with the burden of America's political future upon my shoulders. When I stepped upon the stage, I was dazzled for a moment when I saw so many strange faces down front.

"No more than a hundred words had passed my lips before I began to detect a faint sound of snickering in the audience," he sighed. "Then I saw that it was my oration.

"Well, that speech, in the end, got the place in an uproar—and I walked out, leaving most

of the vegetables right there on the stage."

Acting on the advice of friends, who had almost died laughing at his grave attempts to tell people how to vote, Butterworth went on the stage and became one of the greatest of monologists.

Louise Fazenda, always planning to be a comedienne, never dreamed, however, that her comedy trade-mark would be that devastatingly contagious giggle.

"I knew when the talkies came in that I would have to do something to hold my own, or else open a restaurant somewhere," she told me. "Anybody can talk. And so I experimented with several sound effects. Thusly the giggle came. Not everybody can giggle as sillily as I can."

he story back of Stuart Erwin's slow, deliberate dumb comedy is interesting. After graduating from Egan's dramatic school in Los Angeles, he stage-managed about a year, and then took the same job with George C. Scott, who was producing "Women Go Home," at the Music Box in Hollywood. Unable to cast a small two-side part, that of an embarrassed young man, Erwin took it himself.

"I realized my part was so small that nobody would ever remember me," he recounted. "Suddenly it struck me that if I read the two sides very slowly, taking a lot of time out for explanation and general dumbness, I would stay on the stage longer and the audience would be able to notice me. And it did."

which is a good example of how desperation forced an actor into acquiring a comic trade-mark.

Ina May Oliver's famous sniff and nose wrinkle are her trade-marks. She gave that historic sniff in "Half Shot at Sunrise." In the picture she had to do something to show disdain at the clowning of Wheeler and Woolsey. So, she did the most natural thing in the world. She sniffed. And how! All unsuspecting, she went to the preview of the picture, and was flabbergasted at the howls of laughter her sniff caused. So, she continued to, and later developed the nose wrinkle that enhanced "Cimarron." These accidental trade-marks are her only concessions to slapstick, which she hates.

Speaking of Wheeler and Woolsey—imagine my embarrassment when I asked Woolsey how he happened to think of that funny, mincing swagger of his.

"Oh, I naturally walk that way," he said, and laughed at my discomfiture. And he does. I later watched him walk down to the commentary.

His everlasting and active cigar accidentally became another of his comedy trade-marks because Wheeler had a line of dialogue he wanted to use in a play. The gag was for Woolsey to blow smoke in Wheeler's face, and then have Wheeler inhale it, blow it out, and say, "Thanks. That's the first thing you ever gave me." It went over big, and since then Woolsey has kept his cigar.

Wheeler is distinguished from other comedians by his little boy manner and hesitant, foolish manner of speaking. Woolsey suggested it to him, so they could have one person in the team who could carry the romantic interest and thereby eliminate the necessity of having the conventional romantic leads. Wheeler was, at one time, what he calls "a baby-pants" comedian.

For Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy—they fought bitterly against being teamed as comedians. They lost. Hardy's comic trade-mark—loping his tie with that self-conscious, embarrassed smirk—was accidentally discovered on screen laugh, although he does it quite often, and entirely naturally in real life. In one of their first pictures, Hardy spread his legs over a mud puddle for the leading lady to talk over, and then stood watching her, twiddling his tie quite unconsciously as he did so. The tremendous laugh at the prelude was totally unexpected, and the tie twiddle was adopted permanently.

Laurel's elegant gesture of throwing his elbow up and scratching the top of his head is also a natural thing for him to do. He did it long before it was found to be funny for screen purposes, and the condition of his hair is proof. It sticks up in all directions all the time, and nothing can be done about it.



The Hawaiian "Here's How" is right at home in this "Girl of the Islands" set on the RKO-Radio Pictures lot. Regis Toomey has just mixed a long tall one for Steffi Duna.

The "Here's How" for a "Girl of the Islands"

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Casts of Current Photoplays

"BABBITT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Tom Reed and Niven Busch. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Geo. F. Babbitt*, Guy Kibbee; *Myra Babbitt*, Aline MacMahon; *Tanis Judique*, Claire Dodd; *Berona Babbitt*, Maxine Doyle; *Ted Babbitt*, Glen Boles; *Paul Reisling*, Minor Watson; *Zilla Reisling*, Minna Gombell; *Charlie McKelvey*, Alan Hale; *Judge Thompson*, Berton Churchill; *Martin Gunch*, Harry Tyler; *Commr. Gurnee*, Russell Hicks; *Zeke*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Eunice Littlefield*, Nan Gray; *Miss McGoun*, Mary Treen.

"BABES IN TOYLAND"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Based on the operetta, music by Victor Herbert, book by Glen MacDonough. Screen play by Frank Butler and Nick Grinde. Directed by Gus Meins and Charles Rogers. The cast: *Stanley Dum*, Stan Laurel; *Oliver Dee*, Oliver Hardy; *Bo-Peep*, Charlotte Henry; *Tom-Tom*, Felix Knight; *Barnaby*, Henry Kleinbach; *Widow Peep*, Florence Roberts; *Santa Claus*, Ferdinand Munier; *Toymaker*, William Burress; *Mother Goose*, Virginia Karns.

"BATTLE, THE"—LEON GARGANOFF PROD.—From the novel by Claude Farrere. Directed by Nicholas Farkas. The cast: *Marquis Yorisaka*, Charles Boyer; *Fergan*, John Loder; *Marquise Yorisaka*, Merle Oberon; *Betty Hockley*, Betty Stockfield; *Hirata*, V. Inkijinoff; *Felze*, Miles Mander; *The Admiral*, Henri Fabert.

"BEHOLD MY WIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sir Gilbert Parker. Adapted by William R. Lipman and Oliver LaFarge. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: *Tonita Stormcloud*, Sylvia Sydney; *Michael Carter*, Gene Raymond; *Diana Carter-Curson*, Juliette Compton; *Mrs. Carter*, Laura Hope Crews; *Mr. Carter*, H. B. Warner; *Bob Prentice*, Monroe Owsley; *Jim Curson*, Kenneth Thomson; *Mary White*, Ann Sheridan; *Mrs. Sykes*, Charlotte Granville; *Pete*, Dean Jagger; *Juan Stormcloud*, Charles B. Middleton; *Benson*, Eric Blore; *News Photographer*, Fuzzy Knight; *1st Reporter*, Jack Mulhall; *2nd Reporter*, Neal Burns; *3rd Reporter*, Pat O'Malley; *Miss Copperwithe*, Gwenllian Gill; *Indian Boy*, Billy Lee.

"BRIGHT EYES"—FOX.—From the story by David Butler and Edwin Burke. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Shirley Blake*, Shirley Temple; *Loop Merrill*, James Dunn; *Mrs. Higgins*, Jane Darwell; *Adele Martin*, Judith Allen; *Mary Blake*, Lois Wilson; *Uncle Ned Smith*, Charles Sellon; *Thomas*, Walter Johnson; *Joy Smythe*, Jane Withers; *J. Wellington Smythe*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Anita Smythe*, Dorothy Christy; *Higgins*, Brandon Hurst; *Judge Thompson*, George Irving.

"CURTAIN FALLS, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Karl Brown. Directed by Charles Lamond. The cast: *Sara Crabtree*, Henrietta Croman; *Dot Scoresby*, Dorothy Lee; *John Scoresby*, Holmes Herbert; *Katherine Scoresby*, Natalie Moorhead; *Allan Scoresby*, John Darrow; *Barry Graham*, William Bakewell; *Martin Deveridge*, Jameson Thomas; *Helen Deveridge*, Dorothy Revier; *Taggart*, Eddie Kane; *Mrs. McGillicuddy*, Aggie Herring; *Hotel Manager*, Tom Ricketts.

"EVENSONG"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Based on the play by Edward Knoblock and Beverly Nichols. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Irela*, Evelyn Laye; *Kober*, Fritz Kortner; *Madame Valmont*, Alice Delysia; *Archduke Theodore*, Carl Esmond; *George Murray*, Emlyn Williams; *Tremlowe*, Muriel Ake; *Sovino*, Dennis Val Norton; *Pa O'Neill*, Arthur Sinclair; *Bob O'Neill*, Patrick O'Moore; *Solo Tenor*, Browning Mummery; *Baba*, Conchita Supervia.

"FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Screen play by Henry Myers and C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Father Brown*, Walter Connolly; *Flambeau*, Paul Lukas; *Evelyn Fischer*, Gertrude Michael; *Inspector Valentine*, Robert Loraine; *Sir Leopold Fischer*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Mrs. Boggs*, Una O'Connor; *Peter*, Peter Hobbs; *Jenny*, Bunny Beatty; *Policeman*, Robert Adair; *Sergeant Dawes*, E. E. Clive; *Clerk in Flower Shop*, Gwenllian Gill; *Don*, Eldred Tidbury.

"FLIRTING WITH DANGER"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by George Bertholon. Screenplay by Albert E. DeMond. Directed by Van Moore. The cast: *Bob*, Robert Armstrong; *Lucky*, William Cagney; *Jimmie*, Edgar Kennedy; *Mary*, Marion Burns; *Rosita*, Maria Alba; *Von Kruger*, William Von Brincken; *Capt. Garcia*, Gino Carrado; *Dawson*, Ernest Hilliard; *Fenton*, Guy Usher.

"FUGITIVE ROAD"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Charles S. Belden. Continuity by Charles S. Belden and Robert Ellis. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Hauptmann Oswald von Graunsee*, Eric Von Stroheim; *Sonia Vollandoff*, Wera Engels; *Riker*, Leslie Fenton; *Papa Vinocchio*, George Humbert; *Mama Vinocchio*, Anna de Metrio; *Lieut. Berne*, William von Brincken; *2nd Lieutenant*, Hans Ferberg; *A civilian*, Michael Visaroff; *Doctor*, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; *Johann*, Hank Mann; *Burgermaster*, Harry Holman; *Herbert Smith*, Harry Allen.

"HOME ON THE RANGE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Ethel

Doherty and Grant Garrett. Directed by Arthur Jacobson. The cast: *Jack*, Jackie Coogan; *Tom Hatfield*, Randolph Scott; *Georgie*, Evelyn Brent; *Thurman*, Dean Jagger; *Beady*, Addison Richards; *"Cracker"*, Fuzzy Knight; *Girl Entertainer*, Ann Sheridan; *Bill Morris*, Howard Wilson; *Benson*, Phillip Morris; *Undertaker*, Albert Hart; *"Flash"*, Allen Wood; *Butts*, Richard Carle; *Brown*, Ralph Remley; *Shorty*, C. L. Sherwood; *Hotel Clerk*, Francis Sayles; *Lem*, Alfred Delcambre.

"I AM A THIEF"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ralph Block and Doris Malloy. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Odette Maclair*, Mary Astor; *Pierre Londais*, Ricardo Cortez; *Colonel Jackson*, Dudley Digges; *Daudet*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Count Trentini*, Irving Pichel; *Baron Von Kampf*, Robert Barrat; *Francois*, Arthur Aylesworth; *M. Cassiel*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Max Bolen*, Frank Reicher.

"IMITATION OF LIFE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Fannie Hurst. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Beatrice "Bea" Pullman*, Claudette Colbert; *Stephen Archer*, Warren William; *Elmer*, Ned Sparks; *Aunt Delilah*, Louise Beavers; *Jessie Pullman* (age 3), Juanita Quigley; *Jessie Pullman* (age 8), Marilyn Knowlden; *Jessie Pullman* (age 18), Rochelle Hudson; *Peola Johnson* (age 4), Sebie Hendricks; *Peola Johnson* (age 9), Dorothy Black; *Peola Johnson* (age 19), Fredi Washington; *Martin*, Alan Hale; *Landlord*, Clarence Hummel Wilson; *Painter*, Henry Armetta.

"IT'S A GIFT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Bogle and J. P. McEvoy. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Harold Bissonette*, W. C. Fields; *Mildred Bissonette*, Jean Rouverol; *John Durston*, Julian Madison; *Amelia Bissonette*, Kathleen Howard; *Norman Bissonette*, Tom Bupp; *Everett Ricks*, Tammany Young; *Baby Dunk*, Baby LeRoy; *Jas. Fitchmueller*, Morgan Wallace; *Mr. Muckle*, Charles Sellon; *Mrs. Dunk*, Josephine Whittle; *Miss Dunk*, Diana Lewis; *Insurance Salesman*, T. Roy Barnes; *Gale Guard*, Spencer Charters; *Harry Payne Bosterly*, Guy Usher; *Mr. Abernathy*, Del Henderson; *Vegetable Man*, Jerry Mandy; *Ice Man*, James Burke; *Old Man in Limousine*, Wm. Tooker; *Old Woman in Limousine*, Edith Kingdon; *Mrs. Frobisher*, Patsy O'Bryne.

"MARIE GALANTE"—FOX.—Based on the novel by Jacques Deval. Screen play by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Crawbett*, Spencer Tracy; *Marie Galante*, Ketti Gallian; *Plosser*, Ned Sparks; *Tapia*, Helen Morgan; *Brogard*, Siegfried Rumann; *Tenoki*, Leslie Fenton; *General Phillips*, Arthur Byron; *Ratcliff*, Robert Loraine; *Sailor*, Jay C. Flippen; *Ellsworth*, Frank Darien; *Tito*, Tito Coral; *Bartender*, Stephin Fetchit.

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Maxwell Anderson. Screen play by Jerry Wald and Harry Sauber. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Bobby Halevy*, Gloria Stuart; *Rims O'Neil*, Ross Alexander; *Willie Sands*, Frank McHugh; *Mrs. Halevy*, Helen Lowell; *Adolph Mengle, Jr.*, Phillip Reed; *Adolph Mengle, Sr.*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Florrie Sands*, Ruth Donnelly; *Lila*, Dorothy Dare; *Mr. Halevy*, Henry Travers; *Mrs. Gortlick*, Maude Eburne; *The cop*, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"MIGHTY BARNUM, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the screen play by Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Phineas T. Barnum*, Wallace Beery; *Mr. Walsh*, Adolphe Menjou; *Jenny Lind*, Virginia Bruce; *Ellen*, Rochelle Hudson; *Nancy Barnum*, Janet Beecher; *Todd*, Tammany Young; *Man with Three-headed frog*, Herman Bing; *Joice Heth*, Lucille La Verne; *General Tom Thumb*, George Brasno; *Lavinia Thumb*, Olive Brasno; *Gilbert*, Richard Brasno; *Bearded Lady*, May Boley; *Skiff*, John Hyams; *Cardiff Giant*, Tex Madsen; *Swedish Consul*, Ian Wolfe; *Horace Greeley*, Davison Clark; *Daniel Webster*, George MacQuarrie; *Maitre d'Hotel*, Charles Judels; *Ole*, Christian Rub; *Sam*, Franklyn Ardell; *Mrs. Wendell-Wendell*, Ethel Wales; *Mrs. Waldo Astor*, Theresa M. Conover; *Mrs. Rhineland-Fish*, Brenda Fowler.

"NIGHT ALARM"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Jack Stanley. Screen play by Earl Snell. Directed by Spencer Bennet. The cast: *Hal Ashby*, Bruce Cabot; *Helen Smith*, Judith Allen; *Henry B. Smith*, H. B. Warner; *Caldwell*, Sam Hardy; *The Mayor*, Harry Holman; *Mosley*, Harold Minjir; *Mrs. Van Dusen*, Betty Blythe; *Entertainer*, Fuzzy Knight; *Vincent Van Dusen*, Tom Hamlin; *Dexter*, John Bleifer.

"ONE HOUR LATE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Libbie Block. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Eddie Blake*, Joe Morrison; *Bessie Dunn*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Stephen Barclay*, Conrad Nagel; *Hazel*, Arline Judge; *Cliff Miller*, Ray Walker; *Maxie*, Edward Craven; *Maizie*, Toby Wing; *Mrs. Eileen Barclay*, Gail Patrick; *Simpson*, Charles Sellon; *Mr. Zeller*, Edward Clark; *Tony St. John*, Ray Milland; *Benny*, George E. Stone; *Jim*, Bradley Page; *Orrville*, Sidney Miller; *Gertrude*, Gladys Hulette; *Mr. Finch*, Jed Prouty; *Sick Woman*, Hallene Hill; *Her daughter*, Diana Lewis; *1st friend*, Frank Losee, Jr.; *2nd friend*, Alfred Delcambre; *Soda Clerk*, Douglas Blackley.

"PERFECT CLUE, THE"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Lolita Ann Westman. Adapted by Albert DeMond. Directed by Robert Vignola. The cast: *David Mannering*, David Manners; *Ronnie Van Zandt*, Skeets Gallagher; *Mona Stewart*, Dorothy Libaire; *Jerome Stewart*, Wm. P. Carlton; *Barkley*, Ralf Harolde; *Carter*, Ernie Adams; *Delaney*, Robert Gleckler; *Station Master*, Frank Darien; *District Attorney*, Charles C. Wilson; *Ursula Cheeseborough*, Betty Blythe; *Simms*, Jack Richardson; *Police Officer*, Pat O'Malley.

"PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE"—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From an anonymous story. Screen play by Carey Wilson and Cedric Worth. Adapted by Lynn Starling. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Wardell*, Edward Arnold; *President*, Arthur Byron; *Chick Moffat*, Paul Kelly; *Alma Cronin*, Peggy Conklin; *Val Orcott*, Andy Devine; *Mrs. Stanley*, Janet Beecher; *Harris Brownell*, Osgood Perkins; *D. L. Voorman*, Sidney Blackmer; *Lincoln Lee*, Edward Ellis; *Mrs. Orcott*, Irene Franklin; *Richard Norton*, Charley Grapewin; *Sally Voorman*, Rosalind Russell; *Roger Grant*, Douglas Wood; *Drew*, Walter Kingford; *Cullen*, DeWitt Jennings; *Judge Corcoran*, Charles Richman; *Kilbourne*, Jason Roberts; *Skinner*, Paul Harvey; *Molleson*, Robert McWade; *Kramer*, Harry Woods; *Nolan*, Tommy Dugan; *Mrs. Delling*, Martha Mayo.

"RED MORNING"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Wallace Fox and John Twist. Directed by Wallace Fox. The cast: *Kara*, Steffi Duna; *John Hastings*, Regis Toomey; *Captain Paraza*, Mitchell Lewis; *Stanchon*, Charles Middleton; *Glibb*, Arthur "Pat" West; *Hawker*, Raymond Hatton; *Wong*, Willie Fung; *The Native Chief*, George Regas; *Mac*, George Lewis; *A Trader*, Olaf Hytten; *Sakki*, Francis McDonald; *Store Keeper*, Lionel Belmore; *The Magistrate*, Brandon Hurst; *Hotel Keeper*, James Marcus.

"ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Norman Krasna and Don Hartman. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Edward Kaufman. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Karel Novak*, Francis Lederer; *Sylvia Dennis*, Ginger Rogers; *Frank Dennis*, Jimmy Butler; *Attorney Pander*, Arthur Hohl; *Officer Murphy*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Miss Anthrop*, Helen Ware; *Minister*, Donald Meek; *Police Sergeant*, Sidney Toler; *Miss Evans*, Eily Malyon; *Landlady*, Lillian Harmer.

"SEQUOIA"—M-G-M.—Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt. Adapted by Ann Cunningham, Sam Armstrong and Carey Wilson. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: *Toni Martin*, Jean Parker; *Bob Alden*, Russell Hardie; *Matthew Martin*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Bergman*, Paul Hurst; *Joe*, Ben Hall; *Sang Soo*, Willie Fung; *Feng Soo*, Harry Lowe, Jr.

"SILVER STREAK, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Roger Whately. Screen play by Roger Whately and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by Thomas Atkins. The cast: *Ruth Dexter*, Sally Blane; *Tom Caldwell*, Charles Starrett; *Allan Dexter*, Hardie Albright; *B. J. Dexter*, William Farnum; *Von Brecht*, Irving Pichel; *Crawford*, Arthur Lake; *Mr. Tyler*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Higgins*, Guinn Williams; *O'Brien*, Edgar Kennedy; *Dr. Flynn*, Murray Kinnell; *Molly*, Doris Dawson; *McGregor*, Harry Allen.

"STRANGE WIVES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Bread Upon the Waters" by Edith Wharton. Adapted by Gladys Unger. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Jimmy King*, Roger Pryor; *Nadja*, June Clayworth; *Olga*, Esther Ralston; *Warren*, Hugh O'Connell; *Paul*, Ralph Forbes; *Boris*, Cesar Romero; *Bellamy*, Francis Sullivan; *Mauna*, Valerie Hobson; *Svengaart*, Leslie Fenton; *Dimitry*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Mrs. Leeper*, Doris Lloyd; *Guggins*, Claude Gillingwater; *Princess*, Carry Daumery; *Hilda*, Greta Meyers; *Tribesman*, Harry Cording; *The Butler*, Olaf Hytten; *General Kouratjine*, Walter Walker.

"WEST OF THE PECOS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Zane Grey. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Pecos Smith*, Richard Dix; *Terrill Lambeth*, Martha Sleeper; *Colonel Lambeth*, Louis Mason; *Jonah*, Sleep'n'eat; *Maurice*, Louise Beavers; *Wes*, Adrian Morris; *Cort*, George Cooper; *Breen Sawtell*, Fred Kohler; *Sam Sawtell*, Pat Collins; *Charlie*, Charles Stevens; *Manuel*, Pedro Regis; *Bill Hald*, Oscar Apfel; *Brazee*, John Wray; *Neal*, Russell Simpson; *Evans*, Maurice Black.

"WHEN A MAN SEES RED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Basil Dickey. Screen play by Alan James. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Buck Benson*, Buck Jones; *Mary Lawrence*, Peggy Campbell; *Dick Brady*, Leroy Mason; *Barbara*, Dorothy Revier; *Ben*, Sid Saylor; *Radcliffe*, Frank LaRue; *Mandy*, Libby Taylor; *Sheriff*, Jack Rockwell; *Padre*, Charles K. French; *Spook*, Bob Kortman; *Spike*, William Steele; *Silver*, Silver.

"WICKED WOMAN, A"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Anne Austin. Screen play by Florence Ryserson and Zella Sears. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Naomi Trice*, Mady Christians; *Rosanne*, Jean Parker; *Naylor*, Charles Bickford; *Yancey*, Betty Furness; *Curtis*, William Henry; *Curtis*, as a child, Jackie Searl; *Yancey*, as a child, Betty Jane Graham; *Rosanne*, as a child, Marilyn Harris; *Ed Trice*, Paul Harvey; *Gram Teague*, Zella Sears; *Bill Renton*, Robert Taylor; *Peter*, Sterling Holloway; *Neddie*, George Billings; *The Sheriff*, DeWitt Jennings.

Who Is Your Husband's Favorite Actress?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

throaty voice. The stride, slowed down to the Garbo tempo, would be stunning. But this girl always tears through a room like a squirt of seltzer. She wouldn't have to sink her voice way down to the plumbing—it's there already—but the way she uses it will never make papa close his eyes and imagine Greta has him enfolded in her sensuous embrace. The girl I mention sounds off like a fog-horn and is about as mysterious as a black eye. She's really a very swell girl, and popular.

She has a lot of pride. Naturally, every woman wants to be loved for herself and not because she reminds a man of somebody else. This one has apparently decided she would rather let her husband go off now and then on a harmless emotional binge with Garbo and his imagination, than make any effort to be a little Garbo in the home. She is confident he will always come back, good as new. (One nice thing about these picture affairs—they're harmless, and quite inexpensive.)

A CERTAIN local automobile dealer has been married only a year to a dear, little plump blonde, and he is obviously crazy about her. So how can you account for the fact that he torments the poor dear with his tremendous enthusiasm for tall, dark Kay Francis?

Perhaps he does it for the fun of seeing her sputter. Perhaps he likes a change in type when he goes to the theater. But it proves a man can be sincerely in love with his wife and still enjoy looking at another woman who isn't the least bit like her. (It's the double nature of the brutes.)

It is extraordinary the number of quiet mousy little males who seem to get a bang out of Mae West. Look around you, next time you see one of her pictures. All the henpecked husbands in town will be there. "Here is a woman who really understands men," their rapt concentrations seem to say. "She would never be a nag or a chatter-box or take away our rights. We could tell her anything and she would comprehend it." Mae is an out for a flock of frustrations.

Many girls resent their suitor's interest in his favorite actress because they feel the picture queen has more money to look beautiful, the facilities for it are available, and she is always presented to the best advantage.

It is good keen competition, all right. But regard it as a standard to live up to, and above all things, don't do your resenting out loud. This gives any man the edge.

It is always a mistake to carry your desire to please to the extent of too-obvious imitation. You can never be another person—and you don't want to be another person. Men hate copy-cats. You can adapt your voice, your clothes, your coiffure, your attitude. But it is silly to strive to please to the extent of bleaching your hair or gluing on eyelashes that wave languidly down to your chin, if the rest of you doesn't belong.

The other night I listened in brazenly on a little scene between husband and wife leaving the theater. "Boy, how that Lombard girl can wear clothes!" exclaimed the man.

I looked to see if the missis reacted. She did. She looked as if she yearned to push him off a cliff. "Oh, clothes! clothes!" she disdained. "Anybody can put on a lot of clothes and look pretty."

My unspoken answer to that was "well, why don't you?"

An attractive woman, but the fact was almost concealed. An old beret was jammed down over her hair, a pair of loose slacks whipped around her legs. She wore sandals meant for the beach, from which raw toes stuck out to the cruel world. Her face was entirely innocent of make-up. There is about one man out of ten who approves this sort of sloppy-comfortable get-up. This husband was one of the other nine. He didn't go for it. "You don't have to be clothes-crazy" was his Parthian shot, "neither do you have to look as if you dressed to paint a house!"

Often it is a bother to get dressed just to go up the street to a picture show—but it is also a bother to lose your man.

In the smaller communities and the suburbs, you frequently see some quaint costumes going into the theater. The idea is to be comfortable—a perfectly laudable idea—what with the lights out most of the time anyway, you figure. But man is a strange creature. Even in this emancipated age, he would rather wait half an hour for a girl to get ready who shows results, than wait five minutes for one who slips on the top stair and comes down. (The joke has a beard—but you get the idea.)

If your husband is an inarticulate sort of a guy who would be embarrassed to admit his favorite actress—or even hint that he has one—you will have to do a little probing. There is always *one* whose picture he goes to see without fail. If she happens to be Jean Harlow, and you are an anxious housewife, maybe a little frivolity on your part would be a good idea. Or maybe you should take off a few pounds. Have you ever noticed how these lads who claim to be crazy about you plump take a new lease on life when you get the bulges off your hips?

A SURPRISING number of men suffer with Claudette Colbert trouble, and an equally surprising number of wives either dismiss it as a joke or wonder what they can do about it.

I suspect one wife of taking the hint. She has had her black hair cut in a most becoming bang, and trimmed her figure down to perfection. Then suddenly, she began to dress for dinner every night. Now don't snicker and accuse her of being affected. She has to get the dinner herself, just as many wives do, but you can get a much better dinner with your arms bare. Maybe it was her own idea, maybe she decided that was what the *soignee* Claudette would do. Anyway, she slips into a snug little black dress, does something miraculous to her hair—and you would be surprised how frequently papa shows up with flowers these winter evenings.

Of course, girls, if you're going to continue being hot and bothered over Clark Gable and John Boles, you may as well expect the other side of the house to retaliate in the only possible way.

After all, remember *you* are the girl he selected. His movie crush is an indirect way of informing you about a few details—how he likes to see clothes worn, and hair and figures, whether he likes his answers snappy or meek and mild . . .

Find out his favorite actress—and take the hint.

"Mother, I'll pass things if you're 'shamed of your hands—"



"—at my bridge party, even my little daughter noticed how embarrassed I was over my red, rough hands.

"Later she said, 'Mother, don't you think maybe your hands would look as nice as Mrs. Nugent's if you used Lux when you do dishes? She says anybody can have nice hands by using Lux instead of harsh soaps that make people's hands rough and red.'

"And it's true! Since I've changed to Lux for dishes, I'm actually proud of my hands! It takes so little to make rich suds that a big box lasts more than a month for all the dishes."

Martha Sayles
(Mrs. R. W. SAYLES)



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for dishes
keeps hands
YOUNG



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The most complete book ever written on *how to powder* properly. Mail coupon. Note generous offer.



HIS HEART STOOD STILL as she turned...

Again would he be disillusioned by a marble-face?

WOULD she, too, be another disappointment—her graceful form marred by an over-powdered face—flaky, white, cold?

Or would a close-up show a concealed, natural powder... alive, alluring?

Such is the experience of many a man... and many girls wonder why men shy away. If men dared tell the truth, they hate "that powdered look," too often patchy.

Wise girls, taking the tip from the smart leaders of international society, now use the one powder that gives them an *un*-powdered natural look—SOFT-TONE Mello-glo.

This new creation is vastly superior because it's *stratified*—a costly extra process that wafers it, ending all grit. This brings an utterly new Parisian effect—this wafered powder smoothes on invisibly, is longer lasting and covers pores without clogging.

Just try SOFT-TONE Mello-glo and you'll never fear a "close-up". It won't flake off. It can't shine. It ends that pasty, "flour-face" look men dislike.

Don't delay—get a box of new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo today. Compare it with your favorite—see how much better you look. Five flattering shades — caressingly perfumed — 50c and \$1.

NOTE: To obtain the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, you must ask for the gold box with the blue edge, which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy) in a gold box with white edge.

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☐ Pink

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

THE CURTAIN FALLS—Chesterfield

HENRIETTA CROSMAN carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress (Sara Crabtree). Obscure now, she takes a last chance and impersonates the titled Lady Scoresby, a former friend. She moves in on her Ladyship's relatives, solves their involved problems, then confesses her hoax and the curtain falls on her last performance. Dorothy Lee, Holmes Herbert, Natalie Moorhead, William Bakewell and others, form a capable cast.

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible

HERE is Eric Von Stroheim in the kind of rôle that made him famous—uniform eyeglass, and all. And he's just as good as he ever was as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. While the story is slender, and sometimes slow, it is well acted and well directed. Not a children's film.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National

A YOUNG couple, during the first six months of a hasty marriage—the girl desperate over lack of money and the boy burdened by the interferences of her family—is the theme of "Maybe It's Love." Ross Alexander makes the young husband an extremely interesting person, but the picture on the whole is frankly dull. Phillip Reed and Gloria Stuart are hampered by their parts. Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly, Helen Lowell and Henry Travers.

THE SILVER STREAK—RKO-Radio

THE new streamline train, hero of "The Silver Streak," lends this picture a swift dramatic sense. The human actors are forced into the background by this mechanical miracle which gallantly speeds across the continent, delivering respirators to the stricken men at Boulder Dam, and winning Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum is the old railroad owner and Hardie Albright, his son. Edgar Kennedy turns in a grand performance.

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic

HERE is a new picture idea—the firebug who starts mysterious blazes and the drama of tracking him down. It gives a grand opportunity for a flock of spectacular fires and you get all the thrill of going to them. There is also a newspaper story with Bruce Cabot as the young reporter who turns smoke-eater and saves Judith Allen. H. B. Warner and Sam Hardy help to make this quite worth your while.

THE PERFECT CLUE—Majestic

NOT too expertly made, but this murder drama-society play has its moments. You'll find the plot wandering a little as a wealthy girl falls for a handsome stick-up man and clears him of a "framed" murder charge by blasting the state's "perfect clue." Bright

moments are contributed by Skeets Gallagher and a smooth performance by David Manners. Director Robert Vignola has done well with the slim cast and story handicaps. Dorothy Libaire, Betty Blythe.

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Monogram

BOB Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy are tough guys in a Central American high explosives plant. Their tinkering with highly dangerous explosives and their exploits with the "fair sex" form the basis for much confusion and many laughs. Maria Alba, as *Rosita*, the Spanish charmer, and the rest of the cast, carry this comedy to a good gag finish. Youngsters will find it fun.

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount

THIS is an up-to-date Western. And while the old mortgage is still present, the crooks who want it, use modern methods. Jackie Coogan is Randy Scott's brother. Their ranch is near Tia Juana so they are raising race-horses as well as cattle—and Jackie rides "Midnight" to win in spite of the opposition. Evelyn Brent is the girl card-sharp who goes straight with Randy to guide her. A few more like this should make Westerns more popular.

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount

GERTRUDE MICHAEL is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. She is gorgeous. Unfortunately, Walter Connolly, as the priest with a flair for detective work, lets his rôle become monotonous. And Paul Lukas, as the crook who plans a robbery so he can marry Gertrude, is woefully miscast. The story material is good, taken from one of G. K. Chesterton's famous "Father Brown" tales.

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal

UNCLE JED, on his death bed, forms a plan for pounding some sense into the pretty blonde head of his niece, Peggy Campbell, who won't leave her wild friends in the East. He wills his cattle ranch to her and then appoints his foreman, Buck Jones, as her guardian.

There is, of course, the inevitable clash of wills—until the final clinch. There are chases, lots of shooting, some good trick riding, and rescues.

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot

A SWIFT-MOVING, hard-riding Western, with plenty of action and lots of thrills. It wraps up a dozen plots, for the price of one, and untangles each of them neatly, never slowing up the pace. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast do a good job. Youngsters and adults who enjoy fast-shooting horse operas, shouldn't miss it.

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio

IF you're not tired of seeing savages sneaking through the forest with poison spears,

unching canoes for tribal wars, scenes of savage dances and sacrificial fires, you'll enjoy this. The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in the picture. And Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's old stuff, effectively done but familiar.

THE FIGHTING ROOKIE—Mayfair

AN out-and-out quickie which moves very slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "framed" by a gang who pulls a job on his beat, and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ada Ince. But Jack gets in with

the crooks and sends 'em up the river. Packed with trite situations and not so much fighting as you've a right to expect.

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films

HERE is a film all those interested in world peace will welcome. With news-reel shots and many specially-made sequences the picture aims to expose the munitions racket and to tell the truth about war. Whether you are a pacifist or not, you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and the tremendous cost of armaments. It's interestingly put together, and a brave piece of work.

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists.

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.

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Mitzi's Hollywood Merry-Go-Round

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

doesn't have to work? Ann doesn't know the answer. As additional playmates, I might inform you, our movie queen has also two cocker spaniels, several hens and a bunch of ducks. She and Leslie Fenton, her talented husband, live such an idyllic life. Paul Muni, by the way, is a neighbor.

Alice White goes for Oscar the cat. Oscar has two dog companions, all living under the same roof. Although said canines fight all their cats in the neighborhood, they treat Oscar with something resembling when Knightwood Was in Flower. If they didn't, Alice added, she'd wallop the dog biscuit out of them! Before the meal was over, I knew by heart what food was best suited for domestic animals . . . what chickens deposit the best eggs . . . and the grade of milk that Annie regularly dispenses. You know, Joanie, I've always loved this rural-domestic sort of existence. Guess I'd better become a movie star, huh?

Claire Dodd, the beauteous vamp with the skin of a child, has given me such a swell routine for facial care that I pass it on to you, honey. Nothing personal, of course.

First, at night you cream your face. (Twice always better.) If you're a dry-skinner, I'd give some on. Next morning (you can do this right under the shower) scrub your pan with a complexion brush and any baby soap. Clean and shining, you still go on scrubbing, this time with either table salt or complexion sand. You now splash this off with ten good, cold dashes of H₂O (water, lovey!). Dry hard now; rub in the cream for softening; let it stay a bit; remove; tonic, if you want it; make-up. Result? Wishing!

SAID I to Claire, "I can see it's marvelous . . . your skin looks beautiful." To which her fond husband made quick retort: "She's even more lovely when she wakes up in the morning!" Zounds, what a man!

Not so long ago Jack LaRue's lady-friend, who is Miss Simpson of Society, gave him a party, and to all guests she said, "Be sure to come early as I have an announcement to make." We were all nearly killed in the rush! At the announcement isn't an engagement at

We were, instead, informed that Mr. LaRue's nose had just been done over!

One of the new gaieties in these parts, Joan, the Sunday Night Frolics, a vaudeville show where anything can happen. Right after the permission come the introductions, and last week when Bert Wheeler was introduced, up stepped Groucho Marx, before Bert could get to his feet even, and bowed and threw kisses!

Then Will Rogers stood up and gave such a touching speech on how wonderful it was to see vaudeville again that everyone was gulping. But for tears, there was no equaling when Charley Ray was asked to take a bow. The applause boomed for a full five minutes, and Charley just stood there with his head bowed at such a demonstration. Finally, he managed, "I can only say I love you."

I'M sentimental now, pet, so don't stop me. Fred Keating, who can throw me into a complete state of ga-ga with his disappearing canary act, next did the gallant thing by introducing the widow of Harry Houdini, whose life Fred is going to portray on the screen. Fred said that Houdini was a great master, and it was a privilege to have known him. Mrs. Houdini, standing in the audience with tears in her eyes, threw Fred a big kiss.

Nothing leaves my tummy in such a devastated state as emotion, so right after the show we went to the Derby for hash. Across the aisle was Bill Demarest and Ruth Mix (Tom's daughter), who had just done a swell-elegant act. We cajoled Ruthie to leave her party and visit for a while. I had the most interesting time listening to her tell stories of her daddy's romance with her mother; how he taught Ruth to ride and rope when she was a little girl; how he got into pictures; and things like that. She told me, too, that the type of pony that most of our best polo players use was first bred by her mother on their Western ranch, and is a result of breeding an Oklahoma cow pony and a Kentucky thoroughbred.

Let me tell you of the nip-ups May Robson used to pull when she was a young girl like you and me and belonged to a stock company under the care of Charles Frohman. This particular company was composed of a frisky bunch of actors who were always pulling tricks on each other. For instance, once when the leading lady started to carve delicately a cake in her big scene, she had to saw and saw and then it didn't do any good, because the cake was made of wood! Well, she got even! Next day, when one of the actors had to rip up a letter in an emotional moment, he yanked and yanked, but the darn thing wouldn't even rip. It was a substitute made of linen!

Well, with one trick and another, the troupe finally hit New York and Mr. Frohman gave them a bawling out and told them to get back on their dignity. Later, May came to him alone and begged for just an opportunity to avenge herself. Frohman gave in, but he cautioned her, "After tonight, you start stopping!"

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That night, May, who played the sister, had a scene with the leading-man where she had to squeeze his hand goodbye before she exit-ed. During that squeeze she slipped an oyster into his palm! Frantically our hero looked around for a place to get rid of it, but this was impossible as he was standing in the middle of the stage. The next moment, out tripped the heroine and threw her arms around him. Between torrid embraces the oyster changed hands, but the lady, being fastidious by nature, slipped it right back to the leading man again! If the audience thought the loving pair acted a bit hysterically, it was nothing to how May was acting in the wings!

I'M a woman sadly in need of sympathy. This past month has brought me a shattering experience. For ages I've been angling for a luncheon date with the charming Lew Ayres, and finally it gets arranged. I sleep late so's I'll look like a daisy and feel like a lark, then I take two hours to dress till, Lawsie me, I'm as devastating as Crawford. At this point dear mama comes into my room and informs me, with murderous nonchalance, that Mr. Ayres and Miss Ginger Rogers have just announced their engagement! Sweet?

Well, when I became resigned to the fact that there was nothing I could do about it I went on out to the Fox Studio . . . a fair (?) lady with a faint heart. I can tell you now, dearest Joan, just how wonderful "Ginje" (as Lew adoringly calls her) really is. I can tell you of all her virtues . . . her sound common sense . . . her ability to draw . . . her passion for doing right . . . her cute habits . . . her exquisite taste . . . her house-hunting, this very day . . . and many, many other things. In fact, there is nothing else of that luncheon that I can relate, except All About Ginje!

And, my fine friend, how did you like that picture I sent you, last letter—the one with Jean Harlow? Not a comment! And if I hadn't been in such a rush to get it to you I'd have been able to show it to Jean's mother! Jean looked like a dream, of course; but the unexpected was that I turned out to be a kinda toothsome morsel myself . . . or did you notice? Anyway, while I was modestly telling Jean's mama about it she broke in anxiously with: "But how does my baby look?" I tossed my hands to heaven. "Madam," says I, "just how do you think Jean would look?" She smiled. "Well, of course, she *could* take a bad picture." "But she didn't!" I assured her emphatically; and do you know, the dear woman actually breathed a sigh of relief.

I WISH you could have seen her dotter a few nights ago at Van Dyke's party. (Ma-ma . . . that man's here again!) A dream princess, that's what she looked like in her black Grecian robe tied with a long cord, sandals from which silver toenails peeked (fingernails to match) and gracing the famous platinum cloud, a tiny black net tricorn. Pretty special!

No less than five gents in as many minutes came up to ask if they could bring her some dinner. To all of them she gave the same answer: "Thanks so much, but Bill's bringing me some." Privately I was hoping that Mr. Powell would shake a leg, for little Jeannie in the meanwhile was fast demolishing my turkey and black olives, both of which I craves mightily. However, her boy friend appeared about this time, not only with her dinner, but having in tow Cotton Warburton, the U. S. C. footballer. Jean reached with one hand for her dinner (how *does* she keep that figger!) and

with the other she dragged Cotton down between us and complimented him on his magnificent playing. We ha'int been too proud of our team this season, pet, but Cotton makes a spectacular showing all by himself, and Jean was mincing no words telling him so. The lad was so happy he practically floated away on a soft pink cloud!

Then we got literary for a bit while we discussed sister Ruth's book, "Song of the Flesh," that Jean wants to do if M-G-M buys it. The star has been writing a novel, too, you know, and I told her that I was not only a-dither to read it, but also practically palsied about her being so ambitious. Jean smiled. "I don't know if I'm so ambitious," she said. "I just like to work."

I might seize this occasion to remark that I came to said party (the christening of Van's new playroom) with Nelson Eddy. Just a few nights previous I'd heard him in the operetta "Secret of Suzanne," and as I listened to his glorious voice I noted also what splendid ease he had on the stage. Nelson confessed the secret. Remember the swell cocktail party he threw in his house? It was given in a big room lined with mirrors. The house once belonged to Lois Moran, and she built on the addition and put in the looking-glasses because every morning she practiced dancing. Nelson uses them now while practicing his singing, so he can see in what position he looks least awkward and feels most comfortable!

THERE were droves of photographers at the party, and I managed to dash into a picture, as you can witness for yourself. I also had much joy, accompanied by Otto Kruger and Jean Hersholt, in examining Van's famous trophy room. One huge lion, who had given himself up to floor decoration, looked so pathetically like Metro's Leo that for no sane reason Mr. Kruger draped the pelt over his head and emitted a couple of extremely fierce moo's!

Let's see, now, if I can remember all who were there. Frances Drake, Billie Burke, Jeanette MacDonald, Conchita Montenegro, Raul Roulian, Jack Oakie, Ted Healy, Irene Hervey (who's in my brother Jack's picture "The Winning Ticket" at M-G-M), Louis B. Mayer and scads of others. There were also Van's prop men and their wives, his electrician and their wives, and everyone had one glorious time. Some frolics, hey kid?

ALONG about two in the A. M., Jeanette MacDonald started to leave, upon which Nelson, in the foulest off-key notes I've ever heard, sang out to her with operatic gesture: "Go-o-dbye, my fair one!" To which the lady, also in heart-rending discords, warbled: "Farewell, Nelson, I must leave, must leave you now!" But two hours later Jeanette still was leaving. And my boy friend shrieked sourly, "What—still here?" The *Mermaid* Widow let go a High C and twittered coyly back: "At last I go! At last I go! Farewell-l-l! A coupla sillies!"

Now that I'm in a goofy mood I must regale you with one of Jack Oakie's tidbits. prisoner on the scaffold, about to be hanged was asked by the executioner if he wished to make a last request. "Yes," snapped the condemned man. "Keep your darn trunks shut!"

Heh-heh! Didn't think I'd spring that on you, did you?

Lots of love, babe!

Mitzi

Carol, Wally and Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

home at the time—but I knew I could depend upon him. That night I went home to him and simply said, "Honey, how would you like to have a little girl?"

"How would I like to have a kid?" he burst out. "Why, I'd give anything in the world to have her!" And from that time on, he talked of nothing else.

The first night she arrived, we bought her a teddy. The little angel just sat in it and quietly watched us. She seemed to be fascinated by the sight of Wally. Gradually Carol Ann began to do things to attract his attention. When one day she stuck her foot out and tried to trip him. Wally turned around and started to chase her. From that day on they've been real friends.

With the passing of time, Wally and Carol Ann have become inseparable. They go everywhere together, and he even likes to buy her clothes. Not long ago she outgrew her little overalls, Wally took her shopping in Hollywood. When they came back, I found that they had bought some of those unfinished baby things that have to be sewn together. Nothing daunted, the pair of them, big Wally and that little baby, sat down with needles and thread and tried to sew seams in a pair of them. I wish I could describe the picture they made. In raising Carol Ann, I want to instill in her the principles of love, sincerity and fair play. So I want her to have a knowledge of God and a definite goal in life. She can choose anything which appeals to her—being a doctor, lawyer, artist, writer, or actress—whatever interests her most. But it should be something which will never stand in her way as long as there is nothing actually harmful to her. That is why I have no objections to her flying with Wally. I want her to be brave and unhampered by the "ready cat" influence of an anxious mother. I have always felt this way toward Wally. To me he is the rock of Gibraltar. And I realize having a woman's apron strings around my neck would be unbearable. Therefore, I've never objected to his flying, or anything he wanted to do. To tell the truth, I enjoy flying as much as he does. I went with him on his first solo flight. After taking lessons for nearly a year, Wally came home one day and

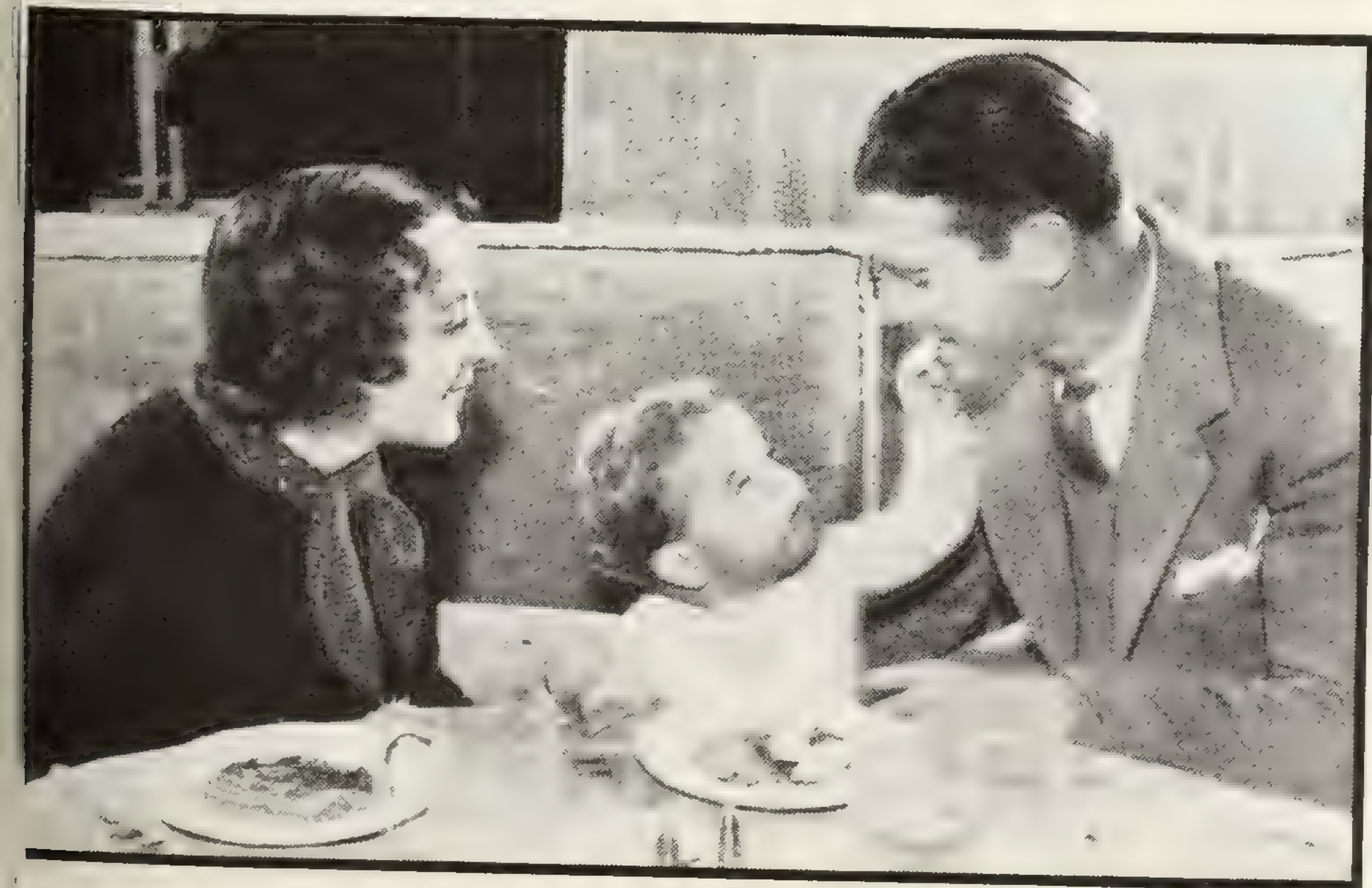
said, "Rita, I'm taking my first flight alone today and I want you to be my passenger."

We went to Clover Field and flew for quite a while. Wally showed me how to do a dead stick landing at 5,000 feet and a lot of tricks.

My greatest thrill was crossing the Mojave Desert with Wally. We ran into a terrific storm which swept between the Sierras and Death Valley. I was scared to death, but determined not to say a word. Our little dog, Gypsy, was with us and the jolting made her awfully sick. When I saw Wally reach out and strap on his safety belt, I could stand it no longer and suggested we land. He brought the ship down by a farm house about forty miles from Bishop, Arizona. Then he sent word to a nearby town and got a taxi to drive me to a hotel in Bishop. All this time the storm was raging worse than ever. Wally said he didn't want to leave the plane alone and that he'd wait until another car came, and then he'd follow me. It took several hours for me to get to Bishop, and as I stepped out of the car in front of the hotel, there was Wally standing on the corner with a sheepish look on his face. He waited until my car got out of sight, climbed right back into the plane and flew to Bishop. That's Wally Beery.

Since Carol Ann has come into our family, Wally and I have found complete happiness. She has supplied a missing something in our lives which we hardly suspected was there, but realized the moment she came to us. My career is now raising her—making her and Wally happy is the only glory I want. Without any ego on my part, I will mention that before I married Wally I had a screen career which appeared very promising, and before giving it up I gave the matter a lot of thought. But once I made up my mind I have never regretted it—I have something far more precious—a career more lasting.

We have a new plane. I am now fully recovering from a recent illness, and when Wally has finished "West Point of the Air" and several other pictures scheduled for him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we are going to take a vacation in Europe. We plan to fly over all the countries we missed on our last trip—Carol, Wally and me.



Papa want a cracker? Little Dickie Arlen Jr., insists on Daddy Richard Arlen having a bite, while his mother, Jobyna Ralston, looks on. Dickie Jr., will be two years old in May

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Mary Ellen Brown
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Alan Campbell
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Elisha Cook, Jr.
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Cary Grant
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Lois Kent
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy

Diana Lewis
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Virginia Weidler
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barcena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
Jane Darwell
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
June Lang
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Valentin Parera
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Albert Shean
Berta Singerman
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall
Hugh Williams
Walter Woolf

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Joel McCrea
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Ann Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Thelma Todd
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

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Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman

Miriam Hopkins
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

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Jean Arthur
Lucille Ball
Tala Birell
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Douglas Dumbrille
John Gilbert
Arthur Hohl

Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Charles Sabin
Billie Seward
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

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Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell

June Knight
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
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Jeanette MacDonald
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Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
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May Robson
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Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
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Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

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Henry Armetta
Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones

Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Juanita Quigley
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Alice White
Clark Williams
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Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

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Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
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Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
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James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Joseph Cawthorn
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
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Errol Flynn
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Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Olive Jones
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Winifred Shaw
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Harry Tyler
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

EVER since there have been movies, it seems, there have been girls wanting to know how to become screen successes. In this issue, Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, told them the secret was hard work, lots of it, then more hard work. In the same issue a number of stars told what lines of work they would have chosen if Fate hadn't landed them a screen test. Marjorie Rambeau said if she had to leave the screen she would choose to become a physician. Billie Burke thought she might have been a successful painter. (Both are still in the movies, however.) Little Marguerite Clark said when her movie career ended she would keep the wolf from the door designing dolls. Marguerite, however, happily married to a gentleman with a substantial income, is quite content to-



Olive Thomas

day with a house to manage. Salaries of the stars were just beginning to become a topic of conversation. When PHOTOPLAY divulged the secret that Nazimova was earning thirteen thousand dollars a week, lots of tongues wagged. Mary Pickford was making close to half a million a year. Just a few pages farther on was an article entitled, "The Gentle Grafters," telling how many of the stars used their glory as a basis for petty grafting—demanding the studios to give them the gowns they wore in pictures, exacting large rake-offs from the shops for their patronage, etc. Among the best pictures were "Anne of Green Gables," with Mary Miles Minter and D. W. Griffith's "Scarlet Days" with Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster. On the cover Olive Thomas.

10 Years Ago

THIS was an issue for the men! Started out by asking twelve famous actors the question, "What is Love?" Doug Fairbanks answered, "I've been trying to find out for years! Whatever it is, it's wonderful!" A little more explicit was Douglas MacLean. "Love is the chemistry of the soul." John Gilbert's definition was "Love is sharing." Ben Lyon, screendom's newest hero, gave his impression of the three leading vamps of the day. Briefly, his descriptions were: Gloria Swanson, a polished jewel. Pola Negri, a gorgeous and honest pagan. Barbara LaMarr, a Lorelei and a Circe. In this issue Constance Talmadge told "Why Men Fall in Love with Actresses." According to Connie, there were two reasons: Because an actress is, and must be, heartless; and because men think



Monte Blue

actresses are naughty. Mary Pickford wrote an article entitled "When I Am Old"—in which she said she wanted children, and expected to leave the screen in three or four years to lead a domestic, normal life. "The Man Who Found Himself," was Monte Blue. And he did it by marrying Tova Jansen. Tova and Monte have two children now; Barbara Ann, now eight years old and Richard, who is five. In its Shadowstage Department this month, PHOTOPLAY commented unfavorably on the two most important pictures of the day. Von Stroheim's "Greed," and Von Sternberg's "The Salvation Hunters." Good films included Gloria Swanson in "The Wages of Virtue," "A Sainted Devil," with Rudolph Valentino. Cover, Florence Vidor.

5 Years Ago

THE big controversy of the day was the length of ladies' skirts. They had been short and now Paris threatened to make them long. Thirty stars were asked what they thought of long skirts and all were in favor except Nancy Carroll who said she wouldn't wear long skirts—thought they were uncomfortable. (However, the last time we saw Nancy, her skirts were regulation length.) Clara Bow was just beginning to wage her long campaign to stay thin. Many critics were saying that little Jean Arthur in "The Saturday Night Kid" had stolen the picture from Clara.



Bessie Love

Another important question of the day was whether or not sound was ending the screen career of Jack Gilbert. (It did for a while. But Jack recently came back with a bang in

"The Captain Hates the Sea.") Jack's and Ina Claire's marriage was just steering into troubled waters. Bessie Love and William Hawks were married (and still are). This issue carried a grand description of the tortures suffered by those who went to Africa to make "Trader Horn." It is reported that Edwina Booth, the film's blonde heroine, had suffered a "touch of fever." Edwina is today an invalid because of the effects of that trip and the fever. Warner Baxter was marked for stardom because his voice recorded well. Sound was still so young they called the town Howlywood! Best pictures included "Devil May Care" with Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan, "Hit the Deck," "Seven Days' Leave" with Gary Cooper and Beryl Mercer. Ruth Chatterton was on the cover.

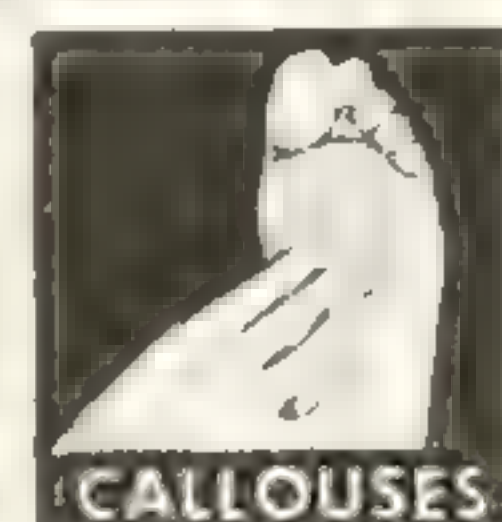


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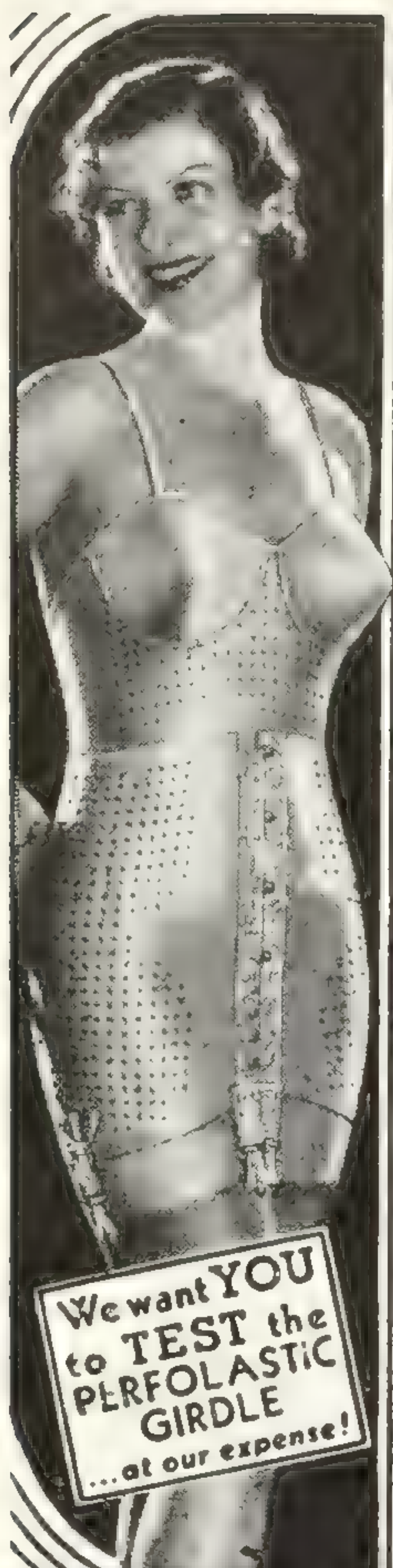
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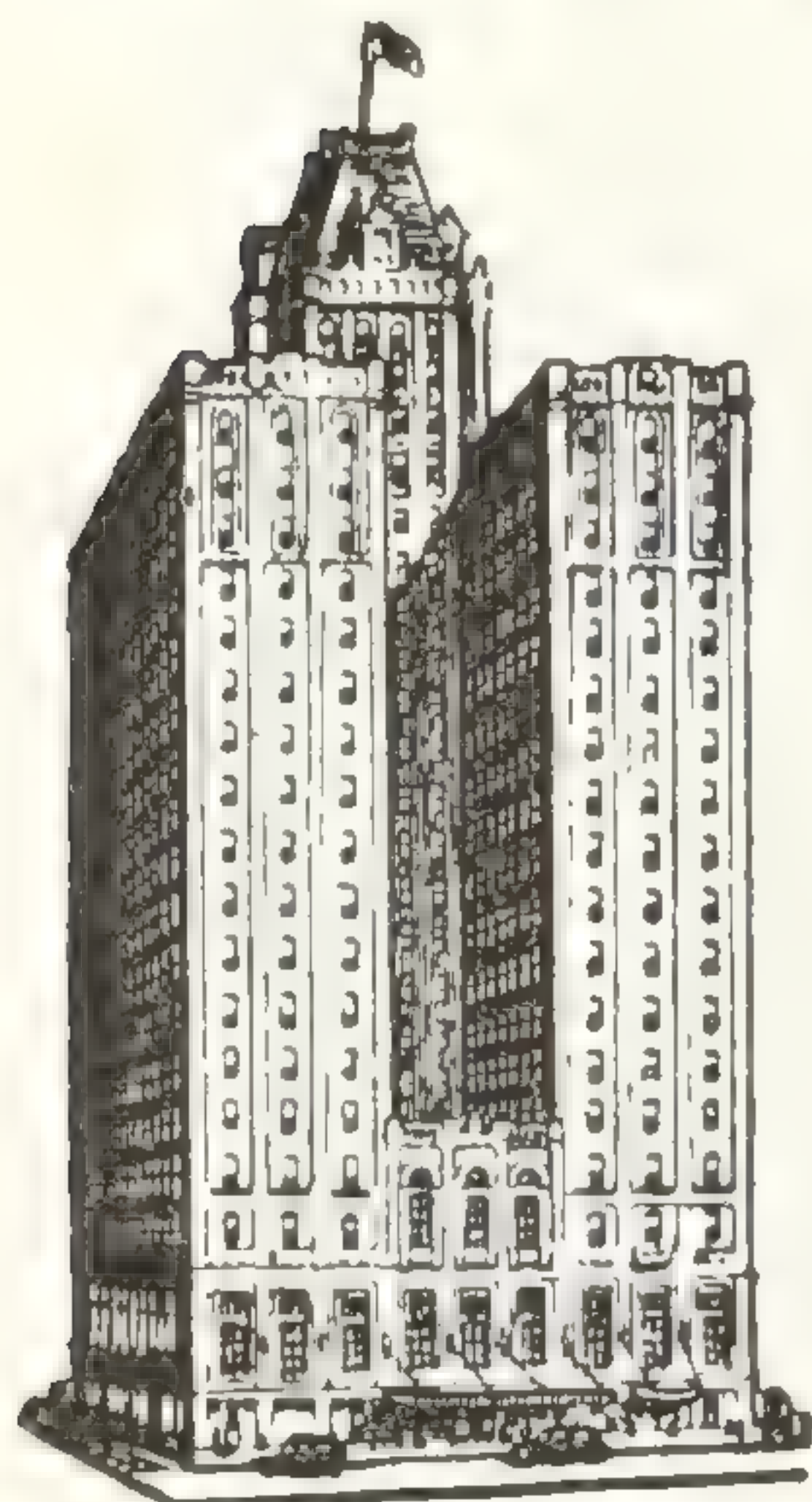
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The School That Never Has a Truant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

But that one hour of daily physical exercises and athletic training with Mr. McMasters from ten to eleven works up a healthy fatigue that even Jimmy can't ignore.

But Jimmy's agonizing fear of water requires several months to dispel. He won't go into the pool. Nevertheless, he is put into a bathing suit every other day, and he sits on the sidelines watching the braver youngsters splash and shriek with fun. His pride is badly bruised when he sees even the smallest girls learning to float face downward in the water, in the first position of the crawl. But one day he walks into the water of his own volition, and before the end of the year he can go the length of the pool, face downward, his feet thrashing in correct American crawl style. Some of his lessons are supervised by one of the school's best young swimmers, Mary Hay Barthelmess, who, during her enrollment, was one of the honor leaders in field and water events.

Quite a list of accomplishments all this, for a child just this side of babyhood. But according to the Curtis records, Jimmy is only a good average kindergarten student.

NO item for the child's safety and welfare is ignored. Jimmy's school even protects him and all his classmates from the kidnap menace.

When it is time for the students to go home, they must first go to the foyer of the main building. There are no other exits for them. There they find Mr. Broadbent, the principal, awaiting them, and each one, from the tiniest to Junior High school pupils, is taken personally by the principal to the school bus, or to a private car if one has been sent.

No child is permitted to leave the school alone, or in the company of anyone not previously and personally introduced to Mr. Broadbent by the parents.

The next year Jimmy goes into the first grade. Now he is in school from nine until three every day. A long, tedious session for a six-year-old, you may think. But this year, he is rugged, his vitality is greatly increased, and he can stand the long hours. In fact, he thrives on them.

Now he is under the skilled guidance of Lucille Greer. Some days she gives him short poems and little speeches, which he has written himself, to memorize. And sometimes on Friday afternoon when the entire school is assembled, he is allowed to stand before the school and give his bit of poetry or oration.

And if any of the readers doubt the wisdom of attempting to train a six-year-old child in the rudiments of public speaking and the mental feats of memorizing poetry, Miss Greer has some astonishing records to present. She can prove that all her first graders memorize perfectly more than four hundred lines of poetry each year; are able to make a weekly speech of their own composition, and deliver it before a large audience without fear or embarrassment. Furthermore, the children learn to love the public appearances.

This memory work and public speaking is carried right on through to the final ninth grade. Self-consciousness, lack of poise or social ease is unknown to any graduate of the Curtis School. Just think what such training means to these children when they enter business and social life.

In the primary grade, Jimmy starts having his lunches at school, and he learns quite a few new eating habits before the year is out. The school dietitian, Marion Neilson, and her assistant prepare the daily menus after they have been approved by Dr. Henry Dietrich. The lunch trays, with the exception of special diets, are the same for instructors, older and younger children. It is always a substantial, tempting layout, and serves as dinner for all the primary students. The parents are advised to give the youngsters only a light supper.

The first day at lunch Jimmy spies milk on his tray. He loathes milk! And vegetables, which he detests. So he sulks. But there also is a big serving of roast lamb, a dish of fruit and a piece of cake, so he eats these. He keeps a weather eye on Miss Greer, who has lunch with her charges every day, because he is sure she will scold him for ignoring the milk and vegetables. But not one flicker of attention is paid to Jimmy's omissions. Jimmy is surprised. Things were never like this at home.

But gradually he notices that most of the other children return to the diet kitchen for a second glass of milk, and that often they are excused from class in the middle of the morning for milk. Is he missing something? So one day he takes just a tiny sip, and the battle is over. Jimmy drinks milk from then on.

Until he is willing to start eating the vegetables set before him, the canny Mrs. Neilson sees to it that he gets his quota in succulent soups or just raw. Children, she says, love to munch on raw carrots and celery, even uncooked spinach. But, no matter the manner, the dietitian sees that every one of her young charges get their vitamins A, B and C, and like them.

BY the end of his first year, Jimmy is chattering French, swimming two lengths of the tank with both the arm and foot movements of the crawl in perfect form. His stooped shoulders are practically straight, his arches are up where they belong, his weight is normal, and his posture greatly improved.

Every other month he is given a physical going over, and three times a year he must open his mouth wide for the skilled investigation of a dentist. Every day the physical and mental charts on Jimmy receive some new check up.

In the fourth grade Jimmy learns boxing, and how to take it on the chin like a sport. If he lets loose a single tear, he is taken out of the ring. It's one of the rules of the game. One of his student instructors in glove practice is "Pidge" Beery, Noah Beery's only son. Another expert boxer who assists the instructors with the younger boys is Andrew McLaglen, Victor's son.

Jimmy also learns to run the twenty-five-yard dash in good time; the correct form for tennis; he has lost his youthful fears of horses and rides the swiftest ponies with or without a saddle; he dives backward, jackknife or swan form; he has passed a life-saving course; he is an excellent ballroom dancer; and can turn cartwheels, walk on his hands or stand on his head with professional aplomb.

He never fails to tryout for all the school plays, because the dramatic coach makes the whole business into an absorbing game. One play included the little Chaplin boys, Charles

and Sydney, both of whom excelled as mimics (and why shouldn't they!). And then there were the remarkable Tibbett twins, Lawrence and Richard, whose dramatic work proved to be nothing short of pure genius.

Now if Jimmy has a sister, she is just as skilled as he is in all athletic departments, with the exception of boxing. In place of this sport, she gets added acrobatic work, tap dancing, archery and indoor baseball. Jimmy also receives workouts in baseball, as well as soccer and some very carefully supervised football.

When Jimmy reaches the seventh and eighth grades, he is beginning to appreciate classic literature and poetry. He becomes actually enthusiastic over Shakespeare, to the complete amazement of his mother.

But Jimmy is fortunate enough to study with an instructor who refuses to tear every Shakespearean sentence apart and plunge her class into an analytical diatribe over the pieces. Instead, every child becomes a character in each play studied. So, through dramatic action and reading, Jimmy and his classmates learn to love all the works of the Bard of Avon.

And he is increasing his vocabulary. He keeps a notebook in which he writes down every new word he uses. Each week he goes over this with his teacher, and at the end of the year there is a prize for the fullest notebook. Jimmy has some stiff competition in this department from Sheila McLaglen, Ruth Nagel and Tim Holt. He takes the famous Inglis Vocabulary Tests and if he is an average Curtis eighth-grader, his vocabulary equals that of a university graduate.

Although Jimmy started out as an indifferent student, he stands at the top of his Junior high school class in science and history. His primary teacher had the time and the knowledge to discover just what sort of a mind Jimmy had and what studies stimulated his interest. During his Curtis years he was given enough in the way of mathematics, Latin and French to meet the entrance requirements of the highest standing universities. But, primarily, he was encouraged in the things he liked, botany, biology and geology, and given full opportunity to devote himself to these subjects.

AS A result of this individual guidance, Jimmy decides in ninth grade to major in geology when he goes to college, and when he graduates, to become a field geologist for some oil company.

But more important than all these achievements are the priceless lessons Jimmy has absorbed in courtesy, self-control, dependability and citizenship. He has learned to respect the rights of others, to be tolerant, to "get along" with people. And he has mastered that modern prerequisite called "selling himself" easily and convincingly through nine years of training in public speaking. And so, whether Jimmy and his classmates grow up to the handicap of too much money, or, as the years pass, too little, they are armed for the rough places ahead. The lavish pleasure seeking of Hollywood isn't likely to corrode their ideals, nor the stark realities of poverty wither their souls.

These are fortunate children. They are ideally prepared for life.

Mary Pickford's Search for Happiness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

am told that his sides seemed to cling together; that there was an actual air of transparency about him. Naturally he appealed to the sympathies of the entire cast and during the days before the filming of the episode in which he was to be featured he was fed lavishly. I'm afraid, in the matter of feeding, that Mary Pickford was the worst offender of all—I know the kindness of her heart! The horse probably thought that he had died and gone to heaven—a heaven of oats and hay and apples—and that Mary was a halo-ed guardian angel.

Came—in movie parlance—the day of the animal's film debut. He was led before the camera. It wasn't until he was actually in front of it that anyone realized what had happened. The emaciated steed was no more—in his place stood a sleek and corpulent beast without a worry in the world. He looked into the face of the director and whinnied with delight. And the director clapped his hand to his brow in acute dismay.

There wasn't time, then, to go out and find another horse. The studio was in the throes of production and every minute counted. The horse—luckily for him and the reverse for the director—had ceased to be a tragically comical figure; he had become a normal, well-fed animal. The cast were struck silent with bewilderment and brains were racked for a solution to the new problem. Finally somebody suggested making up the horse to look like the famine victim that he had once been. Believe it or not, ribs were painted upon the plump sides of that beast, and false hollows

were put into spots where there were rolls of fat. It was only through the real genius of an art department that the picture was able to go on.

I fancy that—when she is in some quandary—Mary Pickford finds herself remembering that horse. How thin he was and how—under her very eyes—he gained weight and poise and contentment. Perhaps in her mind that horse actually symbolizes trouble. Because she firmly believes that trouble, when given the proper nourishment, can be transferred into happiness!

This autumn Mary Pickford has published her first book—a slim little volume, entitled "Why Not Try God?" I could see in every word of that book, I could sense between each line of it, the direction in which Mary Pickford's search for happiness has carried her. Adversity has been translated, by her, into faith—pressure has resulted in a spiritual grace. She has come to believe that disappointment is but a stepping stone to achievement—that the hand of God is apparent in all things. Her sense of being guided is an integral part of her day by day existence—but then she has always felt a sense of personal guidance! I remember a story that she told me, years ago, which illustrates this fact. The story was about her brother Jack.

It seems that Jack Pickford wanted to go flying with a certain aviator who was then working in pictures. He had an appointment with the aviator at a flying field and was about to start out to keep the appointment when his



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mother came hurrying — flushed and triumphant—from the kitchen.

"WHERE are you going?" she asked, and at Jack's explanation her face fell. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I've been making potato cakes for your luncheon and now you won't have time to eat them!"

Mary paused—in the middle of telling this story—to say a word about her mother's potato cakes. She assured me that they weren't just potato cakes—they were miracles of culinary genius, and they were also Jack Pickford's favorite food. Knowing that his mother had prepared them for an especial treat, he hesitated. He wanted to go flying, but he also wanted to have his potato cakes. And most of all, he wanted to please his mother.

"I guess I'll have time to get away with a few dozen of the cakes," he said after a moment, and Mrs. Pickford—beaming—began to dish them up.

Well, Jack ate his potato cakes and as a result got to the flying field just in time to see the plane rising against the horizon. He was bitterly disappointed at first, but it wasn't long before he was thanking God—and his mother. For the aviator with whom he had the appointment was Locklear, the famous stunt flyer, and that day he crashed to his death.

But for the potato cakes Jack would have crashed with him.

The potato cakes, you see, were the deciding factor in the situation—they represented fate. Or, in Mary Pickford's philosophy, the guiding hand of the Most High!

BROADCASTING is Mary Pickford's newest experience and perhaps—who knows—it will be her most satisfying one. She has never been in the least air minded—in fact, she has, until this winter, been actually unsold on radio. "I've had fulfillment with the stage and pictures and now my writing," she said. "I didn't feel a call to go on the air!" Breath-taking offers came her way, but she shrugged and said, "I'm not interested." When she changed her mind at last it was merely because of the pressure of her fan mail. So many people wanted her on the air that she bowed to the inevitable.

Well—once having become receptive to the new idea—she started out with an amazing impetus. She has risen fast in radio popularity—risen until her weekly broadcasts lead an entire field. She says that her pleasure in the world has grown with equal rapidity. As she stands before the microphone she must feel that her search for happiness has pretty nearly ended. I know that, by closing her eyes, she can vision thousands of listeners who care for her. That vision must give her an absolute and divine feeling of contentment.

STAGE, screen, personal appearances, writing and radio! It's a long list for one small person—a person who wears a size twelve dress and Cinderella slippers—to have accomplished. Added to her career has been her social responsibility as the first lady of motion pictures. Her home, Pickfair, the show place of Hollywood, is as hard to manage as a hotel—and has nearly as many guests. An invitation to visit there is an honor as well as a seal of sublime approval. And I don't have to tell you that running such a mansion is a life work in itself. You women who mourn over the ordering for a family of three—who bewail the problem of a four-room apartment—do not need to be informed that Mary Pickford is an incredible executive. Her housekeeping runs on oiled

wheels—just as do her business affairs. And no more need be said.

And yet it is not through the list of her accomplishments—and neither is it through the honors and the luxuries that have been heaped upon her—that Mary Pickford will come to the end of her search for happiness and find fulfillment. It is through something more desirable than material possessions that she will win, at last, to her heart's desire. It is through her theory—a theory that is growing day by day—of holding fast to faith, of being useful. Usefulness, in fact, is her theme song.

SO many folk nowadays are dissatisfied. So many young folk especially. They say when you point out the incredible rise of a person like Mary Pickford, "Why shouldn't she be at the top? She's had all the breaks."

What I've tried to emphasize in this article is the fact that Mary Pickford hasn't had all the breaks. That she's made her own good fortune by rising above sorrow, by ignoring obstacles and by working harder than a day laborer! That she has been her own inspiration and her own most severe critic.

That she has clung fast to fundamental rules. And that, above all, she has been always seeking...

Once Mary Pickford told me of a short conversation that she'd had with her niece—the young Gwynne whom I mentioned earlier. Mary came upon the girl when she was sulking over some minor disappointment, and said—

"Don't scowl, darling."

The niece retorted:

"Why shouldn't I scowl? Everything is wrong, and my feelings have been hurt."

Mary Pickford told me that she answered: "In the first place, distorting your face won't help the situation. Not in the least. In the second place, it's unbecoming. You're much prettier when you're thinking beauty, and living it!"

After all, her advice to this youngster, who is in her teens, is as good a recipe as any for finding happiness. Living beauty and thinking it makes for facial beauty and beauty of spirit. And beautiful people—when the beauty is more than skin deep—are apt to be happy people.



The crowd followed Mary Brian and Dick Powell right down the stairs, begging for more of Dick's singing at a recent entertainment

The Fan Club Corner

WINTER fan club activities are getting under way in every section, and interest in these gay events is growing by leaps and bounds. The many clubs of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs report a great increase in membership. All are looking forward to an exciting and constructive season.

What fun it will be to hold the coming winter meetings! Friends will gather to discuss club affairs, comment on their favorite star's screen work, and plan social gatherings to be enjoyed by all. Pen pals will be busy at their desks and typewriters, sending out greetings to their movie-minded friends and club members.

Here is another important change of address for all club secretaries, members, and those who are interested in organizing new fan clubs. The officers of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs have been moved to the home of the Macfadden Publications in the Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York City. All correspondence pertaining to clubs should be sent to the association at this new address.

THE Norma Shearer Fan Club is certainly expanding. Club representatives are now reported in Canada, Brazil, Australia and France. The latest issue of their bulletin, "Rambles," was a splendid example of the fine work this club is performing. Miss Shearer's nice letter to the members made them very happy, indeed. Hans Faxdahl, 1947 Broadway, New York City, is active president.

Nearly two hundred gifts were offered as prizes at the successful Social recently given by the Movie Club Guild, in Chicago. Among the interesting contributions were a toy terrier, offered by Lina Basquette; a leather writing portfolio from Johnny Downs; a fountain pen from Ben Bard; bracelets, picture cutouts and a Hawaiian lei from Ruth Roland; a cigarette case from Mae Murray; a double folding pocket umbrella from Douglass Montgomery, whose mother gave ten lovely individual gifts; an engraved desk pen and stand from Bing Crosby; a decanter set from Tom, Dick and Harry; South American knickknack from Grant Withers; carved leather billfold from Carlos Molina; evening handkerchiefs from Ethel Shutta; enamel powder puff case from Billie Dove; Onslow Stevens sent a pair of his movie spectacles; and Verna Burke a rhinestone clip. Lillian Conrad, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, is president of the Guild.

THE Bing Crosby Fan Club is starting its fourth year. Congratulations! Dorothy Hunt, 21 Sandy Lane, South Wallington, Surrey, England, has just been appointed foreign secretary. Bing sent a congratulatory program for the club's birthday celebration, attended by most of the Metropolitan members. Miss Fay E. Zinn, 95 N. Walnut St., E. Orange, N. J., is president of this organization. She will be glad to furnish information about becoming a member of this club.

The Ginger Rogers Club president is Marion L. Hesse, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J. She will send details for joining the club to all fans writing her. The "Chronicle" is the club bulletin.

Miss Ethel Groves of Winchester, Va., won first prize in the recent contest held by the Chevalier-MacDonald Fan Club. The Christmas number of the club news was artistically

decorated and filled with good things. Mrs. Glenna Riley, 149 S. 7th, New Castle, Ind., is president. Write her about joining.

Jean Harlow fans can get information about this organization by writing Dorothy Suter, secretary, 2404 Ohio Ave., Youngstown, Ohio. President Minnette Shermak writes that she and her mother enjoyed a lovely luncheon and afternoon with Miss Harlow's mother, on her recent visit to New York.

Donato R. Cedrone, 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass., invites all Tom Brown fans to write him about Tom's club.

Minna Gombell fans may write Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., about joining. Chaw also heads the Movie Fans Friendship Club and the Dick Powell Club.

All shut-ins are requested to write Chaw for information on this organization.

THE headquarters of the Mike and Movie Club, sponsoring Vera Van, have been moved to 1201 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala. Barbara Alice Tickell is president. This club is starting an interesting membership contest which will interest fans everywhere.

Lucile Carlson, 206 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., is president of the girls' fan club in honor of Alice White. She will send club data to interested girls.

Write to James J. Earle, 104 W. River St., Elyria, Ohio, for news of the Screen Guild Club.

The special issue of the bulletin sent out by the Rudy Vallee Boosters Club, in honor of Rudy's birthday, contained fifteen pages of interesting club news and was accompanied by many clever pictures of their honorary president. Beatrice Gordon, Lefferts Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to hear from Vallee admirers.

Phyllis Carlyle, president of the Franchot Tone Club, 45 Smith St., Portland, Maine, writes that all new members joining this club are receiving autographed photos of Mr. Tone, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Lyle Talbot. Their club bulletin is called "The Silver Sheet."

Marilyn Bonnell, 3852 N. 5th St., Milwaukee, Wis., is the new president of the Buddy Rogers Club. Fans are invited to write her for additional news.

ANNA GLANCE, 7953 Merrill Ave., Chicago, is president of Jackie Cooper's fan club. The western representative of the club is Budd Bankson, 3414 Milton St., Spokane, Wash.

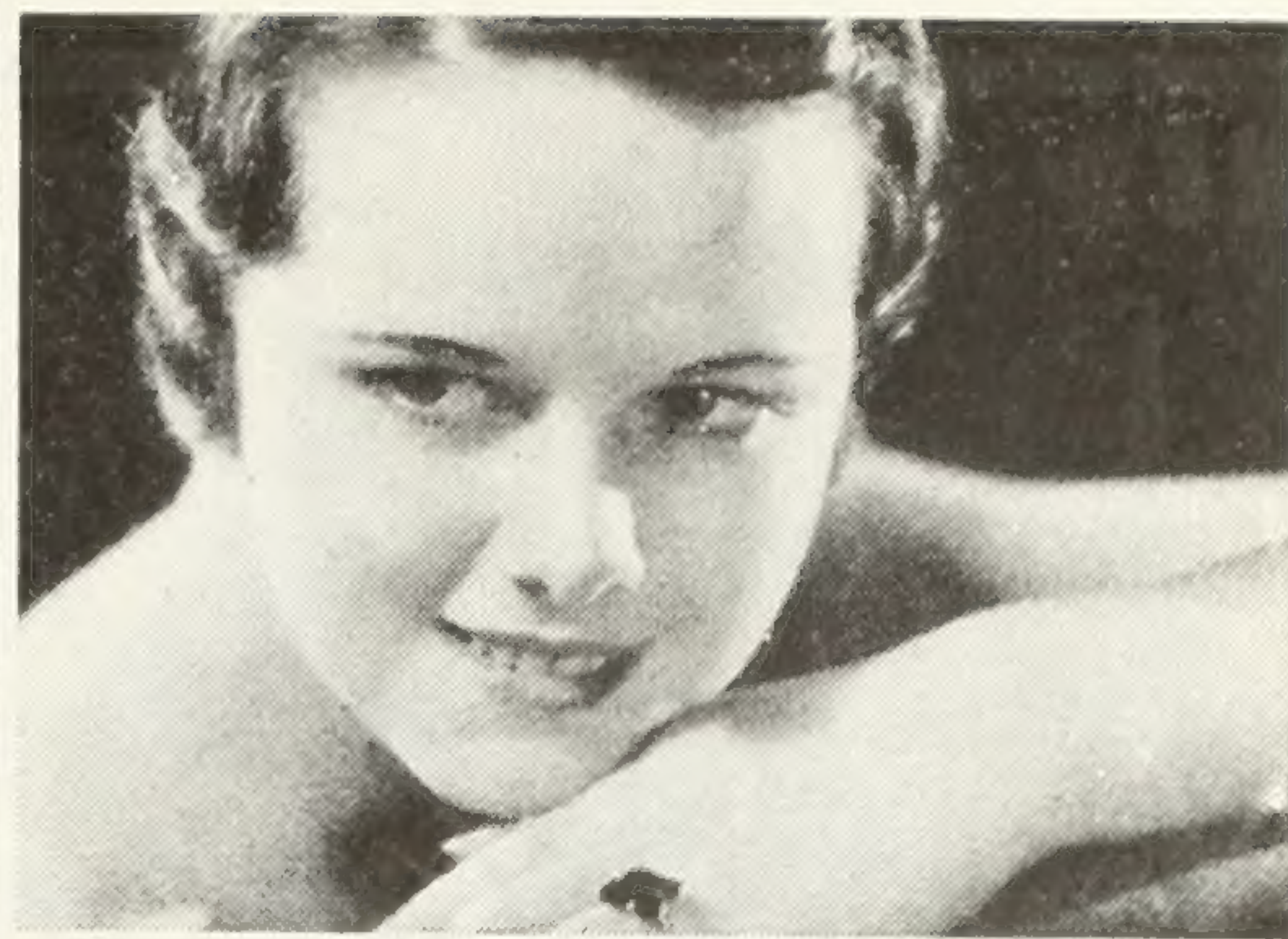
The Ivan Lebedeff Fan Club is growing rapidly. Miss Betty Godzinski, 6141 S. Honore St., Chicago, is president.

Those interested in becoming members of the Francis Lederer Club are asked to write Beatrice Kramer, acting secretary, 4341 N. Albany Ave., Chicago. Foreign inquiries may be sent to the British representative at 67 Hodford Road, Golders Green, N. W. 11, London.

Marian L. Dommer, 9719 81st St., Ozone Park, N. Y., is president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club. She will send details about joining.

Etheline Thornburg, 809 East 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the Foto Fans. Drop her a letter on this club.

The Fan Club Federation held a recent meeting in New York City. Fifty members attended this first get-together. The address of the federation is 116 East 79th St., New York City.



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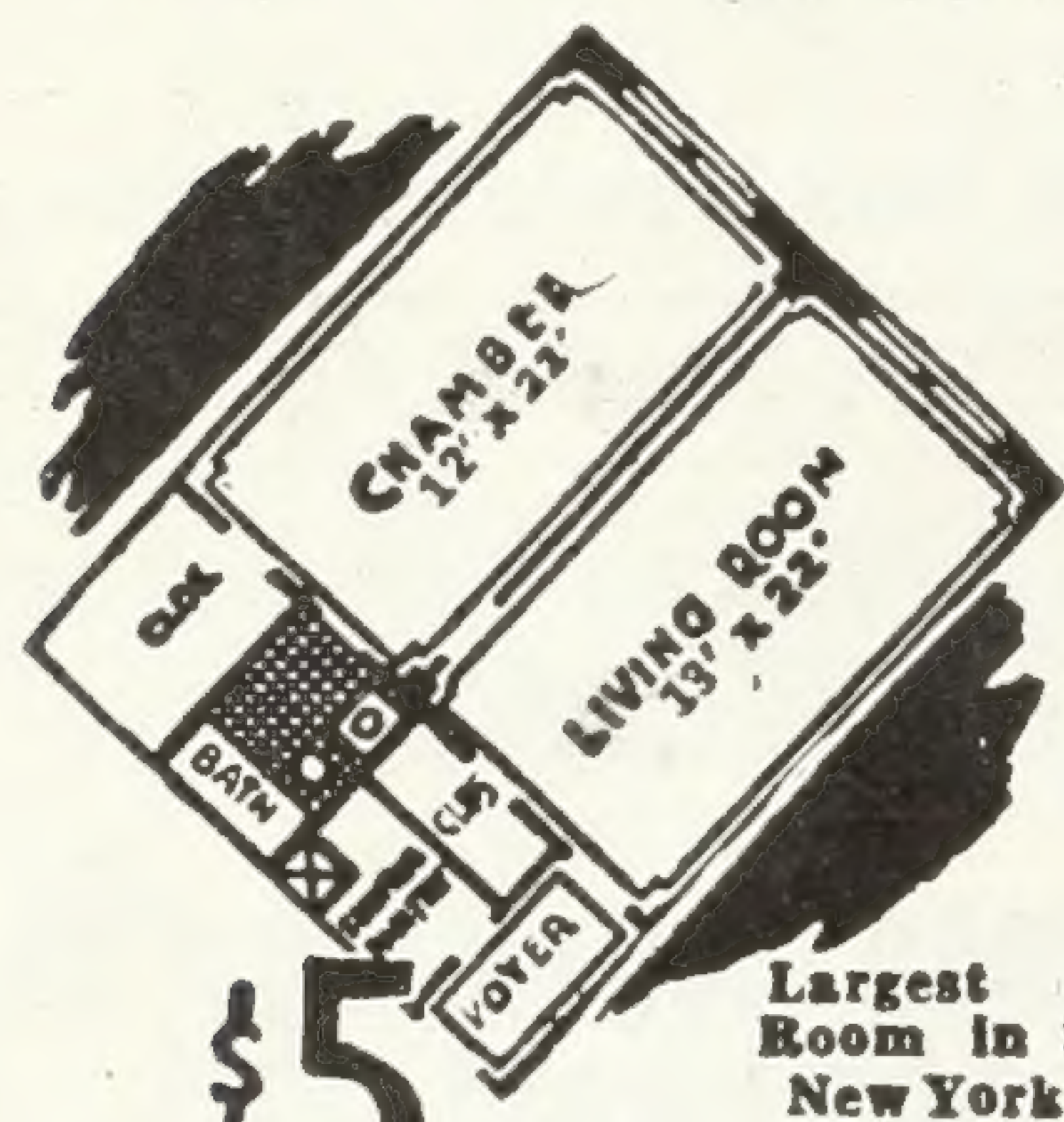
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



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ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (Nov.)

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.—Crook melodrama, but no suspense. Story is telegraphed ahead. But, it has engaging Robert Donat and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (Dec.)

★ **PAINTED VEIL, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in cholera-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Brent teaches her her real love is her husband. Powerful drama. (Jan.)

PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting, but disjointed telling. Hero worship is theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (Oct.)

★ **PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is Mr. Peck. (Nov.)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (Nov.)

★ **PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE**—Paramount.—Hinges on the long-gone custom used to eke out the firewood, "bundling"; a Hessian soldier and a Colonial lass in Revolutionary War days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing. (Dec.)

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing, should please entire family. Richard Arlen, newspaper owner, mistakes Ida Lupino for the innamorata of the town's leading citizen. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi. (Dec.)

REDHEAD—Monogram.—Grace Bradley doesn't subscribe to the theory you shouldn't marry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot the man. (Dec.)

RETURN OF CHANDU, THE—Principal.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) for a sacrifice. Spookily thrilling. Bela Lugosi is Chandu. Good for the kids. (Jan.)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

★ **RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title rôle, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

★ **ROMANCE IN THE RAIN**—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. (Oct.)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney, fast and breezy as the story, is a peppery truck driver in a milk strike. Patricia Ellis is the love motif. (Jan.)

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Majestic.—A revival of the classic with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright and little Cora Sue Collins turning in convincing performances. (Oct.)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS LIBERTY—Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome yarn just the same. (Nov.)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrick Prod.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Wally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

★ **SERVANTS' ENTRANCE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor devotees will enjoy seeing her in this fairy-tale story as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, in love with chauffeur Lew Ayres. (Oct.)

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic.—After coaxing her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand, there's lots of excitement for Isabel Jewell. Good comedy. (Oct.)

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A-1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (Sept.)

SHE WAS A LADY—Fox.—Just so-so entertainment, with Ralph Morgan married to his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd, and Helen Twelvetrees as their daughter. Excellent performances. (Oct.)

SHOCK—Monogram.—A sentimental and improbable story of the World War, in which officer Ralph Forbes leaves bride-of-a-day Gwenllian Gill to return to the front, only to be shell-shocked. (Oct.)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS**—Paramount.—Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National.—Typical Joe E. Brown, plus thrilling racing and good gags. City slicker Gordon Westcott steals Joe E.'s girl, Maxine Doyle. But Joe E. outpedals Gordon and—Frank McHugh good. (Dec.)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deering's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

STAMBOUL QUEST—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (Sept.)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with, Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

★ **STRAIGHT IS THE WAY**—M-G-M.—Determined to go straight after a "stretch," Franchot Tone fights influence of the old mob led by Jack LaRue. Powerfully constructed drama. May Robson and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A floating college used for a musical background. Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Eddy, Monte Blue, Florine McKinney. (Dec.)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A—Monogram.—William Collier becomes a philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason, Russell Hopton, Gloria Shea, William Janney. (Dec.)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin in good support. (Nov.)

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio.—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. Dialogue mediocre and gags aren't too funny. (Oct.)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken-for-granted father. Binnie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (Nov.)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief drawing power. There's a murder on shipboard, not so intriguing. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the romantic interest. Radio stars abound. (Jan.)

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—No justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant bright spots. Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

TOMORROW'S YOUTH—Monogram.—Dull. Philandering husband John Miljan. Wife Martha Sleeper. Other woman Gloria Shea. Near tragedy to son, Dickie Moore. He's touching. (Dec.)

TRAIL BEYOND, THE—Monogram.—Supposedly a Western, but—Anyhow, gorgeous scenery, beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

★ **TREASURE ISLAND**—M-G-M.—A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (Sept.)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Liberty.—Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Gail Patrick. Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue, the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed vocalizing. (Nov.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—A moving preachment against divorce. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley. Frankie Thomas the child victim. Should see him; he was in the stage play. (Dec.)

★ **WE LIVE AGAIN**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Tolstoi's "Resurrection" again. But that simple story is given such a sincere humbleness it plumbs your heart. Anna Sten, Fredric March, and an excellent supporting cast give it to you. (Dec.)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

★ **WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS**—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully real. (Nov.)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

★ **WHITE PARADE, THE**—Fox.—Nurses in training, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-stirring picture. (Jan.)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive because of fine acting of Walter Connolly. Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (Oct.)

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren break up their home, but the youngsters, when they grow up, reunite them. The kids steal the show. (Jan.)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (Sept.)

★ **YOU BELONG TO ME**—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine troupers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)

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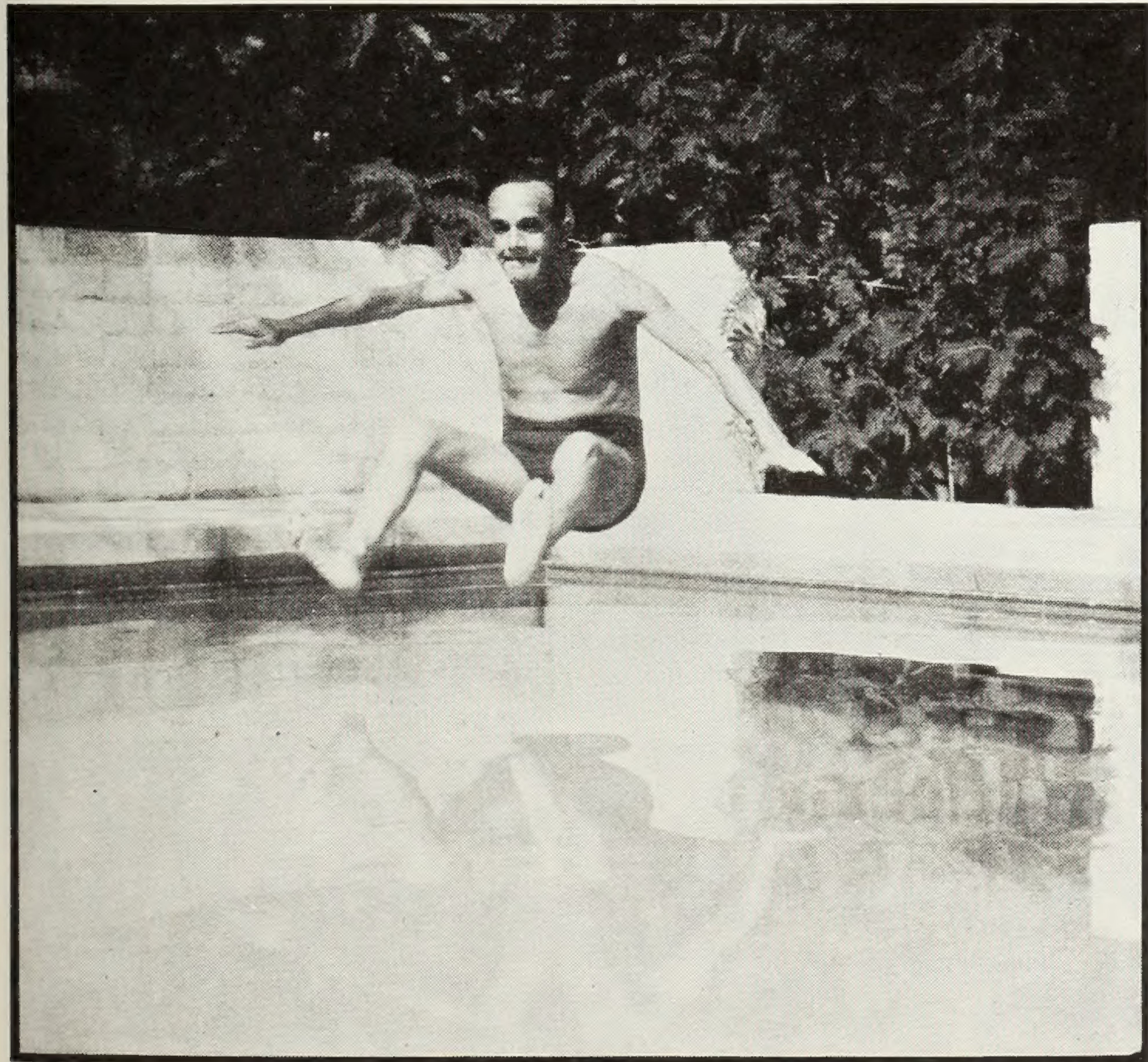
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Oho, you can just imagine that loud yell of "Mammy!" when Al Jolson hits the water! Incidentally, Al and wife Ruby Keeler are hard at work on their first picture together, "Go Into Your Dance"

Cal York Announcing the Monthly Broadcast

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87 |



Winifred Shaw, of "Sweet Adeline" introduces Paul de Ricou to a movie studio. He is a French tennis star who Warner Brothers consider a good picture bet. The ladies, especially, should agree

THE Golden State Limited is a very snooty train, but recently it stopped at one of the smallest stations along the line to let a woman in make-up get off at Palm Springs. It was Louise Fazenda, whose nineteen-months-old son was taken suddenly ill at the Springs while she was busy working at M-G-M.

The rain was coming down in torrents and Louise felt she could not make good time in a car, therefore, the Limited was pressed into service.

IT happened in a barber shop.

Jack Oakie, wide grin and all, was relaxed under the shears. An extra, unknown, rushed into the shop, excited. He glanced wildly around—the chairs were all filled.

"Gosh," he said, "I've got to get a shave, right away. If I don't, I'll lose a job and that's ten bucks."

Oakie raised up and then popped out of his seat.

"Take my place, Buddy," he offered, "ten bucks is ten bucks."

So Jack was late on the set—but he could kid his way out of it. The extra couldn't have.

THE big bad wolf is just a character in a funny song in the lives of Rod LaRocque and his wife, Vilma Banky, although we seldom see them on the screen any more.

These two passed up the stock market and invested in annuities while their incomes were large. They never lived extravagantly, and are now living exactly the same way.

Rod will be seen again in "Mystery Blonde" for Fox, opposite Mona Barrie, who is slated for stardom.

IF Jeanette MacDonald ever makes a personal appearance in your town, go and see the most beautiful complexion in pictures. It's sacrilege to have to put make-up over that skin. But, to get on with the story, Jeanette sang (gloriously) at a reception for Otto Klemperer, the orchestra conductor, and as she was bowing off the stage, Bob Ritchie stepped on her long velvet train and forgot to get off. The revelation that followed added a touch of high comedy seldom enjoyed at such affairs.

IF you want to know when your favorite actor is a bit nervous just observe these little traits.

Miriam Hopkins lets one slipper slip half way off her foot. Then she jiggles it on her toes.

Clark Gable bats his eyes. And the faster he blinks, the more nervous he is.

Bob Montgomery draws absurd little pictures all over everything.

Douglass Montgomery tears off the corners of papers and chews them frantically.

Neil Hamilton twirls a key ring like mad.

Una Merkel giggles.

ON the "Carnival" location—Lee Tracy striding up and down the sawdust midway with a script girl racing after him reading lines of dialogue which Lee repeated fifteen to the dozen. Sally Eilers, looking lovely, in this her first picture since the baby, making still pictures with little Dickie Walters, another child wonder. The colored boy who was assigned to assist the snake-charmer practically turned white when he had to handle the ten-foot pythons. "All you have to do," consoled Director Walter Lang, "is to lift up the far end of the snake and put him in the box."

Jimmy Durante, not working that day, but over on location just the same. Jimmy loves company, he does. Plays a plain pickpocket "with good grammar." Ee-magine!



A few tricks between scenes of "Mystery Blonde." The gentlemen, all in grand slamming mood, studying the cards, left to right are George Barraud, Gilbert Roland, John Halliday, Mischa Auer